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T H E *Philanthropist*

Admirable and Indefatigable

A D V E N T U R E S

O F T H E

Nine Pious Pilgrims,

Devoted to S I O N by the Cross of
Christ; and Piloted by EVANGELIST
to the N E W J E R U S A L E M.

Written in A M E R I C A, in a time of Soli-
tude and Divine Contemplation; by a Zea-
lous Lover of Truth, and a Faithful Ad-
mirer of the Sacred Mysteries and Histori-
cal Revelations, in the Old and New Te-
stament, as the Holy Men of G O D were
Heavenly inspir'd to Prophecie of the Di-
vine and the Holy Jesus.

*The nearest way to Heaven is by the Cross;
And Heaven once gain'd, to lose this World's no loss.*

Heb. 11. Ver. 13. *These all died in Faith, not having
receiv'd the Promises, but having seen them afar
off; and were perswaded of them, and embraced
them, and confessed that they were Strangers and
Pilgrims on the Earth.*

L O N D O N: Printed for Robert Hartley, over
against Gray's Inn, in Holbourn. 1767.



THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Christian Volunteer,

THIS pious Pilgrimage, if rightly interpreted, directs to the Centre of a Holy Life, and a Holy Life as the Seal of the Gospel, infallibly leads on to the New Jerusalem, the Sanctuary of Rest : And as Piety is a Mark, and the Standard of Holiness, so Holiness is the Temple wherein God inhabits. Be mindful therefore you deceive not your selves by the vain Temptations of formal Piety, for many thereby have been miserably deluded thro' a stupid Ignorance into the Footsteps of Hypocrisie, because to fancy their ignorant Zeal a solid, pious, and religious Devotion, when devoting themselves to an unknown God. Nor is Zeal of it self the true Badge of a Christian ; since Christianity is known by the Piety of its Fruits. The Fruits therefore of Pie-

The Epistle to the READER.

ty and Christian Religion, is a vertuous, innocent, and a holy Life, purely devoted to the Service of God.

The Jews you may remember pretended a Zeal, but 'twas a Zeal only to murder their Messiah; so some Nominal Christians as zealously pursue to murder the Lord of Life in his Members: Now to me this seems strange, that Professors of Christianity should persecute one another for a Christian Profession, which occasions Turks and Infidels to arraign such Christians, as Men without Faith, since faithless to themselves.

So to dress up Religion for Politick Ends, Piety is made but the Handmaid to Polity. That Religion therefore that humbles to Baal, of necessity it deals in bloody Sacrifices. The Authority of Scripture, and every Age is as pregnant a Proof of this sad Experiment, as the rising Sun confirms a new Day; could I boast it were otherwise, I would give my self the Lye, and modestly imbrace the Rebuke of Gain-sayers. But since 'tis too true, that Truth is in suspicion, the suspicions of some fancy Truth but a Fiction. So to seem Religious, yet to have no Religion, and since Religion purely is the Service of God, it necessarily follows, all Pretenders to Religion are irreligious Votaries, consequently Hypocrites.

I have

The Epistle to the Reader.

I have read the Alchoran, and the Mosaical Law; and I have read the History of the Holy Jesus; but never did I read the Politicks of Religion dress'd up in the Old, or in the New Testament. The Jews it's true had the Law of Moses, and they were writ in the Tables of Stone; but Christians must have the Law of Christ, lively written within their Hearts. If therefore a braken Heart be a Sacrifice to God, then all other Sacrifices are an Abomination, and dedicated only as Presents unto Idols; and Idolatry is a Sin of that horrid Nature, that it hinder'd the Israelites a prospect of Canaan. For to worship any other Power than the Sovereignty of Heaven, is affronting the Deity, by offering unto Idols; and that there is but one God, the Sovereign Power, and that ineffable Good we are reverently to Worship; nothing more manifest when to consult the Commandments, nor any thing more evident than Gospel Authority.

That Power therefore that gave a Being to the World, the same Power also gave Man a Being; for the Hand of God laid the Foundations of the Earth, and none but his Arm finished the Work. That God therefore that wrought the Miracle, let that God only have the Glory to himself: For God as he is God, is jealous of his Honour, and he that would deprive him of that glorious Prerogative, violates the Law, and lies liable to the Curse, and the Curse of God is his
Eternal

The Epistle to the READER.

Eternal Displeasure, who has sworn by himself, such shall not enter into his Rest.

Then follow the Pilgrims that have no Politicks, except sacred Attempts by Prayer to storm Heaven by Violence; of which Christian Presumption let none doubt a Pardon, since God has tolerated such pious Assaults. The Streights of Death (it's true) are the Highway to Heaven, and to purchase the Crown we must take up the Cross. Did not the Martyrs wade to Heaven through Blood, and shall not the Pilgrims run the risque of their Lives; what tho' the passage seem dreadful and terrible, the greater the Difficulty the more valuable the Honour; Christian Volunteers never follow Christ for Loaves, but for the value of Vertue, that divinely shines in him. Since therefore no Vertue shines naturally in us, let us warm us in the Sun-shine of the Son of God; for the Son of God is the Light of the World, and the Saints of God are the Children of Light. Let us not therefore delude our selves with the Formality of Saintship, that sing but Psalms here on this side Eternity, whilst the Saints of God sing Hallelujahs in Heaven.

So farewell Pilgrims, you are now on your way; many more I question not will shortly follow after; and what if the Storm begins to bluster, must every small puff put you ashore? Fear not to dye, since Death is common, for fear proceeds from a needy Faith,

The Epistle to the READER.

Faith, that draws Christianity but with faint Performances. Know there's a God that commands the World, and the Winds and the Seas alike obey him: So that perchance the Vessel should sink, yet to sink or swim it's all one in the main; we are safe in him that will certainly save us, and safely hide us in his sacred Pavilion; so that if we perish, yet we overcome. This is the Mystery and Piety of Godliness, and Godliness, says the Text, is more than Gain. So to live in his Presence is beyond all Joy; and to dye in his Favour, is never to know Sorrow: Wherefore with Evangelist let us piously conclude to give Glory to God, and to Cæsar his due.

Yours,

PHILANTHROPUS.

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The Names of the NINE PIOUS PILGRIMS.

Fidelia From *Paduvia*, a City in the Kingdom of *Vanity*; where *Lucifer* was Sovereign.

Samis From *Neoppola Romana*, in the Kingdom of *Destruction*; where *Abaddon* was Prince.

Silvia From *Inquisitio Catolonia*, a City in the Kingdom of *Extravagancy*; where *Rhadamanthus* was Vicegerent.

Calestis From *Fumotheno*, a City in the Kingdom of *Confusion*; where *Apolion* was Candidate.

Sideria From *Demogorgon*, a City in the Kingdom of *Desolation*; where *Dardunder* was Provincial.

Harmonia From *Pungina Italiana*, a City in the Kingdom of *Exorbitancy*; where *Proserpina* was Princess.

Delicia From *Sandalucia*, a City in the Kingdom of *Abhorrency*; where *Beelzebub* was Principal.

Kingdom of Desarts; where Ab-
bodogar was President.

Sapientia From *Barraduma*, a City in the
Kingdom of Despair; where Re-
venge was Governour.

Such are the Holy Pilgrims, Nine in number,
Divinely fill'd with Miracle and Wonder.

THE

THE
ADMIRABLE
AND
INDEFATIGABLE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Nine Pious Pilgrims, &c.

Evangelist. **I**N the Non-age of Time, before Natural Vegetation, when Ambitious *Lucifer*, with Audacious *Apollion*, Impious *Rhadamantbus*, and Perfidious *Abaddon*, &c. those Infernal Counsellors and Hellish Runagado's rebell'd against Heaven; Then, it was that the Mighty Power of God, with an invincible Arm, beyond the Terror of Thunder, struck down *Lucifer*, and his bold Confederates into the fiery Lake and Gulph of *Ge-henna*.

Fidelia. O Sovereign Power, what do I hear !

Evan. Yet after this dreadful and irreparable Defeat, that Apostate *Lucifer*, because jealous of new Favourites, laid a Train so deep to blow up *Adam*, and not him only, but all his Posterity ; which Enterprize, tho' it succeeded upon the Elementary Structure, yet it reach'd not to touch the Supernatural Life, whereon the Divinest had imprinted his Royal Character, the Seal of his Majesty, the Image of God.

Fid. O admirable, to Astonishment, what a Discovery is here !

Evan. And God, in love with his own beautiful Likeness, because Eternal and Co-essential with himself, out of an Immense Goodness and Divine Sweetness, made his Invisibility visible in this stupendous Creation ; and beholding the Idea of Man, the beautiful Model of himself in the bosom of Eternity ; he said by the Word, let it be done ; and the Waters of themselves became presently divided : From whence these luminous and immortal Bodies of Sun, Moon and Stars, the Ordinances of Heaven, by Divine Wisdom of the Creator, elevated themselves, because compounded of the purer part of Matter, to the excavated and hollow Vault of Heaven, the Tabernacle of the Universe, and Divine Reception ; where by Wisdom and Providence he hung them up aloft, as
shining

shining Lamps, and blazing Lights, to direct the Saints to the *New Jerusalem*.

Fid. Miracle of Miracles, to the admiration of Mortals !

Evan. We therefore conclude the Creature and the Creation, and every Individual, had its beginning in Time; every thing therefore that was made in Time, must of necessity terminate in Time, *viz.* in its own natural and proper Beginning.

Fid. That's indisputable, beyond all opposition.

Evan. Then the World had a beginning, and was made in Time, so by consequence is the primary Cause of Production; but the World has an end also, and devolves in Time; then Time and the World admit of Solution. Now as Time is the Child of the Eternity of God, so is Eternity the glorious Ray of the Majesty. Thus as was said, That God in the beginning breath'd upon the Waters by his operating Spirit, which by the Word *Fiat* conceiv'd, and brought forth these admirable Forms by a Divine Separation; and then it was that all these Globous Bodies of Sun, Moon and Stars most excellently appear'd, as we now behold them to every ones Admiration.

Fid. It represents so to me, and undoubtedly is so; which confirms me, that Heaven and Earth are Correlates, pointing out to

us the mystical Union Divinely Celebrated betwixt Christ and his Church.

Evan. Thou hast truly said, and sum'd it up right; for Stars you must conceive are Angels explicated, then what are Angels if not Stars complicated? Nor were they made only for Mortals to gaze at; but that we by a Divine Faith, and Sublime Speculation, should admire the Creator that made and created them; with their admirable Creation, for Use and Contemplation.

Fid. My Soul is ravished! Pray, *Evangelist*, proceed.

Evan. When God breathed into Man the breath of Life, then it was that *Adam* became a living Soul.

Fid. Good *Evangelist*, tell me what's the breath of Life, if not the Divine Spirit of God himself, that when breated into Man, makes Man Immortal?

Evan. Thou hast piously conceived, not that the Elements of themselves are Immortal; only the Soul of Man, God made that Immortal; into which God breathed the Spiritous Essence of Life, manifesting Invisibles by visible Objects; which also discovers the Universal Spirit of Nature, to inspire the Creation by the Will of God. But Man above all was belov'd of God, into whom God breathed the breath of Life, which interprets Man only the Child of God, upon whom he stampt the Royal Image of himself, whereby

the Nine Pious Pilgrims.

5

whereby the Soul of Man can never dye, because by that all-glorious Essentiality of God, the Soul of Man is made Eternally to live.

Thus *Adam* was form'd, according to Wisdom, and the Divine Will and Pleasure of God ; who put him into the Capacity of a Universal Monarch. For God gave *Adam* Commission not only to name, but to conduct also the Creatures in the Creation, till the Subtilty of the Serpent deluded *Eve*; and *Eve* by infection tainted her *Adam*, whose Posterity, because blasted, had eternally withered, had not the Divinest had compassion on his Image, by bending the Heavens to bind himself on the Cross, which Seed of the Woman bruised the Serpent's Head. And this Miracle was wrought without the Walls of *Jerusalem*, after the Divinity was divinely incarnate with Humanity; and that was, when Jesus the Son of God took our Nature and Infirmities wholly upon himself.

But how cold is the Piety of Religion grown now, that the Professors thereof in this gloomy Day of Apostacy but represent a dark and obscure Vision? Yet will such as have rarely heard of *Sion* be instructing others the way to *Jerusalem*, which by Divine Faith the Saints only inspeculate to the Holy Suburbs of glorious Eternity, the all-beauteous Ray of the Majesty of God.

Fid. Good *Evangelist* resolve me, what is meant by the Majesty?

Evan. The Majesty is the Deity and Divinity of God, from whence divine Love and Bounty as freely flow, as the Cœlestial Sun virtually emits its Ray through the Universe: From whence also the greater and lesser World has its dependency, and not upon the deficiency of imperfect Elements. For God is the efficient and refulgent Beam of all our Temporal and Eternal Blessings; the infinite and immense Fountain of all Felicity; and so profoundly deep, lovely, good and amiable, that neither Art nor Nature can find a Centre, whiles gazing only at the beauty of Circumference.

Fid. This flight, O *Evangelist*, must be very sublime to soar above the World, and all sublunary Objects.

Evan. Truly it is so, and ought so to be; but who art thou that enquirest after it?

Fid. A poor distressed and mortified Pilgrim, devoted for *Sion*, and the Community of Saints, with an impatient longing after the Beauty of Holiness. For if Faith be that Miracle, as the Scriptures testify of, that removes Mountains, and discovers the Tracks to the Suburbs of Heaven; that restrains the Appetite also, lives above the World, and an Adamical Life; O the Sovereign vertue of Faith! Where must I find it?

Evan. In a devout, pious and penitent Breast, adorn'd with the divine Presence, and the beautiful Beam of Charity: I'll assure thee it's no where else to be found.

Fid. Direct me to seek it, and how to keep it.

Evan. Enquire for *Evangelist*, and he will direct thee. But from whence com'st thou?

Fid. From the Tolls of Sin, this Worlds great Labyrinth, where things are discompos'd, and all in disorder: And who can regulate and reform the World, but he that made it, and gave it a Being?

Evan. Then he that made the World can take it asunder, and dash it in pieces, with all its Impieties. But who art thou?

Fid. A helpless Maid, that languishes after Peace; I mean such a Peace as surpasseth the Understanding of all Temporal Blessings, which nothing can satisfie but the Joys of Heaven, from Everlasting to Everlasting.

Evan. O my Daughter *Faith*, have I found thee out; how glad am I to see thee: Tell me, prithee tell me whither art thou going, conceal it not from me, I oblige thee upon my Blessing?

Fid. To Heaven, *Evangelist*, as fast as I can.

Evan. That's a Holy Progress, who directed you thither?

Fid. The Gospel of Truth, and the Divinest inspir'd me.

The Adventures of

Evan. And what did the Scriptures and Evangelist tell thee?

Fid. He told me it was a rugged and a ragged Path, fill'd with Death and dreadful Despondencies, besides the Sanguinary Tracks of Blood; but was every step as deep as the Ocean, and the depth too deep for my Reason to fathom. Yet such is my Resolution, by the Grace of God, that I'll hazard to attempt it, sink or swim.

Evan. You must then arm with Patience, and cruciate your self, and the Conflict's easie.

Fid. So *Evangelist* vanish'd, but at parting he told me my Name must be *Faith*, and bid me not grieve to part with *Fidelia*. Now, whilst musing and gazing after *Evangelist*, who should I see but Sister *Samis*; so I ran and met her, (but she knew me not) and my Heart rejoicing to see poor *Samie*, I told her what pity it was she came no sooner, for *Evangelist* had been with me, and given me such a Relation of *Lucifer* and his Conspiracy, that made me startle, and all my vital Powers to tremble: As also, how the Divineest hurl'd him headlong into Hell; yet afterthat, how he supplanted our Protoplast *Adam*; and of our miraculous Redemption by the Blessed and Holy Jesus.

Nay, he told me how our Ancestor *Adam* lost his Prerogative in Paradise, and how he met with the fatal Effects of Death, that blotted

the Nine Pious Pilgrims.

blotted out the amiable beauty of Mortality. But upon his return I'll beg him to discourse that Homicide *Cain*, who so barbarously murder'd his Brother *Abel*, and afterwards turn'd Runnagade up and down the Earth, terrified with the apprehension of guilt on his Conscience. And of *Enoch* also, that humane Piety of Perfection, how he walked with God, and was not any more. Then I'll beg him to discourse of the *Zamzummins* or *Giants*, how horribly they blasphem'd the God of Heaven: But righteous *Noah* had favour from the Lord, who preserv'd him in the Deluge by the Power of Miracle.

And I'll tell him I expect to hear of *Abraham's* Faith, who flatter'd not his Son, when proffering him a Sacrifice. Of *Isaac* also, and the Piety of *Jacob*, that wrestled with an Angel and overcame. Then I'll beg him to discourse all the Patriarchs and Prophets, and so conclude, by ushering in the Evangelists.

Samis. Why truly, fair One, I'm perswaded I see him, or something like him that talked divinely; who told me then he was in very great haste, but would shortly return, and seek me out.

Fid. O blessed Opportunity, I see him coming; Pray, Sister *Samis* let's invite him to our Company.

Sam. Dearest of Sisters, who can be more solicitous!

10 *The Adventures of*

Faith. And my dearest *Samis*, who than *Fidelis* more desirous ; good *Evangelist*, bless us with your Heavenly Society.

Eva. Hold, my Daughter *Faith*, what Stranger is that with you ? I must be very circumspect, inquisitive and cautious, for the Master of this Holy and Sacred Book (pointing to the Bible) impos'd his Commands severely upon me, not to open these Secrets before any thing unworthy ; and fearing I should meet with some nominal Christian, that might possibly pervert, or interpret the History of more valuable effluence than the Divine Mystery ; wherefore resolve me who this Virgin is, and to speak plainly the Truth, I'll then tell you more ?

Fa. Blessed *Evangelist* , it's the Pilgrim *Samis*.

Evan. No, my Daughter *Faith*, it's thy Sister *Hope*, embrace her in thy Arms ; I rejoice to see her.

Hope. But Father, as you approacht us, this fair Maiden Pilgrim to redeem the time, was recounting unto me the Progress of our Ancestors, in their Holy Pilgrimage towards the Courts of *Sion*. What Dangers and Difficulties they daily encountred ; what Joys and what Sorrows they hourly met with ; the sweet Pleasures of Life, and the tragical Fears of Death, How Mortality courts the Grave, by devolving in Time ; and how Time concentrates in the bosom of Eternity.

Eternity. Now, had I been present to have heard this Discourse, how my Soul had been ravished, since the very apprehensions of so famous a description, surmounts my Genius, and the depth of my Reason.

Ev. Be not too precipitant, see who comes yonder.

Ho. O my Sister, my beloved *Sylvia*, let me run and embrace her.

Ev. Go in Peace my Daughter, and my Blessing go with thee; and if it succeed and prove answerable to thy present Persuasion, I shall give an account of our famous Ancestors, so proceed to the Patriarchs, from thence to the Prophets, the Apostles, the Evangelists, and all the Devout Men of God, to confirm you in the Faith of the Holy Jesus, his Divine Original (if not improper to say so) before Time; His mystical Birth in Time; his miraculous Life; his tragical Death; his glorious Ascension; his celebrating Earth with the Glories and Beauties in Heaven; his transchanging of Time into the Blessed Eternity; and incorporating Humanity with his Sovereign Divinity; whereby he attracts our Souls to himself, which is more than Miracle, surpassing Understanding.

Fa. Here's Divine Discoveries, and Joys beyond rejoicing; Pray, Father, proceed in this Holy Progress.

Sa. And I beg him but to stay till I hasten
Sylvia: Dear Sister *Sylvia*, make haste, I pray
 ye.

Sy. Am I not hastning as fast as I can,
 when you see me go beyond my Natural
 Strength? Surely I do, and the Divineſt di-
 rects me: But tell me, I intreat ye, what fair
 Pilgrim's that. Bleſt beyond deſert, what
Evangelist to; methinks this looks like the
 Suburbs of Heaven!

Ev. Nor will it be long before ye come
 there, if yet walk in the Path of the Holy
 Jeſus. But *Sylvia* (my Daughter) thou muſt
 change thy Name, and be call'd *Charity*; as
Sams is *Hope*, and *Fidelia*, *Faith*.

Ch. Any name, or any thing, good and
 bleſſed *Evangelist*, to attend your Relation
 of the Patriarchs and the Prophets, with
 the Holy Men of God, as Divinely in-
 ſpir'd.

Ev. Then I proceed; In the Non-age of
 time, when *Lucifer*, as an Angel, ſhin'd
 like a Star (eminently in Dignity) for ſo he
 appear'd, till conſpiring againſt his Sovereign
 that gave him a Being, a ſuperlative Being
 amongſt the ſuperiour Angels, till by a
 train of Pride and moſt horrid Preſumption
 he dug deep in Hell, one would think to the
 bottom, to lay a Plot to blow up Heaven;
 but by the Wiſdom and Providence by the
 Divineſt countermined, he blew up himſelf,
 with his helliſh Confederates; who precipi-
 tating

tating downwards into the Gulf of *Gehenna*, took there his Portion with the Damned in Torments : For from thence you must know there's no Redemption, nor from the Determinate Council of God is there any Revocation. But this was before Time had as yet a Being, or the Beautiful Creation as yet a Beginning ; when all the Sons of God in the presence of the Majesty shouted for Joy, and sang Glory to the Highest.

Fa. O my Sisters ! Do you hear the Relation ?

Ho. I do, beyond Miracle.

Ch. So do I, to Admiration.

Ev. Then God, to manifest himself unto Mortals, makes his Invisibilty visible, by forming the Creation, and placing it as now to this Day we behold it, in such a Regular, Divine, and Beautiful Order, he constitutes Nature Vicegerent of the Universe ; the Sun he made Monarch, sole Monarch of the Day ; but the Moon, Queen Regent to govern the Night ; consequently all these Luminous and Glorious Constellations he ranged them as Potentates to illustrate the Creation ; but all this was before Man had as yet a Being.

And God made Man in the Likeness of himself, and beauteously adorned him with the Eminency of Heaven, and called his Name *Adam*, the Father of all Living ; and gave him Commission to conduct the
Creatures,

Creatures, and assign Names unto them, and allowed him to eat of all the Fruits in the Garden, the Tree of Good and Evil only excepted, wherein God had placed the Sanctity of Life, and in it was concealed the Periods of Death ; which *Lucifer* observing, became envious against *Adam*, because to think himself supplanted by this new Favorite, whereupon he spreads his Stratagems to entrap our Protoplast ; but *Adam* overcircumspect (or rather precautioned) had an Antidote given him against the Charm of the Temptation.

But enraged *Lucifer*, finding his Attempts unsuccessful, he intangles himself in the Toils of a new Design, wherein he involves all the Brood of Infernals ; those Hellish Diabolical defeated Senators, all conspiring together, gave Council to *Lucifer* to attempt the Weaker Sex, the Wife of *Adam*, by attacking his *Eve*, (and the Marriage was celebrated by the Legislator of Heaven ; for when God made Man, he gave him a meet Help, which Happy Consort was half his Life, in whom *Adam*, beyond measure, extremely rejoiced) but *Eve*, of all Females to be most lamented, because to sink under the Serpent's Temptation ; for no sooner she her self sucks in the Poyson, but she courts her *Adam* to relish the Effects ; and he, overcredulous, suspects no Design, nor did *Eve* neither, to dethrone him in Paradise ; but rather

ther she thought to exalt his Empire, when as yet she was still undermining his Monarchy.

For *Lucifer*, you must know, level'd all his Shafts against *Eve*, (because already he found that *Adam* was invulnerable) who perswades her that Fruit would make her Godlike, to discern and distinguish betwixt Good and Evil; which came truly to pass, by blotting out Life, and at that instant of Time let in the Periods of Death; so that *Adam*, which formerly liv'd an Angelical Life, began now to consult with Elementary Objects, for of that Composition he was after Transgression, who perceiving his Shame to fly in his Face, made him to fly from the Presence of God; so was driven forth of *Paradise*, by the Angel of the Lord that kept the Garden, with a Flaming Sword: And coming more at large into the Volume of the World, he partakes with the Elements, and they, because having their Beginning in Time, all moulder into Dust, and then the Creatures, under *Adam's* Conduct, began to desert, and suddenly to forsake him; but to speak plain *English*, he forsook himself, when forsaking the Seraphick Society of Heaven.

Ch. What a dismal and deplorable Consequence was here? Methinks I could weep my self into a Deluge.

Fa. What if thou do'st, it won't purchase a Reprieve.

Ho. Nor Floodgates of Tears restore lost *Adam*; there's no Redemption without a Redeemer.

Ev. That's a Truth I affirm, and so I'll proceed. After their Exile from the Sunshine of *Paradise*, Mother *Eve* she conceives and brought forth two Sons; the one was *Cain*, and the other *Abel*; but her Daughters Names, because not reckoned in the Sacred Volume of Holy Writ, pleads an Excuse; therefore in me the more excusable, since the Scriptures themselves are passively silent; but *Cain* was the Elder Son, who offering up a Sacrifice, instead of his Firstlings brought the fag-end of his Flocks; so that a Blessing from Heaven shined not upon him. After that, his Brother *Abel* brings in his Present; the first of his Flocks, and the best of his Fruits, which God accepts, and his Sacrifice was accepted; for it sent up a Perfume to the Regal Court of Heaven. But *Abel's* Blessing raised *Cain's* Emulation, who exasperated by Malice, and the Devil's Instigation, smote his Brother *Abel*, so that he died.

Thus Righteous *Abel* fell by the Bloody Hands of *Cain*, and God in Justice making Inquisition for Blood, the Blood of *Abel* cry'd up to Heaven; which so terrified *Cain* (whose Fact bred such Horror) that he flies from Justice, and becomes a Fugitive; but Judgment pursues him, and he, sensible of his

his Doom, laments and cries out, *His Burden was greater than he could bear*; for now he must wander and become a Vagrant, a Vagabond and a Stranger to his Native Country: Nay, worse than all that, *Whoever shall find him, will certainly Slay him*, for God has forsaken him. But God, commiserating this Fugitive *Cain*, set a Brand or Mark upon him, whereby to preserve him; so *Cain* withdrew into the Land of *Nod*, and Married there with the Daughters of the Country, and built himself Cities, and became very Populous, for he Peopled the World with a Numerous Generation.

And God, once again to renew his own Likeness in Man's deformed Fabrick, wherein to delight himself, gave unto *Eve* another Blessing, to Bless the Generations successively after him, whose Name was *Seth*, a Man of great Vertue, Piety and Wisdom; from whose Sacred Loins came the Holy *Enoch*; but *Enoch* walked with God, and was not.

Hope. Pray Father, What mean you by that Scriptural Metaphor, That *Enoch* was not, and yet walked with God.

Fa. Let me beg you, dear Sister, not now to interrupt him, it's probable anon he'll explain himself.

Enoch, you must know, was not of the World, because her Vanities could never allure him; but *Enoch* he walked in Piety with God; and lest at any time the World should ensnare

ensnare him, God in his Wisdom took *Enoch* to himself.

Ch. Good *Evangelist*, proceed to our Primitive Parents.

Ev. After *Enoch* was Translated, it was no long time that the Sons of Men begot Mighty Men, Gigantical Men, (some call them *Zamzummims*) and then it was they began to rebel; for the Sons of God combining together, they mingled themselves with the Daughters of Men, who so degenerated the succeeding Generations, that they shap'd into Monsters, more than Men, in Manners, violating the inviolable Laws of Heaven. But God, to shorten the Work of Iniquity, and cut off those voracious and bold Intruders, he secretly inspired *Noah* with a Divine Knowledge how to build an Ark of *Gopher* Wood, and to make it big enough for himself and his Family, with Reception and Conveniency for two Creatures of a sort, to re-people the World with his Generation, and from the rest of the Creatures under his Tuition. After that, God hung up a Rainbow in the Clouds, whereby the World should remember his Holy Covenant, whose Word is Truth, and can never fail, for the Word is God.

Fa. Lord, what an unexpected Change was here! It looks like a Metamorphose of Life into Death, or a World lately built up, and as suddenly pull'd down; such a Blessed Creation

Creation so seemingly blasted with the Doom of a Curse; that the Beauty and the Majesty of so Glorious a Work, should almost annihilate in a Night, or an Hour; Who can but pity and sigh a Penance over it?

Ho. Suppose it be granted matter of Lamentation, yet what signifies our Pity to those Luxurious Animals, pitiless to themselves; that would crutiate the World to heighten their Vanities, and rather than Sacrifice one single Impiety, would blot out, if possible, the Beauty of the Creation.

Ch. However I have Charity for these uncharitable Morts, that their Redemption may spring by the Mercy of a Saviour; methinks I see it thro' the Vision of Faith.

Ev. And that's the true Prospect of the Joys of Heaven.

Ch. O how sweetly on Earth do the Saints sing Praises unto the Supreamest in the highest Heaven!

Ho. And how Devoutly and Divinely do the Angels in Heaven sing Praises to the Divinest, in sweet Hallelujahs?

Fa. Then Heaven and Earth make but one Blessed Harmony, since God by Wisdom divinely made it so; and touched by the Divinest that made the Instrument, of necessity it sounds a most sweet Composition: Besides, it's all Beauty without any Deformity.

Ch. Dear Sister *Faith*, how far is it thither?

Fa. Prithee ask *Evangelist*, and he'll tell you, God's every where; and where ever God is, there is Heaven.

Ho. If Heaven be every where where ever God is, I was going to say, Are not we in Heaven?

Fa. No, dearest Sisters, not yet in the City; we are but Sojourners here, and dwell in the Suburbs.

Ho. Does not *Evangelist* tell us, That Christ is in us; and is not Christ the Hope of Glory?

Fa. Yes, Christ in us is the hope of Glory; yet are we but Temples for the Holy Ghost, since Flesh and Blood can't inherit the Kingdom.

Ch. Then I perceive by your Explanation, it cannot precede the Solution of Elements; and shall I lag behind in this Holy Pilgrimage, when my Dearest Sisters are travelling for *Sion*? No, rather let me sooner forsake my self, than stay behind such Blessed Society. Shall I want a Zeal for that Lord of Life, that *Judas* betray'd to Bloody Inquisitors? But, Heaven to gratifie his Impious Avarice, blasted the Reward, by denying him Repentance; who seeing himself altogether incapable of a Pardon, justly became his own Bloody Executioner: So to save the *Jews* the labour of hanging him, he boldly and confidently hanged himself.

Ev.

Ev. Thou hast truly replied, and so have the rest: Where note, we proceed to *Nimrod* and his Confederates, that erected a sumptuous and elevated Pyramid, to reach, if possible, to the Suburbs of Heaven, as a Battery erected to confront the Majesty, who shook their Insolences by Confusion of Languages: For God looking down and beholding their Folly, so confounded the Projectors as they understood not themselves; which made them leave off to prosecute that Design; so they fell upon Rapine, and spoiled one another.

Fa. What a Project was here, to vie with Heaven, and raise their Ambitions above the Earth!

Ev. The next Desolation happen'd unto *Sodom*, the only City wherein *Lot* dwelt, where himself was a Citizen, or rather a Governour, which in a Moment was consumed by Fire from Heaven; so that nothing remains but a *Mare Asphaltum*: However *Lot* escaped unto little *Zoar*; where his Children, with himself were preserved by Miracle, while his Amiable Wife, because looking behind her, and disobedient to the Command, she concretes into Salt.

Ho. This Transmutation leads beyond all Precedent.

Ev. And now I proceed to Faithful *Abraham*, that had but one Son by his Beloved *Sarah*, whom God, to try, as Father of the Faithful,

Faithful, put him upon Exercise to Sacrifice that Son. This, beyond Dispute, was a very Eminent Tryal; but *Abraham* he struggles not much with himself, when proffering all he had to fulfil the Command. So, early in the Morning he gets things in readiness, and takes his Son with him to a Mountain in *Morea*; telling him, as soon as he arrived there, he must forthwith offer up a Sacrifice to the Lord. To whom the Child with submission, made modest Answer, *O Father, here is Fire, but where's the Sacrifice!* To which *Abraham* reply'd, *Content thy self, my Son, the Divinest in Heaven will find out a Sacrifice.* So taking up his Son in his Arms, he kiss'd him, and reflecting on himself, he melted into Tears. However he bound him, and stretching forth his Arm to fetch the fatal Blow of Separation, an Angel from Heaven reprieves the Child, and points unto *Abraham* a Ram in the Bush; which God in Wisdom was pleased to accept of, and Commissions *Abraham, The Father of the Faithful.*

Ch. This look'd very Tragical, till the Angel appear'd, and then *Isaac's* Sorrow was changed into Joy. Pray Father, proceed.

Ev. Now *Sarah* she had lived to a considerable Age, to an hundred and twenty seven Years old, and then she died, and was buried in *Canaan*, in the Cave of *Macbpelah*, which *Abraham* bought and purchased of *Ephron*,

Ephron, that dwelt in those Days among the Children of *Heth*; but the Purchase cost *Abraham* four hundred Shekels of Silver, which *Abraham* weighed out and paid unto *Ephron*, that was resident then in the Land of *Heth*. And *Abraham* after he had lived to one hundred and seventy five Years, in a good old Age he gave up the Ghost, and was gathered to his People, and buried with *Sarah* in the Cave of *Machpelah*, in the Field of *Ephron*, which is before *Mamre*.

Isaac by this time was forty Years old, when he took unto him *Rebecca* to Wife, and she was the Daughter of *Bethuel* the Syrian, whose Brother was *Laban*, living in *Padan Aram*; but *Rebecca* was Barren, till *Isaac* intreated for the opening her Womb, and then she conceived and brought forth Twins; now the first-born was *Esau*, a Prince, and a Hunter; but the second was *Jacob*, a Man that liv'd in Tents, to whom *Esau* sold his Birthright for a Mess of Pottage.

Some time after, it came to pass there was a Famine in the Land, and *Isaac* with *Rebecca*, travel'd into *Gerar*, the *Philistines* Country, where *Abimelech* was King; and in regard *Rebecca* was Beautiful and Fair, he gave it out among the Inhabitants, That she was his Sister; till *Abimelech*, by accident, looking forth at a Window, and made a discovery of *Isaac* sporting with *Rebecca*; at which he was surpriz'd, so call'd *Isaac* unto him,

him, and enquired of him the reason, because not to make known that *Rebecca*, which he called Sister, was at that time his Wife. For said *Abimelech* the King, had the People lain with her, then wouldest thou have contracted a Guilt upon us; who charged his People, upon pain of Death, That no Man whatsoever should touch *Rebecca*.

Ch. Altho' a Heathen Prince, yet he govern'd by good Morals.

Ev. After this, in *Beersheba* the Lord appeared unto *Isaac*, and bid him not fear, for he would multiply his Seed, according to promise for *Abraham's* sake: So he built an Altar there to call upon the Lord; after that he returned again into his own Country. But *Esau* when he was about forty Years old, took *Judith* to Wife, the Daughter of *Beer*, which was a Grief to *Isaac*, and a Sorrow to *Rebecca*. But *Isaac* called *Jacob*, and charged him on his Blessing, not to take a Wife of any of the Daughters of *Canaan*, but to go to *Padan-Aram*, to the House of *Bethuel*, and take thence a Wife of the Daughters of *Laban*; for *Laban* is thy Uncle, and thy Mother's Brother. So *Isaac* sent *Jacob*, and God prospered his Journey in reference to the thing he went about; for God was with him in all he did, and *Jacob* grew in favour both with God and Man.

But *Isaac*, you must know, had a Passion for *Esau*, and *Rebecca* she doated as much upon

on *Jacob*; who by Female Policy, and *Jacob's* Belief in the Promise, obtained the Blessing: This is our Patriarch that rested on a Stone, when the Glory of the Angels ascended and descended, to inspire Earth with Heaven, and God to converse with Mortals. Then *Jacob* arose, and prepared the Stone by anointing it with Oyl, and said unto himself, *This Stone which I have set up, and is now but a Pillar, shall in process of time be called God's House*; and promised then a Tenth of all his Substance as a free-will Offering unto the Lord. Now the Place where this was done, is named *Bethel*, but the Name of the City is called *Luz*.

From thence *Jacob* travels to the Fields of *Haran*, in whose Beautiful Plains was a common Well, to which place *Rachel* usually resorted, as her Custom was at convenient Times, to water the Sheep of her Father's flock. And there it was that *Jacob* beheld her, who admiring her Beauty, for indeed she was Fair, besought her Father *Laban* to give *Rachel* unto him, and in Compensation of her, he would serve him seven Years. Now *Laban* to the Proposal seems readily to comply, so that *Jacob* concludes of *Rachel* for his Wife, when by Subtilty *Leah* was lodg'd in his Arms, which surpriz'd him in the Morning, to hug the thing he hated, when the Object he so loved, was detained from him: So that in the conclusion, *Jacob* doubles

bles his Servitude, by Indentment to *Laban* for his admired *Rachel*.

By this time the Text tells us, *Leah* had brought him four Sons, but *Rachel* was Barren, for her Womb was not opened. Now the first-born of *Leah* was called *Reuben*, but the second was *Levi*, the third *Simeon*, and the fourth was *Judah*. All this while *Rachel* (the Beautiful) was Barren; and she, because no longer content with her steril Condition, gives *Bilhah* her Handmaid to conceive by *Jacob*, to restore, if possible, her Reputation among the Daughters; and *Bilhah* she conceived and brought forth two Sons, the Name of one was *Dan*, but the other *Nephthalim*. Then *Leah* presents her self unto *Jacob*, and proffers him her Handmaid, whose Name was *Zilpah*, and *Zilpah* she conceived, and bare *Gad* and *Asher*. In the mean time *Leah*, by compact with *Rachel*, had Society with *Jacob*, and she bare him *Issachar*; but the sixth she brought him was named *Zebulun*. After that, she brought him a Beautiful Daughter, which they called *Dinah*. In all this time, poor *Rachel* was Barren, but God in tenderness look'd down upon *Rachel*, and took away her Reproach, by opening her Womb; so that *Rachel* conceived, and bare a Son, whose Name was *Joseph*; and her second Son was called *Benoni*, of which Child she died; but *Jacob* named him *Benjamin*. And these are the Patriarchs, even the

Twelve Sons of *Jacob*, who wrestled with God in Prayer, and prevailed.

Char. What think ye, dear Sisters, are not these Divine Mercies? tho' variously interwoven and mixt with Miseries. Here poor *Rachel's* Faith was wrack'd upon the Tilters, and her Patience exercised almost to a Rebellion, when in a Passion she said to *Jacob* her Husband, *O give me Children, or let me die.*

Faith. And truly Sister *Charity*, her Desires were unreasonable, to solicit the thing Heaven seem'd to prohibit: Had she been more submissive, 'twere more becoming the Sex; since the Gift was anothers, what Propriety had she? Surely Heavens Donor knew when and how to give?

Hope. That's true, beyond dispute, and nothing more true, that God knows when and how to give: So that sometimes by Impatience, we blast the Blessing by the exorbitant Avarice of unlimited Desires. And such was *Rachel's*, too pregnant I suspect, when because to exclaim against *Jacob* her Husband, for not giving of her that, which was out of his Reach; which whispers in my Ear, if I understand the Text, either a loud Clamour, or a soft Rebellion.

Ch. More Charitable, Dear Sister, must the admired *Rachel*, when to solicit *Jacob*, be reputed Clamorous; and to discourse her Lord be adjudged Rebellious? Sterillity in

those Days, was a mark of God's Displeasure ; and she perhaps thought her self unworthy the Blessing of Children ; yet such is my Charity to hope her Sin the less, by how much the more the Promise was made unto *Abraham*, from whose Royal Loins *Rachel* descended, as well as *Leah*, tho' the elder Sister.

Hope. I confess you say something, tho' not much to my Satisfaction ; for if in what we desire we ought to comply, and resign our Will to the Will of the Donor, then ought our desires to be virtually such as may spring from the Motives of the Sovereign Giver, and not from Perverseness of our own Luxurious Appetite. For if when we pray, *His Kingdom come*, and will not stay till his *Will be done*, then will it not answer to our unlawful Impatience, nor are our Impatience or Perverseness otherwise than what ought to be answered by a Sacred Denial.

Fa. Thou saist very well, Sister, and thy Sentiments are true ; such also are those of our Sister *Charity* : Yet admit me to sprinkle my Opinion amongst you ; True it is, all God's Mercies are Sacred and Divine Tokens of his Heavenly Pleasure. But that *Rachel's* Faith should be put upon the Wreck, is a Sentence too severe, and the Consequence as pernicious, if when to conclude her Importunity Rebellion. For if Faith be the Moni-

tor to prompt us towards Heaven, surely he that gives us Heavenly Gifts, gives us also the Prospect and Prophetick Vision, whereby to wait, and hope to enjoy them.

Hope. Ay Sister, you say well, and I grant what you assert; but by no means to covet what Heaven interdicts.

Char. As to what you alledge, is yet to resolve, nor hitherto do I plead for unlawful Satiety; but assert, The Donor's Gift we ought humbly to solicit, and then peradventure he throws it into our Laps: Or, Why did *Jacob* contend for a Blessing? And gaining the Point, God calls him *Israel*; which implies a Father of Multitudes and Nations, and no longer to remain under a Private Family.

Fa. *Charity* has well answered, and so have you, by answering, That God knows when and how to give; there's no greater Truth, nor Majesty of Authority.

Hope. But can *Rachel* exclaim without rebelling, and require Impossibilities from her Husband *Jacob*, when the Donation or Power of the Act of giving, was wholly invested in the Possession of another?

Faith. The Position once answered, would be soon reconciled; for Sister *Charity* and your self differ no otherwise in Opinion, than as excentrick Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Center. That *Rachel* exclaims, we grant what you say; and a-

gainst *Jacob* her Husband, all this we grant; What infer you from thence, when *Jacob* prepossess'd her with the Hope of a Blessing, and that Blessing by Promise confirm'd unto *Abraham*, That the Seed of his Loins should replenish the Earth? And could she, whose Vertues were as eminent as her Ancestors in every thing, except in Sacrilege, when to steal her Father's Gods; and tho' peradventure out of a good intent she did it, when only to prevent his future Idolatry. How then could she do less than remind her Lord of the promis'd Hope and Effects of Generation, to be made a Mother, and Partaker of the Blessing? I mean, the Blessed Fruit, the Blessing of Child-bearing: But be it as it will be, in what the Scriptures are silent, I remit to *Evangelist*, let him explain it.

Hope. Ay, but Sister *Charity* seems divided in her self, because to recount Avarice and Desire two different Qualifications; when, in my Opinion, they spring from one root.

Fa. Presuppose them to be such as you seem to understand them, yet for a Man to Desire Heaven, it's improperly called Avarice; since Avarice, in its Nature, can't reach above the World. Nor do I term it Rebellion, nor Clamour in *Rachel*, when only to sit down and discourse her Lord; yet unreasonable, I grant it, to solicit the thing that lay beyond *Jacob's* Power to give her. *Rachel* was Barren, for that end she complain

plains to her Husband *Jacob*, because not to make her Fruitful; but that Prerogative was out of *Jacob's* Power, for the Fruit she reached at, hung as high as Heaven: And she poor Heart, to blot out Reproach incident at that time to Sterility of the Sex, occasioned her Grief and Complaint beyond Redress, because not to centre in the proper Object.

Hope. Then you seem satisfied with my Satisfaction.

Fa. The Case as it's stated is proper enough; for if we desire of him that can give, and is willing to give us when we desire it; then our Desires are already answered before the Gift of its self can reach us. But if otherwise, as hath been said, That Avarice in the Will, makes the Will perverse, which of all things God abominates: Then Perverseness in the Will, can't climb above the World, and what's limited in time, knows no Eternity. So that now, dear Sisters, to sum up a Conclusion, if provided you think it proper in me to conclude, I'll abbreviate the Matter in this Pious Compendium, That as God is the Lord, and that Sovereign Donor, the Donation most properly rests in himself: To whom for ever be everlasting Praises.

Evan. A Seraphick Conclusion, thou hast sum'd it up well, and so have the rest of thy Vertuous Sisters; but the Time expires,

I can stay no longer ; however I leave my Blessing among you, exhorting you to Fidelity, and Perseverance to the end, and then is the Crown of Glory yours. So dear Saints, and Sisters, and Servants in the Lord, bear in mind what I say, and I'll hasten to you : And then you may expect an Account of the Prophets, and the Holy Men of God, how they lived and loved the Lord of Life, that died for the World, and Mans Redemption ; thro' whose Grace and Favour those that die to the World, shall for ever live with him, and never die. Once more, farewell.

Fa. Come near my Sisters, since *Evangelist* is withdrawn, and let us sit down beneath these shady Poplars that flourish their Arms o're the murmuring Rivulets ; whose fertile Banks are burdened with Mulberries ; and there let's recount the Progress of our Lives ; I'll begin with mine, and leave you to the rest.

Ch. Pray Sister begin, I long to hear your Progress.

Hope. And I'm as impatient, as Ambitious to hear it.

Adventure.

Fa. In the Kingdom of *Vanity*, where *Lucifer* is Sovereign, there was I educated in the City of *Paduvia* (but the Place of my Nativity

Nativity is call'd *Despair*) where the Country round about it because inhabited by Salvages, made it barren and desolate, representing a Wilderness; and I think it material to fancy my Conception, by reason of the difficult Encounters I met with, when so frequently assaulted by Villainous Monsters that assum'd to themselves the shape of Men, when to their shame they violated all Humane Laws and the Laws of God, made by Wisdom and Providence, to extirpate Vice, and to suppress the Outrage of Impiety.

Then it was I withdrew; and wandering up and down, at length I resolv'd for the City of *Despair*, where I promis'd my self by a flattering hope the sweet Fruition of such innocent Society, as might in all things comport with my present Genius, and conform in most, with the intended Progress of my Advent'rous Pilgrimage; propounding to rally there such necessary Recruits, as with conveniency might consist to conduce to my Design: Nor could I doubt it, if when to consider the Piety of the People, and my hazardous Adventure.

But no sooner I entred the Profiles of *Despair*, when to my Admiration the very Gates and Streets of the Suburbs were heaped and crowded with various Multitudes of People, that were buying and selling the World at Will, and themselves and all they had, to the World. From thence I conclu-

ded they would profit but little, since worldly Profit amounts not to much. And truly so it happen'd, for their Purchase was Vanity, their Payment Deceit, and their Time most Precious, was Truck'd for Trifles; which in conclusion confirm'd them to live, to see themselves deluded by the Vanities they embraced.

In this impetuous Storm and Hurricane of Distraction, I entred the City (meaning that of *Despair*) and because when to consider the Avarice of Men, I silently wander'd as before in her Suburbs. So that from the outside to the inside, and from one angle to another, I walked up and down, to examine for Vertue, and the Purity of Holiness; but found all the Citizens as well as Foreigners destitute of such Divine and Heavenly Sanctions. So to my Sorrow I was left Comfortless of External Accommodation, whereby Wants and Necessities came arm'd upon me, that I sought for Bread, but none was administred, nor Cloaths had I sufficient to cover my Nakedness, had not my Sobriety, Innocency and Modesty, as Christian Guards by the Divinest protected me.

In this deplorable State I continued some Days, to great Anxiety of Mind, and Extremity of Body; at last I resolv'd to accost their Temple, but I knew it not to be their place of publick Worship, because so transform'd into a House of Merchandize, as the
Temple

Temple in *Jerusalem* was made a Den of Thieves ; and there it was that Charity was grown as Cold as Winter, whereby the Profelyte from the Priest fed only upon want.

Then musing in my Mind I stood silent a while, unresolv'd what to say, or what to think ; at last I bethought me to repair to the Palace, which was by Artifice a most sumptuous Fabrick, imbellish'd with Stone and artificial Ornaments. Thither I went, and crowding among the Almoners, but because not speaking nor understanding their Language, I was presently apprehended, secur'd and confin'd. For as a Spy they brought me before the Governor of the Castle, a Potent Adversary, a Mighty Prince ; whom they call'd *Revenge*, (nor did they mis-call him) who Commanded his Mercenaries to keep me in safe Custody, till at better leisure he himself might examine me. Which afterwards he did, and finding me a Pilgrim, and observing my Progress for the *New Jerusalem* ; he told me, Since the World was not large enough to contain me, he would find a Place little enough wherein to confine me. And truly so he did ; for he commits me to a Dungeon, a most stinking, dismal nauseous Place, too sad, nay, I fear too offensive to relate ; where I was wholly interdicted the light of the Sun, that generous Light that, illuminates the World : But he could not eclipse me from the Light of Heaven, for that

that luminous Ray still shin'd upon me, and I had Bread to eat that the World knew not of; and my imprisonment so sweetned with Heavenly Ejaculations, that in a Vision I fancied I saw an Angel, or to my apprehension something like it, that smote my Manicles, and they flew in pieces; besides the Bolts on the Doors they dropt in sunder; so that like a Mist or a Fogg they melted all away. By which I perceiving my enlargement before me; I humbled my Heart with Praises to the Highest, and with Volleys of Tears to the most Supream, I poured forth my Supplication. For what could I do less, when to consider the Deliverer! nor could I do enough for this great Deliverance, of which let me ruminate and piously Contemplate.

Contemplation.] Then devoutly I began to Contemplate Eternity, this stupendious Creation, and visible Things; so to inspeculate the glorious Imbellishment of things Cœlestial, and invisible Beings; which manifest to us those superior Excellencies the Divinest himself copied out unto us; who also confirm'd them by a Royal Decree, that the Cœlestial Incolists should move by Rotation, as Terrestrial Bodies by Life and Motion. But invisible Beings cannot be truly deciphered, if when only to consider Exterior Objects; for the shadow of a Man is not the Man himself, nor is the figure of that Man

Man any more than his Similitude ; nor indeed the Fabrick or Form of his Body, any other than the visible Representation of something in him, by Divine Influence of superiour Vertue.

How then shall the Creature contemplate the Creator, the inexhaustible Fountain of Wisdom and Majesty ; the Wise, the Great and ineffable Good ; the Divine Infinity and Original of all things ; the Sovereign Power, and Efficient Cause, which is no ways known, nor can by any be understood, save only by Faith and Divine Revelation, which the Sacred Majesty and Authority of Scripture direct unto us the high way to Heaven, purchased by him that made the World, and gave himself for the Worlds Redemption ! This is all I know or dare presume to pretend to, for it's Presumption to enquire beyond the Sacred Three that bear Record in Heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Which Three are One, and this One is God, as the Scriptures declare, and the Scriptures are true.

From God therefore Eternity proceeded ; and from Eternity Time lineally descended ; from Time also Generation had its Progress, and from Generation came the Issues of Death. This is the Summary of Piety and Wisdom, and the ultimate completion of all Sublunar Beings. But Eternity is the Radij or Beam of the Majesty, and Time is the

the Infant or *Sciens* of Eternity ; Generation also is the Child of Time ; and Death is a Creature God never made, the effect of Lust and the Progeny of Sin. Every thing therefore that has a beginning in time, must of necessity in time have an end. The Consequence follows, that every Generation necessarily terminates in its own proper beginning ; but Corruption is the Antecessor or Forerunner of Generation ; and Generation consummates in the limits of Putrefaction.

Adventure.

But to reverse the Point, and return to my Adventure : No sooner I had left this nauseating Dungeon, and patrolling the City from one end to another, when by accident I met with a reverend Lady, which indeed was my Mother, but I kept my Countenance, that she knew me not. And the good Lady, because naturally Sweet and Compassionate, courteously enquir'd of me from whence I came ; moreover she desir'd to know of what Country I was, and to what place travelling, for she thought me a Pilgrim ? To which I reply'd, That I was a Pilgrim, and in my progress towards the Beautiful *Sion* ; at which she sigh'd, and was silent a while, but I discern'd it rais'd a pity in her. So she bid me follow her, and I was brought to a Portal that led into a Garden,

Garden, beautified and perfum'd with redolent Sweets, as the Gilliflower and the Violet; there was also the Eglantine, and the Sweet-briar; but that which delighted me was the Rose and Jessamy; with these excellent Sweets I was sweetly refresh'd.

Then she took me by the Hand, and led me to an Arbor, that was naturally and artificially shaded with Greens, where she bid me sit down, and give her a Description of those my Solitudes and Pilgrimage towards *Sion*. To all which I readily and chearfully consented; but when I discours'd the tragical part of my Life, and how of necessity it ought to be so, since the Holy Jesus had suffered before us, whose pious Example I was resolv'd to imitate; she drew forth her Handkerchief, and moistening it with Tears, reply'd thus unto me; O happy Maiden, the hardships of thy Sufferings will be recompensed by him in whose Service thou sufferest; and the Lord whom thou followest will finish thy Adventure.

But no sooner she had ended her passionate Speech, when she reach'd forth her Hand to a Golden Chain that hung by her side, to which was affixed a Golden Locket, studded with Diamonds, artificially set; which applying to her Mouth with one single blast, two beautiful Damsels addrest themselves to her, to whom she intimated to set something before me, which was dextrously perform'd,

form'd, in observance to their Mother ; yet with such a dutiful and chearful Respect, as seem'd to emulate one another in Submission : So I eat and drank, and was generously refresh'd, and I tasted of the Fruit, which was pleasant unto me.

Then *Samis* was desir'd to fetch me some Apparel to adorn my Body, yet to keep me warm ; and *Sylvia* solicited, she brought me a Veil to defend me from the violent strokes of the Sun ; but the Virgins disrobing me, and espying those Wounds that incirled my macerated and bruised Body, most passionately wept, and cry'd out to their Mother ; O my Lady Mother, we beg thee to know the cause why this poor Virgin-Pilgrim is thus torn to piece-meals, that from Head to Foot there is no part free to invite her Tormentors to fresh attempts of Cruelty ! To which the Lady reply'd, You must consider her a Pilgrim, and on her Pilgrimage towards *Sion*. And *Samis* made answer, Who is it lives there of such divine Admiration to relieve and comfort her, after all these cruel and unsufferable Hardships ? To which I answer'd, The Lord of Glory, the King of Beauty, and the King of Glory and Everlasting Peace, the Holy Jesus that suffer'd at *Jerusalem*, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the Sins of the World, and is our Sovereign and Saving Health, God blessed for ever. When in the close of my Sentiments, I perceiv'd a
modest

modest Blush to sprinkle it self on the Virgin *Samis* Cheeks, moistned with Tears; so that whiles surveying my macerated Body, her Countenance on a sudden began to change, when immediately her Complexion look'd languid and pale, so breathing forth a Sigh she sunk suddenly to the Ground.

Now *Sylvia* stood by, but whether pitying of me, or from a natural compassion to sympathize with *Samis*, that I knew not, but she breathed forth a Groan almost to expire; and about to raise up the tender Body of her Sister, she stooping trembled, so fell speechless by her. Which Disaster so distracted the good Lady *Morality*, who supposing some Enchantment, and suspecting me the Sorceress, bid me friendly welcome to what I had receiv'd, but desir'd me for the present I would please to depart. Which wounded me in Spirit, because when to consider the surprizing Accident that hapned to the Virgins, and my self, though innocent, the suspected occasion. However I proffer'd my slender assistance, but that also was rejected; at which I withdrew, burthen'd with Sorrow.

Now it came to pass as I wander'd up and down, lifting up my Heart and my Hands toward Heaven, sometimes in Prayer and Divine Contemplation; Who should approach me but the Watchmen of the City; of whom I enquir'd if they see my Beloved, the

the Life of my Life, whom my Soul loveth : But they answer'd my Question by asking whom I sought ; and I answer'd, That Jesus whom their Ancestors butcher'd and cruciated to Death on a bloody Cross. O fair One, said the foremost, and it's you we seek for, lay Hands upon her, besure she escape not, she shall go along with us to be examin'd by the Magistrate: We have heard of her Practices, and have Charge enough against her. So they whipt and stript me, and disrob'd me of my Vail, and those other Ornaments my Lady Mother gave me, they took them all away, and me almost from my self, when with opprobrious Language and other Violations they scost at my Piety, and had my Lord in Derision.

So in Chains they bound me till the Suns elevation to nourish and adorn the beautiful Creation ; and then with their Accomplices they hail'd me to the Delegates, who sentenc'd me to Prison, without Bail or Mainprize ; and that at the next Sessions or Goal-delivery they so order'd the Business, as to try me for a Witch, and as a Sorceress to receive the Sentence of Death. And to strengthen the Charge, which was contriv'd by Subordination, they flatter'd themselves that the Lady *Morality* and her two excellent Daughters would evidence against me. So with Bread of *Affliction*, and the Waters of *Mirabab*, they entertain'd me, for such was my

my Accomodation, nor was other to be expected during the Outrage of the People, the Insolency of the Watchmen, the City in Disorder, and the Delegates my Judges.

Then a second Accusation was exhibited against me, That as a Vagrant and a Wanderer I went rambling about the City, insinuating my self to seduce the People.

After that the *Mercenaries* brought a third Charge upon me, That as a Thief and a Felon I made breach of Prison; and that by Subtilty and the Contrivance of some wicked Confederates, (contrary to Law) I had forc'd my liberty, so fled from Justice.

Now the prefixt time for the Court (and my Arraignment) was come, so I was call'd before the Judges and the Delegates of the City, which sat in Judgment, to acquit or condemn me; and *Revenge* was there, the Governour of the Castle, but the Judge was *Injustice*, and his Assistants were *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Hypocrisie*, *Intemperance*, *Ambition*, *Impiety*, *Flattery*, *Extortion*, *Luxury*, *Oppression* and *Prophaness*. These were my Judges, and Twelve in number, as if impanell'd on purpose to try me by their Jury; but when Proclamation was made, and Silence commanded, there was then a general silence all over the Court, so I was call'd and summon'd to appear at the Bar. Then the Evidences were call'd, and sworn against me; and the
Castle-

Castle-Mercenaries charg'd me with Felony because to break the Prison, and from thence make an escape. Then the Watchmen of the City they were call'd and sworn, and they charg'd me as a Seducer, and Deceiver of the People; and that wickedly and designedly I had perverted my Faith, by deluding the People in the City of *Dunspair*.

After this the Lady *Morality* she was call'd into Court, and her two admirable Daughters, *Samis* and *Sylvia*; but they knew me not, nor thought me their Sister. And the Lady told the Court she was sorry at the Heart to see me in Bonds, and stand at the Bar; for I was rather an Object of Pity and Charity, than a Person set a part for Exemplary Justice. Then *Samis* she was call'd in to testifie against me, and she, sweet Virgin, with reserved Gravity told the Court to their Faces, I was an innocent Maid as to any thing she knew, and did verily believe would vindicate my Innocency. Then *Sylvia* was call'd in to testifie against me, and she with a sweet and modest Humility, staining her Cheeks with a Vermillion blush, intermingled with a smile and a Majestick frown, told the Governours, and the Delegates, and Assistants of the Court; That if the Prisoner at the Bar was indicted for a Sorceress, she could wish, that her self and her Sister *Samis*, nay, the Judges themselves,

were

ere but half so good Christians: Which strangely amaz'd and confounded the Court, that the Judges and Assistants all became Speechless. During which silence the Auditors and Spectators see their palid cheeks betray their treacherous Hearts, which was legible in their Countenance, as observ'd by every one; which brought to mind that admirable Scripture, *Evangelist* discours'd in sacred Writ; *I will visit thee in Prison, and be with thee in Death*; which so exhilarated my Spirits, that I daunted my Judges.

But after a pause, and some small respite of time, the Judge demanded what I had to say, why Sentence by Law should not pass against me, and Judgment in course not proceed against me? To which I answer'd and told the Judges, That my Accusation was false, and my Accusers forsworn, to assert, I broke a Prison, or fled from Justice. I appeal to their Consciences, which testify against them, that the Evidence given in is a fiction, and untrue. And further, I offer to convince the Court, and not the Court only, but all the Spectators; that if any one doubt I assert the Truth, he may go and see, and find there those Engins and tormenting Shackles that cramp't my Legs, and the Bolts and Bars all crumbled into Dust: These are the Evidences that will Evidence for

for me; and now what has the Court against any Man against me?

Then as to a Seducer of the People in *Dispair*, produce one good Evidence signally to detect me, and I'll freely resign my self convicted. Have I at any time preach'd the Doctrine of Impiety, or maintain'd that impious Doctrine of Prophannels? Have I encourag'd to steal, or stolen from any one, or disciplin'd any with the barbarity of Blood? Who can say I advis'd to oppress the Widow, or at any time counselled them to violate the Orphan? With defrauding my Neighbour, who articles against me; or oppressing the Poor, who can justly charge me, so to prosecute the Innocent, and remit the Felon, or exile the Righteous, and enslave the Freeman; of all or any one, who can convince me? Now of any of these Evils if the Court can detect me, let them without Pity denounce their Sentence against me; but if otherwise it appears, I ought to go free, and the Rule of Justice will warrant their Proceeds.

Then as to a Sorceress, who charges me with that? the Lady *Morality* and her excellent Daughters have silenced themselves, and satisfied the Court; rather seeming Advocates for me than Enemies against me, which manifestly pleads a Vindication of my Innocency. Wherefore I appeal to the Court for Justice; but if no Justice (nor Equity)

to be found here, in Heavens high Tribunal expect your Judge there ; for God will mete us with our own Measures, whose Sanctions are just, and his Sentence irrevocable. So when I had ended my Discourse as to my Judges, &c. the Court suddenly sentenc'd me to set in the Stocks from 12 to 12 ; then to stand in the Pillory from 3 to 6 ; after that to receive 30 stripes on my naked Back, with a threefold Cord sharpen'd with Rowels ; so to stand committed to the Cage in the Market-place (the term of three Days) as a publick Spectacle for Strangers and Citizens to gaze upon me: After that to be banish'd the City as a Vagrant, so made an Exile from the place of my Nativity. This was the Sentence my Judges pass'd upon me, which was executed with severity by Suborners and Bandit's.

Now *Samis* and *Sylvia* came daily to visit me, and propounding their Mother an Advocate to the Judges ; I told them no : It was my Master's Business that I was about, to whom I must either stand or fall, and not move one Foot, though from an unjust Sentence, should it proceed from a Judge most corrupt. Nay, I told them, Should I know my Keeper a Murtherer, and my Life by his Knife at the point of expiring, yet to endeavour an escape whereby to save it, would proclaim me a Coward, and a Mercenary Christian ; to follow for Loaves, and not

not stoop to the Cross. So they sigh'd and wept, and kissing my Cheeks, gave me Presents in Prison, and administred to me; so that I felt not only the Bounty of Friendship, but the Love of God that made me free.

Now after the expiration of my unmerciful Sentence, whether through Fraud or designed Subtilty, that I know not; but I was privately convey'd through the Ports of the City, yet not so privately neither but that many knew of it, since divers came to stare and gaze upon me; but as in Females all are not fair, the deformity in some begets the admiration of others. So not well to consider the Circumstances I was under, through levity and precipitancy some of them reviled me, whiles some others more moderate and sober in judging, seem'd silently to sigh, and favourably to pity me; and going along with me so far as permitted, they left me their Prayers, and I bound them in a Blessing; so after they were gone I fell into a Rapture.

Rapture.] O Incomprehensible Glory, with a secret Joy transport my Desires into the sweet Contemplation of the Piety of Angels, and Coelestial Powers, Thrones and Dominions that devote themselves at the Altar of God, with perpetual Praises to the King of Glory. And with a pious Admiration elevate my
Zeal

Zeal through the Vision of Faith, and Divine Prospect, devoutly to contemplate the All-glorious Beauty of the Son of God, the Super-Cœlestial and Increated Light, that Illuminates the Saints in the *New Jerusalem*. And with a Holy Reverence let me prostrate my Adorations before the Great, Almighty and Invincible *Jehovah*, the All-glorious Creator of Heaven and Earth, that fill'd them with Cœlestial and Terrestrial Blessings.

For before the Creation had as yet a Being, God præordained Nature by an Eternal Decree, invisibly to operate, to make things visible, and kindled in the Sun a luminous Brightness, adorn'd with Beauty and intrinsic Vertue, to inspire the Æther, to impregnate the Earth, to animate the Ocean, and influence the Creation; That created Man by his Sovereign Bounty, and made him Lord over all the Creatures. That breathed into him an Immortal Soul, the glorious likeness of God, that made it; and inspir'd him with Wisdom and sublime Faith to inspect Heaven, and the Vision of Angels. For God gave Man Reason, and the vertue of Knowledge, whereby to participate of Divine Revelations, and made him sole Monarch of the visible Elements, and the Creatures to pay their Servilities to him. Nay, he water'd his Plants with the Springs of Life; so that the Boughs and Branches spread up to Heaven, And in the midst of the
D Garden,

Garden, in the Sun-shine of Paradise, God planted a Tree of that Sovereign Virtue, wherein the Sanctities of Knowledge lay hid and concealed; and the shades of Death and privation of Life, (which is Death's great Master-piece,) were then unknown. For Death is a Creature God never made, nor was it in the number of those glorious Ideas, which from Eternity were in the Mind of the Creator, but our Protoplast *Adam* projecting Sin, unluckily met with the Events of Death: Wherefore Death, as a Recompence and a Reward for Sin, was impos'd upon *Adam* and all his Posterity. And the God of Nature, to confirm the Principles of Nature, has determin'd that whatever has Motion by Generation, shall cease from Motion by the Law of Corruption.

Thus Step by Step, from Time to Eternity, I rais'd my Devotion to the Supernatural *Sion*, whereby to contemplate the Son of God, the Wisdom, Beauty, and Glory of the Father. To confirm which Truth the Majesty of the Scripture, the Authority of the Ancients, the Piety of Religion, the Strength of Reason, and the Doctrine of Uniformity, Symmetry and Harmony in this beauteous Creation, are Arguments strong enough to convince the Incredulous, that this Divine Order sprung not from it self but from Wisdom, and the Divine Excellency of the Son of God. And as certain

as the Stars visibly shine to adorn and illustrate this admirable Creation; as certainly the Divine Beauty of the Son of God invisibly shines in the Soul of the Creature; which is that glorious Light the Evangelists speaks of, that *enlightens every Man coming into the World*. And that the Son of God is the Glory of the Father, nothing more manifest, though but faintly to decipher it by way of similitude. Yet if when we consider how the Cœlestial Sun, (though but a Created Glory) illustrates the Stars that shine in the Firmament; it may beget in us a pious Consideration, when Divinely to contemplate the Super-Cœlestial Glory of the Son of God, that illuminates the Saints, and the Angels in Heaven. For since Angels, as *Evangelist* speaks, are Stars complicated, what can the Stars be but Angels explicated, which point out to us Invisibles by Visibles? Since therefore such eminent, and such excellent Vertue shines from the beams of the created Sun: How much more excellent is the Vertue of the Creator, that made the Sun so glorious a Creature?

Wherefore, O Divineſt, by ſacred Wiſdom imprint thy Sigil, the all-glorious and beautiful Effigies of thy ſelf, on the ſoft and tender Table of a Penitent Breſt; and write thy Holy Sanctions, the Divine Oracles of Heaven ſo perſpicuous and legible in the front of the Temple, that by Believers they

may be read, and made to the Soul so divinely intelligible, that by a fair Landskip of the Beauteous *Sion*, we may have a clear Prospect of the *New Jerusalem*.

Now it came to pass that *Evangelist* found me out, who said unto me, Daughter, be comforted, thou hast fought a good fight; and though lately a Captive, yet now art thou a Conqueror, and made to overcome; and thy Reward for suffering, the transcendent Joys of Heaven. Which when he had express'd, he bid me follow him; so he led me through a Meadow that directed to a Fountain, where he bid me drink and refresh myself; and I drank of the Water, and found my self refreshed. And he opening his Mouth spake thus unto me; Thy Sister *Sarah* is coming to Consort with thee, and her Sister *Sylvia* would also be our Companion at which News I rejoyc'd, for I loved those Virgins; so stooping and looking down into the body of the Fountain, I beheld as it were two Faces in one Font, and the one of them methought was like the Face of an Angel, exceeding bright, which strangely surpriz'd me, and lifting up my Eyes to look towards Heaven, a Glory, as I thought, surrounded the Fountain; much brighter to my apprehension than the natural Sun. So I humbled my self, and fell on my Face; for I was unable, and altogether incapable of that excellent brightness, that I fancied the
appear

appeared to me in the Font. So calling to Mind, that in the Records of *Moses*, the Ground he stood on was not to be Prophaned; so I pull'd off my Sandals in a pious Imitation, and devoutly pray'd to be made Partaker of that transcendent Glory, super-excelling the Glory of the Cœlestial Sun; and dwell for ever in the presence of God, where there is Rejoycing, Praising, and perpetual Thanksgiving. When on a sudden I heard a melodious Consort, so the Vision disappearing, I turn'd me round about, but *Evangelist* was withdrawn.

After that I travell'd to this very Place, where we now are met, for *Evangelist* told me, that within three Months I should enjoy and embrace my two Pilgrim-Sisters, my beloved *Hope*, and my dearest *Charity*; and truly so I do, and conclude my self Happy. But poor Hearts, I fear in this your Pilgrimage you met with many Difficulties, Dangers, and eminent Despondencies, yet by him that conquers Death, you were made to overcome; from thence you may expect your Reward in Heaven. And now my dearest Sisters, give me leave to present you with a Paper of Verses made in my Solitudes.

Hope. I shall wait to hear them.

Char. O my Sister, make me your happy Auditor.

Faith. The Seas ran high, and Winds did
loudly roar,
When sinking Ships were sent to split on shore:
And Rocks with Earthquakes groan'd, as if their
doom

Were sentenc'd by some unknown Fate to come.
The tott'ring Trees, each shook his Palsie Head,
And dreaded Death, when Death had struck
them dead.

The Meadows mourn'd, and Fountains they relented
As guilty of some Sin yet unrepented.

The Rivers, and the Rivulets dry'd up,
And all the Valleys seem'd a riven Cup;
So that the Fields and Pastures now look'd pale,
Pelted by th' driven Snow, and storms of Hail;
Whilst from the Subterranean deeps at pleasure,
Abaddon sent forth fœtid Fumes at leisure;
Which made the Cattle low, as if their breath
And life expir'd, before approach of Death.

Nay, Birds they left off chirping, and grew sullen,
As if their Wings were pinion'd with coarse Woollen.
And Fish they left off sporting in the Ocean,
As if to dye were now the chief promotion.
So Fowl they left their flight, and flew so low
To kiss the Earth, and bid the World adieu.
Nay, Heavens bright Sun, that circles the Creation,
Seem'd stationary now, without Rotation.

And Cynthia with her Horns that us'd to gild
The Orient Sky, now shadowed the Field.
And all the Stars and Constellations blended,
As if a Chaos was again intended.

Just thus the Heavens in a posture stood,
As if their Vertues could do nothing good;
Whiles Man, the Lord of all, his fatal doom
Was, to return to that from whence he come.
Thus Nature stood amaz'd, because not knowing
What she was doing, when she was undoing.

And now dear Sister Hope, if it stand with
your Conveniency, pray give us a Relation
of your Holy Pilgrimage.

Hope's Adventure.

Dearest Sister Faith, (and embracing her
said) Thou art our President in this pious
Pilgrimage, towards the beautiful Suburbs,
and the Court of Sion. And truly I have
endeavour'd what in me lies, to imitate, and
follow your pious Example. For know, you
no sooner left the City of Despair, but the
Government became desperate, and to de-
spair of it self: And the sober People made
sensible of Injustice done you, justly lamen-
ted your Case, by pitying your Prosecutors.
But the rude and maz'd Mobile seem'd al-
most distracted, when at last they under-
stood the Partiality of your Judges. So that
in Confusion they run disorderly up and
down, some here, and some there; so much
the more it exasperated the Multitude, that
their Fury at last grew up almost to a Mad-
ness; and the Magistrates apprehending the

Case somewhat desperate, and themselves in some measure not free from Danger, crav'd Assistance from *Revenge*, the Governour of the Castle; who sent down some Soldiers to suppress the Tumult. Which the Auxiliaries of the City no sooner understood, but most of them were possess'd with a Spirit of Opposition; and the soberest of the Soldiers, because coming into them, made it look almost as fatal as a Mutiny.

What, shall Evil be committed, says one of the Soldiers, to punish the Innocent, and let the Offender go free? And what Wickedness, says a Citizen, can be judg'd more impious, than for Suborners to forswear themselves, so betray the Innocent? Then this Perjur'd *Perfidy*, says a plain Countryman, was justly rewarded for the Evil he designed; for the same hand he struck at to extenuate Life, by Heavens Commission, reached to strike him down: And the Justice he violated in the Face of the Court, overtook, and overturn'd him to his utter Destruction. I, that's true, says a Sailor, for one of them dy'd of a strange unheard of, and unknown Disease, that melted him away, so dwindl'd to his Grave. And does not he, says a Merchant that roars out in a Distraction, live a life like *Spira*, made up of Despair? And what think you, says a Townsman, of him that laments himself, and faintly would Repent, were not Repentance deny'd him.

him? But what will become of him, that no Body knows.

Now the Governour from the Castle comes to stifle the Uproar, and threatening to hang all the Soldiers for Mutineers; the Citizens cry'd out, Hang one, hang all. Which unexpected Resolution so disorder'd the Governour, till *Ignatius* with some Officers undertook to moderate them, and use such Arguments as might pacifie the Citizens, lest the Head of a Mutiny should swell too big, and grow unproportionable for the bulk of a Body-politick. For that end they consult and advise a Hall, where the Officers and the Magistrates may consult together, to find out an Expedient to suppress the Soldiers, and reduce and reclaim the Citizens to Obedience; and all this contrivance under the pretence of Justice. So under a Masquerade they sent forth their Mercenaries to the Fountain *Salutis*, to find out *Faith*; but *Faith* before this was far enough from them: So many that went out return'd much disappointed, as the People of the City were generally dissatisfied.

Now it happen'd since you left us, there came into the City a Reverend Old Man, whose Name was *Serapio*, that was seeking as he told us after the Vision of Truth: But the good Man *Serapio*, by what means he knew not, was directed to *Celestis*, when her Sisters were there, the modest *Sideria*.

and the Virgin *Harmonia* : For they three were Sisters, and had vowed a vow to live a Religious, and a Pious Life, in the Divine Service of the Holy Jesus. So happy was *Serapio*, to arrive at this Sanctuary, as if piloted thither by *Evangelist* himself, or inspir'd by some other supreme Director ; and telling them of the Vision he had seen at the Fountain, that the very Pavement was beautified with Gold, and so illustriously shining to every One's astonishment, invites them to examine *Serapio's* report : But *Harmonia*, because younger than the rest of her Sisters, undertook the Design ; so she went to the Fountain, and who should she meet there but blessed *Evangelist*, all in bright shining, but she knew him not ; to whom he said (My Daughter *Harmonia*) whom seekest thou here? And she replied to *Evangelist*, We are in all three Sisters, but our Father and Mother is laid asleep ; and we Three have vowed a most solemn Vow, to live a Vertuous and a Pious Life, and wholly resign up our selves to Devotion. When yesterday a certain and reverend good Man, came to the House of our Sister *Cælestis*, and told her with myself, and Sister *Sideria*, what now I find to be certainly true : For he said, That the Fountain *Salutis* was enrich'd with a far greater lustre and beauty than Gold ; for he thought it richer, and so do I : So that more out of Admiration than any thing of Avarice,

it invited me hither to examine the Truth ; and beyond his report I find the Fountain enrich'd.

But *Evangelist* said unto her (My Daughter *Harmonia*) did he tell you the genuine Cause of this famous Miracle ? And she answer'd him no, she understood nothing of that. Then he told her, all God's dealings were by Motive and Miracle, to those that truly lov'd and serv'd him: For to some in the Day he appears by Vision, and in the Night to othersome he visits by Dreams ; so enquiring if she had heard of the Pilgrim *Fidelia*, before she could answer him, *Evangelist* disappear'd ; and *Harmonia* told us she saw him no more. So she hastned all she could to the City of *Confusion*, to confirm her Sisters *Cælestis* and *Sideria*, of what she had seen, and heard from *Evangelist* ; and that what *Serapio* the Stranger had told 'em, was certainly true, and she confirm'd the Truth of it. So she went from *Confusion* to the City of *Despair*, to convince the incredulous, since her Eyes were Evidence. And some they believ'd *Harmonia's* report, but other some in derision believ'd her not ; till at last among themselves they came to an agreement, to go or send to examine the Truth ; otherwise they should conclude the Maid deliriated, and had met with the Sorceress, who made her an Enthusiast.

Now

Now some of the Inhabitants, because doubting in themselves, came out of Curiosity to discourse *Harmonia*; who confirm'd the Truth to them of what she had seen, advising them, if dissatisfied to what she reported, to satisfy themselves with going to the Fountain, and vindicate her from false Aspersions. Which some of them did; for coming to *Salutis*, and beholding the brightness beyond her Relation, stood awaz'd to see, what they had never seen, such a Lustre and Beauty beyond all Astonishment. So returning to the City, they were fill'd with Praise, and rejoicing at what they had heard and seen, they confirm'd to the Citizens, and comforted one another; which so disorder'd the Magistrates, and the Governour of the Castle, who advis'd them to use another Artifice to stifle the Report, and suppress the Resort, lest the People of the City by flocking to the Fountain, should make it more famous than their infamous Laurets, the Idol of Adoration and vain Superstition.

However the Citizens went daily to the Fountain, so that nothing but *Salutis* was generally discours'd by the sober and civiliz'd part of the People, the regulated Soldiers, and the reform'd Citizens. Whom the Governour to restrain, found out a new Project, by suborning some Banditti's to swear it a Cheat, that with more facility they might delude the unwary; For, say they,

we

we our selves have also been there, but there's no Appearance of Lustre nor Beauty, nor any thing of Brightness to cause Admiration; whoever says otherwise, conclude them Phanaticks, devoted to Dæmons and vain Delusions. Now were it as you say, some of them made Answer, then was there no Ground for this our Report; but we have been there as well as you, and what you tell us are meer Romances: We have beheld the Lustre and Beauty of the Fountain, and assert it a Truth, and your report Fictitious. At which the Banditti's audaciously reply'd, It's only some Artifice of the cunning Sorceress, who with her Confederates, and other wicked Associates, have abused the Multitude, by sprinkling some Charms about the Fountain *Salutis*. To which the Virgin *Harmonia* modestly reply'd, Go and wash them away, and you do your Work. At which they were offended, and began to rant; so in a huff they all withdrew, and left *Harmonia* and the People to themselves.

And now my Sister *Sylvia* consenting with me, we came to the Point to put our Pilgrimage in practice. About which time I remember the Virgin *Sacra Celia* came privately to our House in search of *Fidelia*; who told us she had left the City of *Paduvia* in a voluntary Exile, to become a Pilgrim. But *Sacra Celia* soon left us, and the City of
Despair,

Despair, when not long after her I left my Lady Mother destitute, to my Sorrow, of another Child; however *Sylvia*, tho' with much impatience, consents to stay with her, to comfort and administer to her in my absence: But she gave me such a Wound at parting with her, by telling me she had read in Sacred *Evangelist*, That he that would be a Disciple of Jesus Christ, must not only relinquish Father and Mother, but take up the Cross and follow him. To which I reply'd, It was undoubtedly true, yet not at this time did I think it convenient to withdraw both at once. So I kissed her Cheek, and bid her farewell; but she wept and sob'd that she could not speak; at which my sorrowful Heart sent her a Sigh, so I privately withdrew; and in the dusk of the Night by a glimmering Moon, I convey'd my self forth thro' the Garden Gate, to avoid the City-watch, lest they should surprize me. So I sheltred my self in the Woods by Day, and in the Nights I travelled to avoid pursuit; till at last unexpectedly I met with *Evangelist*, who gave me some Instructions, how to proceed in this holy Pilgrimage, to the Court of *Sion*, the place I was seeking for.

By this time the Sun had finished his Circle; and now the Shades of Night began to present, when *Abbadon* met me, who spake unto me in an articulate Voice; Fair One, why

why wanderest thou in these solitary Shades, this is no place of Security for thy Sex? And I readily answer'd him, Why not Security here, since the Providence of God is every where alike? Thou understandest not thyself (*Abaddon* reply'd) but talkest vainly like a foolish Woman; there's no such thing as Providence, I wonder you'll assert it; you must call it Fate, or you may call it Destiny; for a Man that's destined to dye by the Rope, all the Rivers in the World, nay, the Ocean can't drown him: And yet forsooth, you must fancy this Providence, when there's no reason nor probability for it. What! said I to *Abaddon*, is there no such thing as Providence, then the Fœtus in the Womb would prove an Abortive, the Nativity of the Infant a thing out of time, and the growth unto Manhood a Prodigy in Nature, whose Beauty and Symmetry are connext by Providence; and Providence is an Attribute so sacredly Divine, that the Divinest conceals that Treasure to himself, as also the secret Decrees of Death.

At which *Abaddon* startled, and crys out, the Girl's distracted; she talks religiously, as if Religion were in fashion. And I told him I believed 'twould ne'er be out of fashion, and by those that were Religious, never out of use. Come fair One, says *Abaddon*, I'll teach you a Doctrine to refute the *Rabbies*, and command the World; and that's more

more profitable than a fictitious Providence; or your phanatical Paradise; fit for Fools and Novices. For if the Proverb be true, That one Bird in the Hand is better behalfe than two in the Bush; assure your self, fair One, make but your choice, and if you choose the World, I'll secure your choice: But to talk so idly of Providence, and fancy Heaven a Reality, You may hope of the one, but despair of both; if wanting the Artifice of Peter-pence. Then I told him all the Artifice and Skill that I desired, was a lively hope in the Holy Jesus. What, says *Abaddon*, are you one of that Faction too? Has *Evangelist* bewitch'd you with his Scriptural Sophistry, by buzzing into your Head strange Notions of Heaven; that fabulous History has cost the Lives of many, some have been strangled to Death with Cords, others have fallen, and dy'd by the Sword, and some have been drown'd; but Thousands have dyed by Fire and Faggot; so that if you pursue and follow this Doctrine, you will presently find your self involv'd in an Error, and then fair Lady 'twill be too late to repent?

To which I told him, I should never repent to answer the blessed Ends of my Creation; nor relinquish the Cross, but dye to him that gave his Life for my Redemption. Hang you, for a Heretick, crys impious *Abaddon*; so he belched forth Blasphemies, and such

such horrid Impieties, that chill'd all my Vitals, and made me tremble; then bid me be gone like a Witch as I was, threatening to mould me into another Perswasion before I got to my Journeys end: So breathing forth Flames, he vanish'd like a Fume, but left a most foetid Emperuma behind him, which made me considerate to ruminate the Creation.

Contemplation.] So contemplating the Elements or Principles of Nature, which the Divineſt has dreſt up in this moſt beautiful Order; the Elements we conſider are Elementalated by virtual Inſpiration of the three Principles, (*viz.*) *Sal*, *Sulphur*, and *Mercury*, or more plainly to deſcribe them, Body, Soul, and Spirit; but the Elements are Synonimous, and of an equal Poize; were any one predominant, a Chaos would enſue; but Fire or the Sun has Superiority and Precedency to influence the Stars and Cœleſtial Bodies; moreover it nourisheth and warms the Earth, and virtually inſpires it with Vegetation: But the Air is an Element of the ſecond Order, wherein all the Seeds of the three Monarchies of the World lie ſecretly concealed, and cloſely wrapt up; which by the Suns radiant Beams are ſcattered abroad, whereby the Earth it ſelf is not only enrich'd, but the Ocean alſo daily impregnated.

Nor is the fluctuating Ocean without Vegetation, plainly demonstrable by the Eflux and Reflux ; otherwise it would stagnate, and for want of Motion, beyond dispute ferment, and admit of Putrefaction : So by the Law of Necessity proceed to Generation. Nor is the Ocean without Production ; for are not Amber and Corrals affixt to Concretions ? The Roots of Vegetables also make their Station in the Rocks, whiles the Fruits as spreading themselves in the Ocean, violent Eruptions soon hurry them ashore ; now the reason why some compact Earth and Water together, it's allowed by Astronomers they compleat but one Globe.

Nor is the Earth of it self denied to have a Motion, but then we consider it under the Law of Vegetation, which Nature protrudes without intermission. For Nature is the Instrument the Divineſt works with to mollifie the Elements for ſtelleſt Impreſſion ; and this to admiration ſeems moſt miraculous, that not any thing producible in the three Monarchies of the World have their Roots and their Fruits in one and the ſame Element as exemplified. Thoſe Trees and Plants which Nature produces, are not their Roots all lodg'd in the Earth, when the burthened Fruits hang viſibly in the Air : But the contrary of Metals, which if duly conſider'd, their Roots are obſerved to hang in the Air.

Air, whiles their Fruits are found in the Centre of the Earth.

Faith. Dear Sister thou seemest to have studyed Philosophy, or something like it; but poor Heart, was you not frightned, when *Abaddon* met you, who with Fumes and Flames was so sharp upon you?

Hope. Truly dear Sister, as to my Natural State, probably I was; for I knew not well what to think or say; but my Hope surmounted all my Fears, so that I had little or no despondency in me; yet was it not long after *Abaddon* was gone, when I met with a Ghost, or something like it; but I knew not how nor what to call it; and stedfastly fixing my Eyes upon it, since hitherto I had never seen the like before, so much the more and greater was my admiration: And then I call'd *Abaddon* to mind, concluding this one of his Hellish Stratagems, if not to hurt me, yet design'd to amuse me. Now the Divinest gave me Faith and a Christian Courage, so I spake unto it, but it made me no answer. Then I raised my Voice yet a little louder, and spake unto it the second time; asking this Skelleton or Ghost of a Man, from whence he came, and what he was? Who lifted up himself, and made this reply, I am not a Man, I'm only a Shadow; examine me, I'm reduc'd to Dust and Ashes. Then I enquir'd the place of his Habitation; and he told me in the Courts

Courts and Prisons of Death. Then I begged him to tell me how far it was thither; and he answer'd me, 'Twas near, for it was but next Door. And truly so I found it, for all on a sudden a clammy cold Sweat totally invaded me; and then I saw my self surrounded with Sepulchres, and nothing but Ghosts or Dæmons sporting about me; yet was I careless, and to speak Truth, as fearless, when calling to mind that the Holy Jesus had promised to be with me in the Toils of Death; who had made himself victorious by conquering Hell, (and the putrid Grave) to lead that into Captivity; which so redoubled and reinforced my natural Courage beyond my Strength, that I fainted not, nor did I fear, if then at that instant I had been doom'd to dye.

So I walked to and fro among those solitary Tombs, but to my Observation I heard no Voice; for who among the Dead shall praise the living God? Then I spake again, but no Voice answer'd me: And I consider'd with my self by a lively Faith, that the Holy Jesus was more than a Conqueror, not only to conquer Death and Hell, but all the Brood of hellish Internals. So I wander'd up and down benum'd with frigidity; till at last I felt my self beyond a feavourish heat, and all my Body as it were on fire; when on a sudden, still gazing and looking about me, I saw my self surround-
ed

d with fuliginous Flames, that darkned the
sky, and thickned the Air, enough to suf-
focate the Country about me ; which made
me conclude this place was *Gehenna*, or *Tor-*
ment, of old prepared for the damned.

However, thro' this Lake I resolv'd to go,
and so I did, but my Conflicts were many ;
for *Pluto* the King of that infernal Court sent
Cerberus with a Summons to cite me before
him ; and I told him I would not obey his
Commission, nor any Summons, except from
the King of Heaven. Why, Impudence, says
Cerberus, knowest thou not that *Pluto* is the
greatest Monarch that rules in the Air, and
commands the Princes, and Principalities of
this World ! It was all one as to that ; I told
him, if his Kingdom was here, and his In-
terest and Influence over all the Kings in
the World, however I was seeking for the
Kingdom of Heaven, and that King that
Rules and Governs the World. Heaven !
says *Cerberus*, (and falls a laughing) that's
but a Fiction, a meer phanatick Story ; the
Learned and the Wise adjudge it but a Fa-
ble, and you forsooth that are wiser than
all the World, will fancy a Heaven, when
there's no such thing. To which I reply'd,
As to worldly Wisdom, excuse me in that,
I confess my Ignorance ; nor am I solicitous
at this time of Day, to go so far as Hell to
learn it. Why so obstinate (*Cerberus* reply'd)
thus to mistake thy self ? This is not Hell,
but

but the Poet's Elizium ; or as some intitle it, Paradise Inferiour. Nay, then I told him I was for a Superiour, and that of necessity must be the Paradise of God. So laughing aloud, he breathed forth Blasphemies, and Cursing the Divinest, in Flames he fled away : When presently and unexpectedly all my Limbs were so benum'd, that I had hardly sence to extenuate a Joynt. So that nothing on a sudden presented to appearance, save only a glacial Sea of Ice, on which I adventured, but it bended under me, and so crackled and crumbled on every side, that the Steps I took sent Summons to my Grave ; however I went on as fast as I could, but the faster I went the less riddance I made. Now as that darkness of the Night began to invade me, so the Winds, as if by Combination, sent their Terrors to the Skys. All this while was heard most dreadful Claps of Thunder, with Flashes of Lightning, and Showers of Hail, that pelted the Earth, and almost overset me ; and I had certainly perished in this impetuous Storm, had not the Divinest, the God of my Salvation, sent my Gaurdian-Angel to assist me in distress.

Rapture,] So in a Rapture I begg'd and pray'd to the Divinest, to lift up my Devotion by his special Grace, whereby to discern the Holy Guide of *Faith*, thro' the Beauty of *Wisdom*, and Truce of the Mind ; to direct

ect and instruct me into the Divine Contemplation of Heavenly Things; and Celebrate my Devotion with the Piety of Saints, and the sweet and blessed Society of Angels, that my Soul might inwardly shine with a Lustre, from the sovereign Beams of the Son of God, that illuminate the visible and invisible World; resplendent in Beauty, and transcendent in Glory. And subject my Corruptions and corporeal Senses readily to comply with the Rule of thy Mind, whereby to perform the true Precepts of Vertue; that whilst my Body, without intermission by a due conformity, conforms it self, and subjects its Will to the Will of the Mind; the Mind by a Pious and Holy Obedience, may conform its Will to the Will of God: Then shall we pray *thy Kingdom come, and truly say thy Will be done.*

And manage me into the Secrets of the Knowledge of Truth, by the amiable desire of Heavenly Goodness, whereby I may recollect all my unlawful Affections, the Tardities of Life, those *Dalilah's* of Sin, and enormous Impediments of sweet Tranquillity, which banish with the wandering and wavering Thoughts of the Memory; the Diffidencies and Despondencies of a terrified Heart; the Perturbations and Anxieties of a wounded Soul; the Inquietudes and Evagations of a broken Spirit; the Disorders and Distraction of an unsatiable Mind: And fix my

my whole desire on that desireable Object the Lamb of God, that taketh away the Sin of the World; and inamour me with Wisdom, and the Beauty of Holiness, that divinely shines in the Prince of Peace; whereby my ravished Soul transported with Zeal may spiritually sympathize with the Saints of *Sion*, to behold the Majesty of the King of Glory, my Sovereign Redeemer, the Holy Jesus, the Wisdom of the Father, and the Beatitude and Sweetness of inward Peace; that with how much the more Affection I burn in Love for him, with so much the the greater Ardency of Zeal my ravished Soul may long to desire him.

For Divine Love can never rest, but like a bright shining Cœlestial Flame still aspi-
 reth higher and higher, till it centre and
 fix in its Heavenly Sphere, inseparably
 joyn'd to her beloved Object, the Holy Je-
 sus, the original Source and Fountain of
 Love; which like a swelling Sea, perpe-
 tually flows to the verge and brink in the
 Souls of Saints, as naturally as the Blood
 circulates in the Body. For Love is a Ver-
 tue so divinely necessary, as that our Savi-
 our to honour it, put a Mark of distinction
 upon it; and has intitled it the *new*, and
 the *great* Commandment, to *live in Unity,*
and love one another. He therefore that
 approacheth to God by Love, is made one
 Spirit inseparably with him, to behold the
 Divine

Divine Majesty of the King of Heaven, and the Glory of his Kingdom; the Lustre of the Heavenly City, and Felicity of the Citizens, but never enough to admire the Excellency of his Beauty, the Splendour of his Glory, the Magnificence of his Courts, the Honour of his Saints, the Goodness of his Grace, the Sweetness and Pleasantness of inward Joy, with the Peace and Tranquillity of Eternal Rest.

Adventure.] So ends my Rapture, and I'll suddenly end by shortning my Adventure. Now as this Encounter was seemingly tedious, so I fancy you'll think it somewhat hazardous; for I thought it so, till on a sudden an *Aurora* beautifully appear'd, and then affixt my Face to the East, where on the florid brow of a fragrant Bank there stood a Man, in appearance, all in white and shining, whose Garments to my thinking, outshin'd the Sun; to whom I call'd, and he answer'd unto me, and lent me his Hand, upon which I leaned, till he landed me ashore, on a sweet pleasant Bank beautified with flowers. But looking wishly on him, to observe my Deliverer, I presently knew him to be blessed *Evangelist*, who spake kindly to me, in a Metaphorical manner; by which I interpreted I should see my Sister *Faith*, who much about that time was advancing to meet me; and truly so she did, who imbracing me

me in her Arms; bid me friendly welcome to the end of my Pilgrimage, the Paradise of Joy, and the Suburbs of Sion.

Faith. Dearest, thou art welcome; now delight us with thy Verses.

*The Fountain was discourst and so was you;
And to confirm if these Reports were true,
Thither I went, and then I knew not whither;
So met Abaddon, and too much bad Weather.
And he no sooner gon, but Cerb'rus came,
And chill'd the Æther, which before was Flame
I walk'd with Shadows, and I talk'd to Ghosts,
But 'twas no more than if I'd talk'd to Posts.
Among their Sepulchres and nauseous Tombs
They led me, where I smelt their bad Perfumes
Then on a Sea of Ice shew'd me a Shore,
To freeze to Death, since Hell could do no more
Yet all this would not do, Evangelist
Lent me his Hand, and that Hand Heaven bless*

So ends my Pilgrimage, and my Verses too
and now Sister Charity, (so kissing her cheek
I have left thee a fair Field to Travel in
Prithee my Dearest, give us thy Adventure.

Adventure] Char. After the fair Pilgrim
Sacra-Galia, had left us, I took but little rest
so that my restless Thoughts were bound
in Solitudes; when on a sudden I bethought
me in the dead of Night, (and the rather
because dark, and all things in silence,

my Lady Mother as I suppos'd a sleep, the opportunity the rather invited me) to withdraw, undiscover'd if possible by the Watchmen of our City, and as you convey'd your self (dear Sister) so did I, as privately as I could, forth at the Garden-gate, into those pleasant and solitary Meadows, where sometimes we use to contemplate of Heaven, and discourse of those Sovereign Joys of Eternity ; so that before Morning I was got I knew not where ; and met as I went with I know not whom ; for *Radamanthus* that Infernal perpetually haunted me ; at last I encountred the fair Fountain *Salutis*, where I sat me down silently, and considering with my self, because having no Director, what course I must steer to the Blessed and Sunshining Ports of *Sion*, and avoid if possible this Hellish Associate ; the Prince *Radamanthus*, who the second time assaulted me ; and pointing with his Finger (as if under a limited Silence) he Directed as I thought towards the City of *Despair*, the only Place from whence I so lately came, and where I had left my Lady Mother ; which bred a confus'd disturbance within me. But about break of Day this Figure disappear'd, when musing in my Mind I was variously perplext, whether to go back, because pointed at by the Apparition ; or whether to go forward as to my intended Pilgrimage, I could not, resolve so that whilst mazing

and thinking to do I knew not what, the Lamentations for my Mother made fresh Salts in my Breast, that in a dolorous passion I fell a weeping, as if the Flood-gates of my Eyes would overflow the Fountain, so that I moistned the Floor whereon I sat even to have deluged *Radamanthus* himself, durst he at that time have attempted to approach me.

When on a sudden, and beneath the bended shades behind me, I beheld a sudden brightness that shin'd on the Pavement; and rising up to see what I imagined I saw, there presented the Figure or shape of a Man, all in white and shining, in a Pastoral Posture, leaning to my thinking on a Pilgrims-staff, to whom I spake with a troubled Mind, and enquir'd where I was, and he answer'd with a mild and Angelick Voice, that I was in my Progress he hop'd towards Heaven. Then I asked him how far he thought it was thither, and he told me it was but one step beyond Death; and enquiring which way I must go to find it, he told me my way was by the *Bloody Cross*. Then I desir'd his Directions as my holy Guide, and he promised not only to direct but Pilot me, so he bid me follow him, which I presently did; and he put me into a Path, but it was but a narrow one; and told me I must neither incline to the right, nor endeavour to lean to the left hand, but keep strait forward, that

the Path was narrow, and in many Places encumber'd with Briars and Thorns, besides many annoyances that would greatly discourage me, if otherwise I was not fully and piously resolv'd to persevere to the end of this my intended Pilgrimage; which he doubted not of; so Saluting me with a good Speed, he suddenly disappear'd; and turning about to return him Thanks, I found he was gone, and my self all alone; save only his Staff he had left behind him, for which I was thankful, resolving it should be my Companion.

Contemplation] And now Sister Faith, I shall strip my Muse of all immergency, and the World's contingencies, sedately to contemplate the Common Place-Book of Heaven; and those Globous Glorious and Celestial Bodys the Sun, Moon, and Stars, divinely ranged and regulated by the Divinest in such an admirable and Beautiful Order, whereby their Dignity, Motion and Rotation, may in some Measure decypher unto us, to admiration, the Excellency of a Heavenly Surrounding.

The Sun, let us consider him a blazing Lamp, pure and immaulate, of a luminous Nature, totally and perfectly separated from impurity of all cloudy Sordities, and immund dreggs, who in his Circle has a Rapid and Orbicular Motion, enough if possible

ble to enflame the World, did not the Air gently inspire him ; and the humidity of the Ocean sweetly moderate his immoderate heat ; whereby the Creation is enrich'd with Vegetation, whilst the Earth as a fix'd Star stands Stationary, bounded by the Law of Neutrality to both ; for the Earth is immur'd and constrain'd by the Ocean, as is the Ocean furrounded by the volatillity of Air, and the Air because incessantly circulated by Fire, together with the Constellations, are in a Perpetual Motion.

Where Note, let us consider and duly observe, that Earth by Mediums is transformable into Water, as is Water also convertible into Air ; but the Air because being a Body of Rarefaction, by the due Mediums of Heat sublimates into Fire. This is the Great and Universal Circulation, and the perpetual Rotation of the Orbs and Elements, which more properly belong to Scientifical Men, than to such as are ignorant, and impiously prophane the sacred Authority and Majesty of Scripture, and would decry if possible the Energy of Philosophy.

Adventure.] Now as directed by blessed *Evangelist*, I went on as I thought by the Rule of Direction, till arriving at a spacious and flourishing Grove, fill'd with Beautiful Walks, and well burden'd with Trees, where with great Curiosity I saw various choice and as great variety of all sorts of Fruits

but some of them were such as I had never seen ; so that whilst out of Curiosity I stood gazing upon them, who should assault me but that infernal *Radamanthus*, who courteously asked me what I did there, and whether I was not travelling towards *Elizium* ; if so be thou art (fair one, says *Radamanthus*) I can satisfy thy Solicitations in what thou seekest ; for these are the Suburbs of that delightful Place, and in this Garden are many delicate Nymphs, that will ravish themselves to associate with you. To whom I answer'd, I seek not *Elizium*, but the ready Road, and the Highway to Heaven. Who doubts it, said *Radamanthus*, this is the way ; do but follow the Tract, and it leads to the *Hesperides*, the amiable Forrest, and beautiful Suburbs of Paradise. Then I told him he mistook himself, for I sought not the *Hesperides*, nor could I be satisfied with the Fruits of his Paradise ; what not with Fruit (he replies) the Fruits of Paradise, to preserve thy Beauty, so grow to an excess ; for thou of thy self art naturally fair ?

To which I answer'd ; Your Curiosity Sir, lies too much without, and Heaven is a Glory that shines all within. Here, fair One (says *Radamanthus*) do but taste this Fruit, you know not the Vertue these Trees afford. So he reached me an Apple, and smilingly I took it, and looked upon it, but I did not taste it. Why eatest thou not

(*Radamanthus* ask'd me) to neglect the Gift, is to suspect the Giver. As to his suspicion I resolv'd him I would answer by silence. And tho' most of our Sex admire Fruit naturally, yet few amongst them were sovereign Tasters. Then taste this Fruit (said the Prince *Radamanthus*) and as you approve it, give your Approbation. I told him I durst not, for I was cautioned to the contrary. Caution'd by whom (*Radamanthus* reply'd) it's only some fabulous old Woman's Story. *Eve* was a Woman, and she's my Example; whose *Adam* lost his Monarchy under the temptation of Fruit. Why fair One (says *Radamanthus*) this is an Apple. So was that, I told him, *Eve* gave to her *Adam*. But that Advice, he reply'd, was from a female Creature, and this from more than a martial Hand. It's true Sir, what you say, a female was tempted; but was not he Masculine that was the Tempter of Paradise too?

Now, says *Radamanthus*, thou dream'st of Mother *Eve*, and of her Husband *Adam*. these are old Stories; things so obsolete out of fashion, and our modern Times won't admit of your Interpretation. That I can't help Sir, but this I know, and doubt not you'll allow, the Creation younger than Time. And if so the Consequence follows, that the Creation in probability is older than Paradise. What infer you from thence

(says

(says the Prince *Radamanthus*?) It infers thus much, I told him, as to what I understood, that if things that were old must be out of fashion, then Time and the Creation must also be so, because either of them are older than Paradise. Thou art witty and fair (*Radamanthus* thus reply'd) and of Woman-kind would'st excel thy Sex, were it not that thou art so sottishly Religious. Prithee leave off these conceited Dotages, and associate thy self with the Maidens amongst us. To which I reply'd, I knew not where I was, and for ought I knew might be out of my way. That's true, you may swear it (*Radamanthus* answer'd) and if you be not careful to forsake these Delusions, it will not be long e'er you're out of your Life.

To which I reply'd, That Sentence was severe, however I thought him no proper Judge. Yes (said *Radamanthus*) the Sentence lies in me, and Execution proceeds when I please to denounce it. He mistook himself, I told him, for that Royal Prerogative belong'd unto none but the King of Heaven. To which he reply'd, Who thinkest thou I am? And I answer'd him, It may be the Prince of Darkness. No, he reply'd, that Royal Dignity belong'd to his Lord, and Sovereign *Pluto*. Then I ask'd him, why he subjected himself to another, when as yet he appear'd so great a Prince? It's true he answer'd, I am *Pluto's* Subject, who subjects

all the Princes and Kings of the World. What a Prince and a Subject (I told him that look'd too Extravagant, I was almost about to say Pedantick.) Why, how now Madam Prate a-pace (he blasphemously reply'd) I'm a Prince of more Eminency than the Prince you serve. And I told him the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning; for that King I serv'd was the Prince of Truth; and he stamping, in a Rage, demanded his Name. And I told him his Name was in the Geneaology of Time, but his Nature had a being before Time was begot.

Why, how now Mrs. *Impudence* (said *Radamantibus*!) Has your Prince lost his Name? And I told him that his Name makes the Devils tremble; from thence I concluded it would make him fly. Impertinence, he reply'd, I know thy Seducer (and smell a Heretick) that Evangelical Fable to a Reverend Pontifex brought him in more Treasure in one Years time, than all his Dominions and his Diadem was worth. And I smiling reply'd, Did you believe him? Peradventure I did (said he) why should I doubt it? Then I told him plainly, no Body would believe him. Yes Mrs. *Confidence* (he reply'd) there's enough will believe me, and such is my belief, you're doom'd to Poverty, as most of your Associates into deplorable Misery. Mistake not your self, I reply'd, there's none more miserable than worldly Hypocrites that

that enslave their Consciences by following for Loaves, and feed upon nothing but beggarly Elements. Mistake not your self (*Radamanthus* reply'd) thou art meerly deluded by a Humane Deity. To which I answer'd, That Sovereign Deity that was Cruciated on the Cross without the Walls of *Jerusalem*, to the World's Astonishment; his Divine Humanity was no Delusion, and your Impieties admit of a plain Contradiction. But I delude not my self (said *Radamanthus*) to assert you his Profelite. And I reply'd, if at any time the Devil speak Truth, in what he had asserted, he was now in the right on't.

What! must I still be derided, and suspected of Truth, (said *Radamanthus*) after so many Civilities, and obliging Entertainments; thou shalt find the smart on't, and curse thy Religion. So transforming himself into the shape of a Persecutor, he fell a howling, and made a noise so horrid, that a Legion of Infernals came swarming about him, that bit and pinch'd me on every part, till the Blood run down seemingly about me; yet I felt no smart, nor could I see any Wound, tho' all my Body seem'd goar'd in Blood. So they chased me like a Hare from Hill to Mountain, till I came to the brink of a certain River, whose Streams were black, and exceeding muddy. And there it was that these Hell-hounds left me, when

Evangelist

Evangelist out of pity came and found me out.

And *Evangelist* ask'd me what made me here in these unfrequented and solitary Shades, at this time of Night, and in such Disorder? O Father, I reply'd, I know not where I am, nor can I resolve you how I came here; did not you see those tormenting Furies that have made these Breaches, and have lick'd my Blood? Be patient my Daughter (*Evangelist* reply'd) the Beast loves Blood, and bloody Sacrifices; but his Commission reach'd not to touch thy Life. I know Sir (I told him, that my Redeemer lives, in whom is my Life bound up in the Volume of Time and Eternity: Time has its periods (*Evangelist* answer'd) but Eternity knows no Law of limitation: But I wonder what makes you so near this River, on whose mouldring Banks stands the Image of Death; some call it *Styx*, or the *Strygian Lake*, alluded by the Superstitious it leads to *Elizium*; which is no other than a Romantick fancy. Then I reply'd to *Evangelist*, I wish'd them much good on't, for I was unwilling to feed upon fancy. So relating my Encounter, and the Faith I had, which kept me above all apprehensions of fear; he seem'd to rejoice, and directing me again into my former Path, he bid me farewell: And I told him I was careful to keep what he left; who enquiring what it

was, I told him his Staff: So he commend-
ed my care, and wish'd me to keep it ;
which I promis'd to do, and so we parted ;
when a deep Silence began to invade me,
and then I, entred into this Divine Rap-
ture.

Rapture.] Prince of Peace, inspire me with
Wisdom religiously to contemplate the in-
separable Union betwixt the Soul and the
Conscience ; and the celebrated Harmony
betwixt Religion and Charity, when the
Vertue of Charity is mutually join'd with
the sweet influence of the Piety of Religion.
For as heat is the proper Mark of Fire,
which invisibly lurks and lies inwardly con-
cealed ; so Charity, tho' it be not Religion
it self, yet is it the true mark of a religious
Man, and a Vertue so necessary to the Piety
of Religion, that Religion totters when it
stands without it. *Solomon's* beauteous Tem-
ple, tho' built with polish'd Stone, yet was
there a Cement to close the Conjunctions,
and as Links in a Chain, by a mutual Con-
taction, add a confirmation to the strength
of the Chain ; So the Vertue of Charity,
when join'd with Religion, confirms the
Piety of Religion invincible, that like a Rock
it stands immovable.

In like manner it is, that the Soul and the
Conscience by a mutual Connection thro' a
Divine Sympathy, and Perpetual Union be-
come

come Synonimals; and are as inseparable in the Bond of Unity, as Light is inseparable from the Body of the Sun; whereby the Lustre of the Soul in the Orb of a pure Conscience shines with brightness to excess of Beauty: But when in the Cloud of an impure Conscience, it is shaded with the greatest Eclipse of Darkness. For the Soul and the Conscience know but one Eternity, either as to Felicity, or perpetual Misery: But a pure Conscience is the Souls bright Orb; and the Soul is the likeness of him that made it.

For the Soul beyond measure is transported with Joy, when to see her own beauty splendidly shine in the innocent Orb of a pure Conscience. Let therefore the Felicity of my Soul be such, as to conduct and manage the Powers of my Mind, so to exercise and busie the bodily Sences, as to give them no leisure to think of Sin, but piously and devoutly contemplate my sovereign Redeemer, thro' the Divine Bounty of his Holy Incarnation. And as there is no moment wherein we live, but we live by the Mercy and the Favour of God, so ought there to be no minute in the progress of our Lives, wherein we acknowledge not his sovereign Goodness. For the Goodness of God so governs the Will, whereby to restrain the inordinate Desires, that the Desires being softened by mild Reprehensions, they sweetly melt into a pious Conformity,

Conformity, suitable and agreeable to the Rule of the Will.

Let therefore in me the Created Image by a mutual Enterchange be made like unto that which creates in the Soul Wisdom and Sanctification; but in the Conscience the beam of Glory: And as a pure Conscience is the Soul's Looking-glass, wherein she delights her self by Reflection; so Impurity in the Conscience is a shame inseparable, never to be extinguish'd, but remain perpetual to all Eternity, as the Soul is immortal. Wherefore with a sweet and tender Compulsion bend all my Inclinations devoutly to serve thee, and make pure my Conscience to rejoice my Soul; that my Soul may be acceptable to thee my God, religious and reverend to thy sacred self; submissive and patient to bear the Cross, and to rest content and quiet in its self.

Then by how much our Good Will encreaseth as to Piety, by so much also encreaseth our good Work; yet not that our Work hath the Vertue of Merit: For that Divine Property shines singly in him that gave himself freely a Sacrifice for Sin; and yet a necessity is impos'd upon us to *work out our Salvation with fear and trembling.* And the Apostle as an Oracle divinely directs us, that the Works done here will certainly follow us. Wherefore it concerns us to be cautious how we work; for the Soul

Soul in the Orb or Sphere of the Conscience, inspecting as in a Vision the work of the Body ; Eternally remains in the view of of that, which either is its Joy or perpetual Sorrow.

Let therefore by thy Bounty our good Will be great, if thou wilt that our Work be also great : For therein the most Holy and Merciful Father (through the Merits of Christ) hath placed our Redemption ; wherein if we would we cannot, unless we will fully will our selves. For we may love equally both the Rich and the Poor ; altho' with the Rich we cannot equally give Money, yet is not the Will effectually good, unless it work as it is able.

Adventure.] But returning to my Adventure ; now I began to be more circumspect in minding my Path, than I had formerly done, and truly there was Reason for it, in calling to mind the late imminent Danger, and the Providence that attended me ; yet not only because then to hazard my Life, but the dishonour I might have brought upon so pious a Cause, wherein the Holy Jesus was principally concern'd, whose Arm above Power miraculously defended me, when I fought and disputed that Monster *Radamanthus* ; who sought to Dam up (if possible) the high way to Heaven, and not only to extinguish my natural Life, but al-

so to destroy my future hope ; but Comfort shin'd upon me from that sovereign Power, which taught me to say, *Thy Will be done* ; and a Voice spake in me, Fear not, my Daughter, nor let thy Faith fail thee, I will be with thee to the end of the World.

Thus I was comforted, and encourag'd in my Pilgrimage ; and the rather because entering into a florid Meadow, adorn'd and beautified with redolent sweets ; where I sat me down, and was very hungry, but destitute of Accommodation, I had nothing to eat ; yet the Rivulets, and the Fountains gave me Water to drink, that relish'd to my taste as sweet as new Milk ; and espying a Sycamore that some Bees had deserted, upon a narrow enquiry I found the entrance ; so approaching the place, I put in my Hand ; and perceiving my Fingers ends to drop with Honey, I drew forth of the Combs wherewith to refresh my-self, which truly was to me a pleasant refreshment. So that one Mercy I found pursuant to another, and as my Deliverance had been all along by Miracle, so was my Refreshment in like manner Miraculous.

The next Morning as early as the Day was drest up by the beautiful and shining Ray of the Sun, I withdrew from my Pavillion, which was a spacious Sycamore, to go more at large into the Volume of Contemplation ; because, when to consider my Canopy

Canopy and Counterpart, the glorious Spangled Orbs of Heaven, upon which while I gaz'd, my elevated Thoughts were got above the World and all mortal Contentments. For when to consider these luminous Bodies the Christ-Cross-row, or the Alphabet of Heaven, and the Creational Individuals the Marginal Notes of this magnificent and stupendious Folio. I was lifted above the Elements by a Divine Speculation, to prostrate my Devotion at the Throne of the Divinest; and magnifie the Celebration betwixt Heaven and Earth, since Christ is the Magnet to attract Christians to himself: alluding to the Apostle, when preaching to the *Ephesians*, that excellent Doctrine of Christ in us the hope of Glory, was such a Divine and Heavenly Exordium, that if any one suck in this Principle of Life, and drink down this Doctrine of a Holy Redemption; it manifests Believers the Temple of God, and God to build his Tabernacle among Men.

But in all my Pilgrimage I met not one Object worthy my pity; nor a Subject that I can say was fit to embrace my Charity. So I Travel'd Day and Night to this pleasant Bower, because directed hither by blessed *Evangelist*. And hoping we are more than half way towards Heaven, I silence my self, so conclude my Adventure, if worthy your acceptance in a pair of Verses.

Faith. My Dearst Charity, pray let us have them.

*To that salubrious Font, that famous Well,
I went ; and met the Advocate of Hell.
Proud Radamanthus, that Infernal Prince,
Points at Despair, he knew I came from thence.
But when he saw the Project would not take,
Fruit he presents me, and the Strygian Lake.
Whose Hellish Crew pursued my Life so fast,
That Death was nearer than a half Stones cast.
Had not Evangelist come in by chance,
And blunted Radamanthus's fiery Launce.
The Flames had scorcht'd me ; and it maybe
then,*

*Wanting a double Faith to charge again :
And frightened with the Dogs ; Fool-hardy to,
I might have leapt in without more a do.*

Faith. Truly it might have happen'd ; but my Dearest, I am so affected with this horrid Relation of thy hazardous Pilgrimage, that it almost chills all the Blood in my Body ; was not *Evangelist* approaching to warm it, with the History of *Moses*, and the Lives of the Patriarchs.

Evan. Most pious Pilgrims, I have brought along with me the Virgin *Patience* to accompany you to *Sion*, and the rest of her Sisters, as *Temperance* and *Chastity* are on their way also under the burden of the Cross, thro' the Kingdoms of *Confusion*, *Desolation*,

solation, and *Exorbitancy*; and after them *Humility* and *Constancia* will follow, besides the Lady *Morallity* from the City of *Despair*, the shady Forest, and the Province of *Abhorrency*. So that now I'll proceed to go on where I left off, and give you an account of *Moses* and the Prophets, as I have already done of the Eminent Patriarchs: Peradventure by that time they may reach unto us.

Now *Moses* you must know was a *Levite* born both by Father and Mother, whose Sister was *Mirian*; and by Reason that *Pharoah* was evilly inclin'd, when because to murder all the Male Race of the *Jews*; *Moses* was conceal'd by his Mother's Policy, till such time as she (good Woman) could build up an Ark, which was made of nothing but Segs and Bull-rushes; into which Ark she expos'd the tender Infant, and the Ark because floating on the surface of the Water, the Daughter of *Pharoah* as her custom was, recreating her self by the River-side, discovers the Ark; which she caus'd forthwith to be taken up: Out of which Ark, when 'twas open'd at the roof, they took forth the Infant, the sweet Babe *Moses*; and *Pharoah's* Daughter beholding his admirable beauty, she call'd him her Son, and commands her Attendants to seek for a Nurse to Nurse the Child, the delicate *Moses*; and his Mother, as recited by innocent

ocent Policy, gladly and chearfully under-
took to Nurse him. So that *Moses* was nur-
tur'd by the natural Breast, as the Divine
Hand of Providence directed, for the
Hand of God appeared in his Preserva-
tion.

This was that great Oracle, *Rabbi Moses*
of the *Jews*, that slew an *Egyptian* in the
Land of *Egypt*, and was forc'd to take San-
ctuary in the Coast of *Midian*, who fled un-
to *Jethro* the *Midianitish* Priest, and for
some season was Keeper of *Jethro's* Flocks.
When on a certain time, as his custom was,
he came to *Mount Horeb*, where he was a-
stonish'd, because there to behold the bright-
ness of an Angel, or something more glori-
ous in a flame of Fire, that divinely ap-
pear'd out of the midst of a Bush: And to
augment the Miracle, the Bush was uncon-
sum'd. But *Moses* out of Curiosity turning
him aside to inspect this Divine Fire, that
burnt without consumption; God calls un-
to him out of the midst of the Fire, and
commands him not to approach, nor at-
tempt any nigher that sacred Place, till he
put off his Shooes: for the Place whereon
he stood was Holy Ground. And *Moses*
astonish'd at the glorious Appearance, obeys
the Command.

Then God spake unto *Moses* out of the
Bush: But *Moses*, because, unable to behold
the Glory, and that excellent Beauty of the
Majesty

Majesty of God, with a Vail that he had cover'd his Face, for he was afraid of the Excellency of the Majesty; and there was reason for it, since no less than the Glory of the Supreamest was present. And God said unto *Moses*, I have heard a Cry the Cry of my People in the Land of *Egypt* and the Hardships they endure. For this end go down, I will send thee down as an Advocate, and an Instrument for their Deliverance. But the King of *Egypt* will not let them go. Therefore said the Lord, I will send you to smite him, that by acknowledging my Power he may let them go. And the *Jewish* Women of the Tribes of *Israel* shall borrow their Jewels, as also their Ear-rings of Silver and Gold, and put them on themselves, their Sons and their Daughters: By which only means they shall spoil the *Egyptians*.

Now *Moses* at that time had a Rod in his Hand, and God commands him to cast it on the Ground; which *Moses* did, and it became a Serpent. But *Moses* because afraid, he fled from before it; And God commands him to take it by the Tail, when immediately the Serpent became a Rod in his Hand. The the Divinest bid him put his Hand into his Bosom; which he presently did, and behold it was leprous; and God bid him place it in his Bosom again; which he also did, and it was like his other Flesh.

With

With these two Miracles, or miraculous Arguments, God commands *Moses* to go down into *Egypt*, and intreat for the *Israelites* to *Pharoah* the King; for *Moses* must inter-mediate in behalf of the *Jews*. Then *Moses* took *Zephora* his beloved Wife, and his two Sons with him, so departed from his Father, whose Name was *Jethro*, the Priest of *Midian*. And journeying towards *Egypt*, his Brother *Aaron* met him, who went along with him to congregat the Elders; and *Moses* by Commission spake to the People, and the People believ'd that God heard their Cry, and that *Moses* was sent for their Deliverance. So they bow'd their Heads and worshipped the Lord.

But *Pharoah* was offended with *Moses* his Supplication, and because aggravated by his Council, (whose Inclinations were Evil) their Duty was doubled. So that the Task-Masters set over the Children of *Israel*, impos'd unheard of Impossibilities upon them; however *Moses* and *Aaron* went in again to *Pharoah*, and *Aaron* before *Pharoah* cast his Rod on the Ground, which immediately by Miracle was turn'd into a Serpent. Then *Pharoah* sent and call'd his Magicians and Sorcerers; who by magical Artifice and Inchantment did the like. But God to make the Miracle yet more miraculous, commission'd *Aaron's* Serpent to devour the Magicians.

The

The next astonishing Mirale *Moses* wrought before *Pharoah*, was by turning the Waters and the Pools into Blood. Which *Pharoah's* Magicians imitated to the Life, by tinging the Waters with an artificial Tincture.

Now the third great Judgment brought over them was Frogs, which *Moses* (by a supreme Hand) spread at once over all the Land; and *Pharoah's* Magicians imitated them also, but they could not remove the Plague from the People.

The fourth Miracle *Moses* wrought, was Armado's of Lice, that sprung up from the Dust, and the Soil of the Earth: Which the Magicians of *Pharoah* endeavour'd to imitate, but by all their Artifice they could not accomplish; whereby they acknowledg'd before *Pharoah* their King, that this was no less than the Finger of God.

But in the first great Miracle God manifests his Power, by commanding *Moses* to send forth such great swarms of Flys as invaded the *Egyptians* in all their Coasts; yet with this distinction, that *Goshen* go free, the Land wherein the Children of *Israel* inhabited. But the Plague of the Murrain upon the Horses and Camels, the Oxen and the Asses, and the Sheep and the Cattle, was the sixth mighty Miracle that *Moses* wrought before *Pharoah* the King, and the Nobles of *Egypt*.

The seventh Visitation wherewith God visited them, was when *Aaron* the Priest took the Ashes of the Furnace, and sprinkled them in the face of the Firmament of Heaven, in the presence of *Pharaoh* and the Egyptian Nobles, which immediately became the smallest Dust, that brake forth into Boils, Botches, and Blains, upon Man and Beast, throughout all the Land, and habitable parts in the Kingdom of *Egypt*; the Land of *Goshen* only excepted. And here the Magicians could not stand before *Moses*, by reason of the Boils which were broken forth upon them.

But the eighth Visitation was Lightning and Thunder, and such dreadful Claps to mortal Astonishment, that the Hail and the Fire which fell down from Heaven, smote both Man and Beast in the open Field, so that every thing dy'd; yet all this while was the Land of *Goshen* free, for there was neither Lightning nor Thunder there.

Now the ninth great Plague was the Plague of Locusts, which overspread all the Land, (yet *Goshen* was free) such a Plague *Egypt* never knew before, and was promised there never should be any more such: for they cover'd the Earth, and darkned the Sun, and eat up the Herbs and Fruit of the Trees, which brought a Scarcity over all the Country.

But the tenth Visitation was a Plague of Darkness, that cover'd and overspread all the Land of *Egypt*; and such a dismal Darkness God sent then amongst them, that perceptibly by the Natives it might be felt when as in the Land of *Goshen* there was Light enough, for the Children of *Israel* had Light in their Dwellings. And then it was God struck all the First-born, from the Land of *Egypt*, to the Skirts of *Goshen* from the Throne to the Threshold, which without exception dy'd, So *Moses* and the *Jews* took up *Joseph's* Bones, and them they remov'd, and carried with their Camp from *Ramesis* to *Succoth*, then through the Red Sea, and encamped in *Etham*, on the edge of the Wilderness: And the Lord went before them in a Cloud by Day; and in a Pillar of Fire he appear'd by Night, and by Wisdom and Miracle he was pleas'd to direct them.

These were signal Deliverances to a sinful Generation, and a murmuring People that rebell'd against *Moses*, tho' he smote the Rock to relieve their Necessities, when immediately the Waters gushed forth to refresh them. After that God rain'd down Quails to relieve them, when at other times he fed them with Locusts and Honey; yet all would not do to reclaim them from Rebellion. Moreover they were infatuated with a vain Superstition, to commit Idolatry with

the Golden Calf. But *Moses* was then with God in the Mount, for he went to receive Institution from Heaven; and God gave unto him the Commandments in Stone, to discipline and instruct him in the School of the Law. So descending from the Mount, he broke the Calf into Powder, which he afterwards gather'd up and cast into the Waters, to be drank as an expedient for the healing of the People.

At another time God visits them by a grievous Plague, that swept away Thousands, yet were they not humbled; nor was the Visitation at that time suppress'd, till *Pheneas*, out of a holy and pious Zeal, struck Dead the Adulterers at once with his Spear. After that a Mutiny sprung up in the Camp, and that was when *Corah*, *Dathan* and *Arimam*, with their bold Confederates, set themselves against *Moses*; but they with their Families were swallow'd up alive, for the Earth dividing and opening her Jaws, suck'd them suddenly in, and swallow'd them quick, as a just Reward, and suitable punishment, for such a horrid and notorious Rebellion. And truly the People were a stiff-necked Generation; for that end God suffer'd them not to enter into *Canaan*, the Land of Promise, that he promis'd to *Abraham*, and their Fathers before them, soon after the Flood.

So that after they had travell'd forty Years in the Wilderness, and had several Visitations by remarkable Judgments; yet notwithstanding all that, the Calamity of War attended them, even to the entrance of *Canaan*; but *Moses* enters not, he only sees the Land; who after he had beheld the Paradise of the World for excellency of Beauty, Situation and Fertility, he privately withdrew, and was seen no more; Nor would God suffer those Rebels to know the conceal'd place of *Moses* his Interment, lest peradventure fearing they would commit Idolatry, an Evil so naturally incident to them, that the Sacred Scriptures confirm them Idolaters. But *Caleb* and *Joshua* led them into *Canaan*, and the Mighty Arm of God attended them with Victory; whereby at last they became victorious to Conquer the *Anakims*, and all their Enemies. So ought every one to labour a Victory over self, and then the World will be easily subdu'd; and we shall triumph in the beauty of Holiness, which God himself Crowns with the Garland of Glory; if we cruciate ourselves on the Cross of Christ, by a pious Example of the Holy Jesus.

Now after *Moses* was dead, they had Judges amongst them, that sat in the Gate to dispense Justice; and the thing was pleasing in the sight of God; but the People dissatisfied with that kind of Government murmured

murmured amongst themselves, and would have a King. So God gave them a King, but it was in his Wrath, and *Samuel* went forth and anointed *Saul*; but because of Impiety God shortned his Reign. Then *David* the Son of *Jesse* was chosen their King; who fought the Lord's Battles, but he dy'd in Peace, and after his Death was gathered to his Fathers, and *Solomon* his Son succeeded in his stead, who rather chose Wisdom than worldly Riches, and God honoured him with both, and a general Knowledge in the Secrets of Nature, and the hidden Knowledge of the Secrets of Mines; inso-much that he was thought to have the Treasure of the World.

In those Days of *Israel*, and the Kings of *Judah*, there liv'd very pious and holy Men of God, as *Elias* and *Elisha*, two eminent Prophets; so was *Nathan* and *Nehemiah*; as also *Amos*, *Ezra*, *Joel* and *Habakkuk*; besides lamenting *Jeremiah*, and seraphick *Isaiah*. With many other singular and eminent Worthies, that were endu'd with the Gifts of Prophecy and Piety, and with length of Days, some of them to see the downfal of *Judaism*, and the fulfilling of the Prophecies, by the Destruction of *Jerusalem*. This Summary in brief I commend unto you, who are got in a great measure to the Zenith of your Pilgrimage, whilst I step and withdraw to conduct some new Converts to as-

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sociate

sociate with you in your progress towards *Sion*, which I perswade my self will be pleasing and acceptable to you; so I leave my Blessing, and bid you farewell.

Faith. Since *Evangelist* is withdrawn, dear Sister *Patience*, let us beg you to proceed in thy Adventure.

Patience. With all my Heart. When my self and Sisters were withdrawn from *Confusion*, the first Adventure we resolv'd upon was to travel to the Fountain. To which place when we came there, and had refresh'd our selves, with the Vertue of the Water, and someother Accomodation, thro' female Policy we had brought along with us, which indeed was very slender, because doubting among our selves it might argue a mistrust of Divine Providence, if provided we should make provision for our Progress. So consulting among our selves how to Pilot the Vessel, and Navigate our Course in this Divine Pilgrimage, in the Eye of the Wind, to the Port of *Sion*, where we might better advise and resolve what to do; we consented if we could to keep together, and so we did three Days and three Nights; but the next Night ensuing we were strangely separated: For coming towards Evening into a fragrant Field, and delighting our selves on the bank of a Ruvulet, whose Streams were transparent (with a Crystalline Rapidity of Motion) made

yet the more pleasant, as soon as we approach'd the milder Calms, which seem'd to me and the rest of my Sisters, a harmless, innocent, and most pleasant Diversion; still observing the Sun in his Western Declination, and the Night as we thought approaching upon us, were precautioning Arguments to put our selves upon Exercise, to look about and seek out for some shady shelter in these remote and solitary Parts, whereby to guard our selves against the accidents of Cold, for the Nights were long, but not much intemperate.

And looking too and fro from Centre to Circumference, we cast our Eyes abroad to every Angle in the Field, till at last we discover'd a spacious large Sycamore, guarded with Poplars that overspread the Ground; thither we went for the conveniency of shelter: And pleasing our selves with a pleasant Night, we embraced one another, and sat down together under the shady Boughs of solitary Trees, comforting our selves with Divine Discourse of the blessed Incarnation of the Holy Jesus. Which discovered unto us the Mystery of Divinity, how the Son of God incarnated with Humanity; the Divine and Supernatural Birth most transcendently Glorious; the whole progress of his Life altogether Miraculous; his Doctrine Mystrious; his Crucifixion beyond Parallel; his Death and Passion beyond

yond all Precedent; and his Super-Cœlestial Assertion of that transcendent Excellency, to transmute Nature into Grace, Earth into Heaven, our Souls into Christ, and Christ is God.

This was our Exercise till the Shades of Night and natural Sleep began to invade us; so that resolving with my self for my Sisters security, I was content that Night to expose my self a Centinel, and pass upon Duty, for I kept a Watch, to prevent the temptation of Sleep and Drowsiness. So I mov'd, and remov'd sometimes from the Trees for better discovery, if need should require, when on a sudden, and at once, a most impetuous Tornado of Wind and Water incorporated together, with most horrid and dreadful Claps of Thunder, accompanied for the most part with sulphureous Lightnings, that struck the Earth as the Æther to astonishment.

In this deplorable posture I stood still a while, embracing the slender Bole of a Tree, from which on a sudden I was forcibly separated, and lost my self in losing my Sisters; for on a sudden there sprung up such a Gust of Wind, and I, because unable and incapable to withstand it, was driven from my self, and so from my Station before I could well resolve what to do; and I call'd to my Sisters till almost an expiration, but what signify'd Importunities,

all was in vain: And such were my attempts, that I had no help left save only I summon'd my Pity to relieve them, which expos'd my tender Nature to lament their Condition, equal with my own, or rather beyond it; when because to suspect my Remisness, the Cause and the Evil Consequence of this sad separation; whiles the Puffs and Flaws that levell'd against me were so swift and violent, I could hardly get breath; nor affix my Foot on any certain Station.

Contemplation.] Then I began to Contemplate the Beauty and Harmony of visible Objects in this blessed Creation. And what more worthily admits of a pious Consideration, than devoutly to consider any thing that is, or was ever made by the Sovereign Creator, must of necessity have some Excellency in it; because it was made and created by him, that from all Eternity is essentially Good.

For if but to consider Earth's natural Production, it demonstrates the bounty of the Supernatural Donor. The Trees you may see hang burdened with Fruits, and the Fields stand prest with the Sheaves of Corn; the Meadows also glutted with fragrant Sweets, and every Angle shaded with Flowers and Herbage: Nor are the Woods destitute of Timber and Fewel, nor the Savanas impoverish'd, tho' wanting Cultivation.

In like manner the Ocean super-abounds with Fish, which by reason of their unctuousness become profitable to the Merchant: whiles some others not so unctuous are by renewed acts, fished and accomodated for bodily Health; besides Shell-fish innumerable that are not so edible, which in another Case become useful and ornamental. So that what to say of the Treasures in the Ocean, since so vastly enrich'd by the Bounty of Heaven, my Pen wants Rhetorick to put an Estimate upon them. All these we see numberless, such are the Blessings of the Creator, for the special use and benefit of the Creature. But in regard of luxurious and avaricious living, they are many times perverted to the Destruction of the Possessors.

Let us also consider the Air fill'd with Animation, as the Earth and the Ocean influenc'd with Vegetation: How the Surbubs of Air are incumber'd with Fowl, as are the Rivers and Rivulets daily multiply'd with Fish. Nor is there any of the Elements indigent or deficient, whereby not to admissister to the good of the Creation. For it were impossible the Elements should be indigent, since the Eternal God that made them is all-sufficient. Nor can there be any thing defective in the Creation, because created by the Creator himself.

Adventure.] But to return to my Adventure. Thus you may consider I was hurried too and fro, but whether I went forwards, or was driven backwards, that I knew not, till by the glimmering light of a pale-fac'd Moon, I spy'd the shape or figure of a Man; and as I fancied was walking up and down, or rather to my thinking whirling in the Air, which most strangely surpriz'd me; because, when to consider such an unseasonable Hour in the dead of Night, and such outrageous blustering and stormy Weather; then at such a time to behold a thing in humane shape, beyond belief: It confusedly disorder'd me, especially when to consider such a Desert of a Wilderness, and among such obscure and gloomy shades, in rugged, uneven and broken Ground, where I could scarcely move a step, without endangering to fall; then and there to see him move, and with such accurate motion, to speak the Truth, I was in some disorder, yet desirous to know the meaning of the Apparition, till reflecting on my self, and about to retire, presupposing him no good Navigator to Pilot me to *Sion*; so tacking about, thinking to retreat, on a sudden with Violence he sprung upon me, and enquired who I was, and to what place going; and why I left those pleasant and delightful Fields of *Confusion*, to wander I know not where after my own invention?

This

This oblig'd me to answer him, which I modestly did, by telling him I knew not how I came there, and did very much suspect I was out of my way. No fair Maid (he reply'd) you are well enough yet, if you credit the Person that makes the Report. Then I asked who he was, that I might pay my Gratitude? To which he answer'd, My name is *Apollion*, a Prince of no mean nor niggardly Extract; when you come to the Pallace you'll hear more of me; of all Men belov'd, and by most Men ador'd. Then I told him I had heard of a King call'd *Mombazo*, and read it in a Book that he was King of no Land: Which put him into a Passion, and grinding his Teeth, in a Rage he told me, I was an impudent Girl; my peremptory Sauciness should make me pay for it. Why Sir, (I reply'd) wherein have I disoblig'd you, and so ill behav'd my self, to receive such a reproof, as to be reputed Saccy, or any thing impudent?

I am not to answer you such idle Imper-tinencies, (he reply'd) but I smell by your behaviour a strong scent of a Heretick; Housewife, I must have another account, tell me in short how came you hither; for by Award of Law you are found a Trespasser, and as I'm Lord of the Mannor, expect Satisfaction. Then I ask'd him what Satisfaction it was he requir'd, for I was a Pilgrim and had no Money; nor was it cu-
stomary

stomary for Pilgrims to carry Money about them. Yes Mrs. *Peewiff*, (he reply'd) you look like a Pilgrim, but Pilgrims use to carry their Evidences about them; and I answer'd him, by asking what he meant by Evidences. I mean (said *Apollion*) Circumstantials, Credentials, Reliques and Formalities. Then I told him, That a Pilgrim *quatenus* inform was but the representation of something more serious: And I had been a Pilgrim several Years before I put my Pilgrimage in practice, and never before heard of Reliques nor Formalities. But if a Relique be the only Badge of a Pilgrim, I had one of more value than the World was worth. And a Relique in a Woman that wants her Formalities (said he) is the resemblance only of a fictitious Shadow; and such I suppose your Relique to be, when to fancy it some fond or idle Imagination, without respect to the material Substance. Then I answer'd him, Will you grant the Creation a Figure of the Creator, and these Heavenly Ornaments the glorious Representation of what's more excessively Glorious? Then without dispute the glorious Creator you'll grant by much superexcels the Creature: As the Creation therefore is the visible Object of that all glorious Excellency, which is to us invincible; such, and more than such is my sovereign Redeemer. supremely Glorious; though you fancy him

him a Figment, and my Pilgrimage Fictitious.

To which he reply'd, I was a Petulant Female, and had brought nothing with me but impertinent Riddles, and such knotty Paradoxes, and obscure Metaphors, enough to puzzle the Devil himself. Come, where's your Relique (said *Apollion* to me) do you wear it about you; pray let us see it. I have it here I told him, clapping my Hand on my Breast, but you cannot see it, for to you 'tis invisible. Then he peremptorily swore he would work a Miracle, and make that invisibility appear to be visible. To which I reply'd, 'Twas more than he could do, nor all the Hellish Armado, should they conspire together. O Heretick! (said he) you have con'd your Responses, drawn out by the Figure of a *Geneva* Metaphor; let the Furies torment thee for an impertinent Sorceress, I'll rummage thy Skelleton Carcass to find out this Relique. Then I told him the Excellency of what he prophaned, should but the Shadow of that Relique appear, it would terrifie him beyond the Methods of Fear; for it was no less than the Heavenly Divinity Divinely incarnate in a Humane Nature; the Martyr'd Jesus cruciated on a Cross; the Mighty Redeemer that dy'd for the World; the Hope of the Saints, and the Glorious Resurrection, and I have it within me: Now where's your hope or expect-

expectation to embrace it? Confound ye for a Witch (says *Apollion* to me) so belching forth Flames of Fire and Brimstone, intermingled with Blasphemies, Oaths, and Imprecations, he fled his Station, filling the Air with Smoak and fuliginous Vapours; so left me to wander by my self if I pleas'd, that was glad to be rid of his impious Society.

Then I pray'd to be deliver'd from such impious Infernals as blasphemed that holy, and that sacred Name, that strengthened me above Fear with a lively Hope, and a constant Courage, still to encounter, if not to overcome. But hardly had I ended my petitionary Prayer, when the Æther was fill'd with flashes of Lightning, and most horrid Yelpings and Skrieks of Infernals, numberless in appearance, and variously shap'd into the figures of Babboons, Apes, Monkeys and Raccoons, Badgers, Foxes, Wolves and Tigers; Vultures, Suborners, Persecutors and Informers: With Lions and Lionesses, Panthers, &c. and other antick forms of luxurious Creatures, that troubled the Air, and cumbred the Earth, adding Terror to the place they seem'd to stand on; which far exceeded that imitation of Hell, and the Damned there, tho' so lively drawn out by *Michael Angelo*, the Pope's famous Painter) which to this Day hangs up in the Vatican of
Rome,

Rome, to dread the Religious with the Torments of Hell.

Now Heretick (said *Apollion*) I have brought thee some Visitants, to pick out from among them what Companions like thee best. So bending the Charm till it almost broke, his furious Hell-hounds let fly upon me, with such rowel'd Cords, as the Friars on *Good-Friday* use to wound and macerate their lascivious Bodies, to raise a Pity in the Spectators, whiles their Profelytes weep. So with Pincers some of them began to pull my Flesh, and some with Tongs, as if my Skin was too hot for their Fingers to touch; and some brought Rakes, some others Forks and Shovels; and a Gridiron was brought, supposing me *St. Lawrence*. Yet all this while methought I felt no Pain, tho' they produc'd as many Instruments (of Cruelty and Torture) as if Hell had taken up more than an Age, for all the damn'd Artificers there to contrive them; besides such devilish Pyrabolists and Engineers, that melted those Inventions in a Moment into Flames, which at last expired.

But the most dreadful Apparition that *Apollion* presented, was a Man that seemingly stood upon Earth, yet he hung in the Air, elevating himself like the Tower of *Babel*, whose Legs not unlike Bishop *Bonner's* fiery Scaffolds, whereon he us'd to Sacrifice the Martyrs in *Smithfield*; but his Body represented

sented the *Spanish* Inquisition; and his Head and Mouth look'd like *Nebuchadnezzar's* fiery Furnace, when the three Children were doom'd to Death by flames. Upon whose Breast was an Inscription in Characters of Brass (*MYSTERY BABYLON*) with Imprecations, Blasphemies, and most horrid Impieties, as if the Conclave of Hell had consulted together to outvy the glorious Mystery of the Sacred Three, and if possible to refute Divinity it self.

So prefixing himself opposite to hinder my Progress, if out of Cowardice I should attempt an Escape, I inwardly by Prayer implored the Divinest, not only to deliver, but to manifest to me the meaning of the Apparition which appear'd unto me. When on a sudden the Vision began to disappear, and with a noise it broke into a thousand Atomes, that fill'd the *Æther* with Lightning and Thunder, and shook *terra firma* with Eruptions and Earthquakes. At last it vanish'd, and wholly disappear'd, and then I beheld a pale fac'd Moon discover a faint and glimmering Light, that sweetly refresh'd me; when on a sudden I found my self in a fragrant Meadow, surrounded with Rivulets: At whose limpid Streams about to refresh my self, and stripping off my Apparel to bath in the Floods, I found all my my Body as Leprous as *Job*, and the rather because ignorant from whence this proceeded,

ceeded, not well considering the Bituminous Apparition that so infected the Waters, as well as the Air. I began to ruminate this transitory State of Flesh and Blood incapable to inherit; which brought to Mind the great distance and difference betwixt Heaven and Earth, Time and Eternity, as also the Mutability of our present Condition; so I fell into a Rapture, and begg'd and pray'd.

Rapture.] King of Glory illuminate my Understanding (thro' the prospect of Knowledge) piously to contemplate the Beauty of Eternity, the glorious Ray of the Majesty of God. And Nature, the Instrument the Divineſt wrought with, when he rais'd the fair Fabrick of this stupendous Creation, (when all the Sons of God shouted for Joy.) Let me also Contemplate the Nativity of Time, that silently ſlept in the Arms of Eternity, when Life lay perdue in the Nonage of the Creation, till Generation leapt out of the Boſom of Time.

And let me Contemplate the unactive Orbs that lay paſſively perdue in the Hoyl of Matter, with the Harmony of the Spheres in a profound ſilence, until the Divineſt unlock the Chaos, and then the beauty of Individuals appear'd; the Globous Bodys then of Stars and Conſtellations began to take meaſures, and roll two and fro, encircling the
Heavens

Heavens with a rapid Motion, while the
major Luminaries with Cœlestial Virtue in-
fluenc'd the Universe and sublunar Crea-
tures.

And then it was that Man was created,
in the likeness of God created he him, and
imprest his Seal, his Royal Character upon
him: So that the brightness of superiour
Glory divinely shin'd in the inferiour Object,
to work the Miracle of Cœlestial Likeness.
For the Likeness of that which is above, was
also beneath in the created Image, assim-
ilating the Creator; then was Man the Ta-
bernacle for God, and Paradise the beauti-
ful Landkip of Heaven.

But *Adam* thro' Inadvertency unravelling
the Clue of Elements, to pry into the more
curious Mysteries of the Creation; fell in
with the Intrigues of Life and Death; and
because ambitious to make himself Immor-
tal, and swell Prerogative beyond the bulk
of the Universe: He so far extended the So-
veraign Links of Monarchy, that at last of
themselves they snapt in sunder; so left
him to lament his rash Precipitancy, because
when so unadvisedly to dethrone himself.
And he thinking by Policy to repair the De-
fects, when rudely approaching the Shrines
of Life, intangled himself in the Toils of
Death; which confusedly disorder'd him,
till the Deluder told him those Scenes were
Cœlestial, directing more properly to a
more

more glorious Prospect of the Sun-shine of Paradise. And *Adam* over credulous to believe his Oracle, and the inconveniency of a Revolt, which gave such a fatal Wound to his fading Empire, that then lay bleeding and gasping for Breath (whiles still he levied Artillery against it) which made such a breach in his Royal Character, the bounds of Monarchy could not contain him. So resolv'd on this Project (if not interdicted) to experiment the results of Life and Death; which unadvisedly he did, and upon the examine found a blank Commission. For his Project fail'd him; and reflecting on himself, he saw his Credulity basely abus'd, his Faith flatter'd, his Oracle a delusion, his Design frustrated, himself defeated, the Image defac'd, and the glorious Likeness of that which made it, had now withdrawn his All-glorious presence.

Amaz'd when to see his natural Deformity, and asham'd, confusedly he fled from Heaven and himself, by endeavouring to fly from him that made him. Then his Virtues they diminish'd, his Beauty wither'd, his Authority extinguish'd, and his Monarchy expir'd: Which the Creature perceiving, began to desert him; and he became jealous, his Conduct was neglected, became remiss, so lost his possession of the salubrious shades of Redolent Paradise; from whence he was driven forth to cultivate the Earth, and

and labour for Bread in the sweat of his brows.

But *Adam* still dissatisfied, he rummages the Elements to inspect the transient State of Mortality; where he met with the Prologue of Death in the Frontispiece; which so startled him at its gashly Appearance, that a Trepidation suddenly invaded his Senses. But then when he felt Death's cold and icy Arrest, he struggl'd when 'twas too late to strive; and because not having the prospect of a Reprieve, he silently slid into the Arms of Death, that laid him to sleep in the bosom of Earth. Thus he that made Sin was the Author of Death, and Death to requite him obliterates his Life.

Adventure.] Now after my Rapture, when looking down into the Fountain, methought there presented a Vision unto me, and I fancied I heard a Seraphick Voice, that bid me, Go down into this fair Fountain, for the Waters thereof were salubrious and healing; having somewhat the quality and vertue of *Betehsda*. So I enter'd the Fountain, and was immediately made whole, without a Popish Miracle (or the sight of *Lauretto*) from whence I departed, without any Relique, tho' I cannot say without serious Admiration. But no sooner I was gone, when *Evangelist* met me, who spake kindly to me, and directing his Speech with

with a pleasant aspect, he told me that the Children and the People of God must go thro' Adversity, Tribulation, and Death before they could arrive at the Port of *Sion* the glorious inlet to the *New Jerusalem* for that end every Christian must arm with Patience, before he propounds to purchase the Cross. So comforting me with many Scriptural Promises, he directed me the high way to the Court of Heaven, by the track of Martyrs thro' the *Aceldamy* of Blood. But be not thou troubled at that, he said, since the Holy Jesus, the Lord of Life has trod the *Wine-press* long before you. So directing me to those pleasant and fragrant Fields, he assur'd me, I should meet with the Society of Virgins; which prov'd true, nor could it be otherwise, for the Scriptures are true, and *Evangelist* the Record of him that is Truth: So ends my Adventure.

*What if I met Apollion; pray what's he
More than an Aereal Prince, or Butterfly?
I saw a Man, it's true, when as the Night
Was dark as Pitch, and no Star profeffer'd light.
And I saw Monsters too, in humane shape;
And Men like Dogs, whose mouths did yawn & gape.
But one great Monster, uglier than the rest,
I could not tell whether 'twas Man or Beast;
And that I must confess, it made me wonder,
Because it broke in Flames and Claps of Thunder,*

Which Flames had they perchance but scorcht my
Skin,

And wanting double Faith to charge agen;
My Cowardice to dye in such a Cause
To him that gave to me such Royal Laws,
Had prov'd my slavish Fears but a meer Cheat,
And my Profession but a Counterfeit.
Here's all I saw; and what a fight was here
To fright a Pilgrim, and a Volunteer.

Faith. Poor Heart, thy hazardous Adventure has rais'd my Pity to commiserate thy Hardships in this late Encounter. But as thy Treasure is in Heaven, there will thy Reward also be found, by fulfilling the Commands of the Holy Jesus, that gave himself a Sacrifice for an ungrateful Generation; whose Promises and Performances are Yea, and Amen; and whose Word like himself is Infinite and Eternal. Blessed be his Name who will come, and not tarry; and his Reward is with him. Glory for ever. And now Sister *Temperance*, if you please to proceed, we'll silently wait, and attend your Adventure.

Temp. In that impetuous Tornado of Wind and Water, as already recounted by our Sister *Patience*; Sister *Chastity* with me was shelter'd underneath the shady Boughs of some flourishing Poplars; nor knew we then that our Sister *Patience* by extremity of Weather had been driven from us. But
observing

observing the Storm pretty well blown o'er, we rummaged all the Copſes, and the Myrtle Groves, thinking it poſſible in thoſe Shades to find her; and calling her by Name, but ſhe returning no answer, a Deluge of Sorrow ſo deeply ſurpriz'd us, that beyond expreſſion of Grief we languish'd to exceſs, when to conſider the Conſequence of this ſad ſeparation, becauſe not only to loſe our beloved Siſter, but our Directreſs alſo in this Holy Pilgrimage; which made it look like nothing but loſing our ſelves in this ſolitary Adventure; ſo encircling our Arms about a flouriſhing young Sycamore, we kept our ſtation as long as we could ſtand, till the Rage of that Guſt was pretty well blown over.

After this Tempeſt and tempeſtuous Eruptions of Wind and Water incorporated together, we reſolv'd without ſelves to rummage all the Woods in ſearch of our Siſter, till we found it in vain ſo vainly to attempt what neither our Labour nor Curioſity could arrive to; when a dark ſullen Cloud ſuddenly invaded us, and my Siſter *Chafſity* ſome diſtance from me, we were divided from one another, and ſo from our ſelves as to my apprehenſion: For I ſought her with diligence, and I call'd unto her, but ſhe gave me no answer, nor could I find her, who was not to be found. This ſprung a freſh leak of Sighs and Tears, by renewing
of

of Complaints, if complaining would relieve me; and what could more afflict me than to be left comfortless of a Sister, to consort or administer to me.

But whiles thus lamenting our unhappy separation, and because unmindful, and it may be regardless what Path I kept; on a sudden I found my self so surpriz'd, and involv'd in a myery nauseating stinking Bog, besieg'd as it were by the horrible croaking noise of Frogs and Toads; besides hissing of Serpents, and other venomous Beasts; but the barking of Foxes, the yelping of Curs, the howling of Wolves, together with the roaring of Lyons, and Lyonesses; the hollow voice of the Tygre and Panther; the bellowing of Bulls, and the lowing of Cows; the rattling of Rattle-Snakes; the doleful Dinn of the Vulture, of the Crocattiles, Manitees, Allegators, (of Satyrs and Centaures, if there be any such) with various other monstrous and prodigious Creatures, that like the Cyclops fill'd the Air with Thunder, infernal Flashings, and dreadful Corruscations, to the great astonishment of my natural Powers.

This Exercise held me for about some five Hours, then Day, so long expected, began to appear; and looking round about me to see where I was, I found my self safe in a pleasant Meadow, where there was not a Bog, nor a myery Swamp, nor any broken Ground

within my discovery. So that I found the Delusion but a Trick of the Tempter, to drive me if possible to the brink of Despair, or at least circumvent me under the Circumstances of a Temptation; when on a sudden I beheld *Evangelist* all in white and shining who put me in the Path from whence I was driven at that fatal Separation of my dear Sisters; whose absence so disturb'd me with sorrowful apprehensions, concluding their entertainment not unlike my own, and because not knowing what Condition they were in, it gave me cause to suspect and fear the worst; these Thoughts so dejected my abstract Spirits, that I dreaded their Extremity to an extrem. And then I began to Contemplate Eternity, the Goodness of God and his Heavenly Manifestations.

Contemplation.] O Immortal and Super-Celestial Glory! How shall I express myself, or with *Job* expostulate with thy Sovereign Power! The Age of Man's Life not enough sufficient to extol and magnify the Goodness of God, the miraculous Conduct and Wisdom of the Creator, that not only made Man such an excellent Creature but gave him Government and universal Authority, whereby as a Monarch he subject the Creation. Can we praise him, with Words when Words are insufficient, or extol him in Thought, when Thoughts are prophane.

prophane? Shall the Birds in the Air sweetly warble forth his Praise, and Man, the Lord of all the Creatures in the Creation, be silent, and remiss in such an excellent Duty? Let my Tongue even close to the Roof of my Mouth, and my Fingers tremble to encounter the Pen; let my Eyes not behold the Glories of Eternity, nor my Ears be delighted with those luscious Sweets of Heavenly Hallelujahs, if ever I forget the great Name of *Jehovah*, or cease to promulge thy Goodness and Greatness; or confess or acknowledge any God but the Lord, nor any visible or invisible Operation or Power, save the Son of God, our sovereign Redeemer; by whom and thro' whom our Salvation depends, or for ever we despair of Eternal Felicity. Praises, Holy Praises to his Eternal Name, that rides triumphant on the Wings of the Wind. O let the Earth, the Ocean, and the Orbs, and every created Being that God hath created, with a universal consent, sing Praises to the highest, and for ever to all Eternity, magnifie his Glory.

Adventure.] Thus the day was spent with Divine Contemplation, and the rather when to consider the Nights Preservation, and my timely Deliverance from those horrid Apprehensions, and intemperate Sorrows so variously intermingled, that the Ocean could

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hardly

hardly wash out the impression. But Days have their Nights, and so had this; for sheltering my self, as I thought, secure, underneath the Arch of an impenetrable Rock I pray'd to be enabled, and so strengthen'd with Courage to perform my Pilgrimage without Dishonour to my Cause; when of a sudden there appear'd an Apparition unto me, some Representative, some Disguise, or some figure of a Man, that spake with strange and articulate Voice, yet in my native Language; demanding of me to know who I was, and from whence I came; and what I did here in these solitary Retirements, set apart for himself, and those his Companions? To whom I reply'd, That was a Pilgrim, and travelling in my Holy Pilgrimage for *Sion*; and hope to redeem some mispent time so profusely lavish'd in that infamous City, so eminently known and call'd *Desolation*.

Ingrate, said *Dardunder* (for so they intitled him) what, were you distracted to relinquish and leave so famous a City, to follow the Chimera of your idle Imaginations? You are one, I perceive, of *Evangelist's* Profelytes, he has a great many such impertinent Wanderers, whom he tickles with Stories of another World; which make them in a manner almost mad to leave this in expectation of some strange Rarities there. I doubt not, Gentlewoman, you have read

New Testament; Pray what do you think on't? Is it not a tragical and a bloody Book, to besot so many ingenious discerning Persons, and delude them into the vanity of an ignorant Credulity, which leaves them at last under the hope of a Dilemma, to lament themselves, fed with such fond Delusions, as if there were neither *Faith, Hope* nor *Charity*, but what upon Record we find in *Evangelist*; who tells you a Story of a Crucified God, as if it were possible that God could dye: Nay, I think it impossible there should be a God, and for any Man to Honour him, I adjudge him Idolatrous; and he that asserts the contrary, I conclude him Fictitious.

Then I call'd him Hellish Monster; and I plainly told him, That God that made and governs the World, was neither a Fiction, nor an idolatrous Delusion, but an infinite Being before the Creation. But his treacherous Brain, because in Lucifer's Rebellion, was tainted with Conspiracy, and imagin'd many Fictions; and his Head fill'd with Furies, made him Fictitious. Which reply so disorder'd him, that he roar'd and tore, and swore he would ferrie me out of my Convent: But I dreaded him not, for I was wonderfully supported; and in all things kept steady, save when the remembrance of Sisters sprung fresh upon me; which was a sore Conflict, and an Exercise of that Nature,

that with difficulty of Mind, I was constrain'd to encounter it.

But our Conference no sooner ended, when I heard a great noise, and I saw a strange sight, as if Hell was broke loose, and Legions of Fairies running round about me; and who should lead them on in disguise but *Dardunder*, and his assistant *Cerberus*, the Porter of Hell; made all Eyes like *Argos*, but more Heads than a *Hydra*. In all this I fear'd not, but was inwardly comforted that my Redeemer lived, in whom was my Life; and that he was the last that should stand upon Earth, to conquer Death, and lead captivity Captive. So I gave him a defiance, and bid him do his worst, when suddenly in an instant a sulphureous Meteor transform'd it self into the figure of a Man, and advancing upon me to the entrance of the Cave, I boldly demanded what he intended? And he impudently answer'd, his Errand was to me. Then I told him he mistook himself, for those whom God called, those he also sanctified, and such was my State in my Pilgrimage for *Sion*, in order to prepare for the *New Jerusalem*, there to behold the excellency of Beauty, and the fulness of Glory in the Lamb of God. A Lamb (says *Dardunder*!) who spake it in Derision, a Pilgrim and a Saint to consort with a Lamb; thou mean'st with a Lyon, or a Lyon-like Nature, and such am I of
invincible

invincible Courage. Then I retorted upon him, that he was a Beast, a Hellish Beast of a bestial Nature. Did'st thou ever read the Law and the Gospel? To which he reply'd, They were both alike to him; for he had as little Faith for the Law, as I had Reverence and Authority for the Gospel. Then I told him that I had a Veneration for both.

Hark ye, Madam *Malapert* (*Dardunder* reply'd) have you never heard of me, nor my famous Actions? To which I answer'd, Enough in *Confusion*; for that's a City eminently known. You're a Saucy Heretick (*Dardunder* reply'd) to pay no more respect a Man of my Quality. How expect you that I (said I) can respect a Man whom I never saw, nor heard of before; you must tell me who you are, and the Errand you come on? I am, said he, the great and the mighty *Dardunder*, a Prince of People, and famous for Employ, sent on purpose to Summons you to *Proserpina's* Court. Then I answer'd, I thought him some Hellish Apparitor, but resolv'd I would never appear to his Summons. No (says *Dardunder*) not appear upon Summons, will you run the risque of an Out-law (Heretick?) To which I reply'd, Tell not me of an Outlawry, I dread neither that, nor your Hellish Tormentors, for I live by Faith, and the Providence of God; and in the Name of Christ Jesus I detect and defie thee, with all thy Confederates, and the

Works of Darkness. But Lord, how he startled at the Name of Jesus! And put those his Infernals that were then about him into such great disorder, that they retreated, and recoil'd like an unfortify'd Gun. Such Eminency and Power is in that sacred Name, to set Hell in an Uproar, and make all the Devils tremble. So *Dardunder* withdrew, and his Furies with him; which gave me some respite to refresh my Spirits, and Comforts from above were enumerated unto me.

Then up starts *Cerberus* with his fiery Hell-hounds, supposing that I was the Hare to be hunted. About which time a gilded Moon Crescent began to spread a glimmering brightness over the Meadows and the florid Fields, which invited me to relinquish my Station in the Rock; when on a sudden methought I heard a Voice, an Evangelick Voice that bid me go forward. Which I readily obey'd, and comforted myself, that God was my God, and the Rocks no longer security to me. So I arose from the place whereon I sat, and being bid to go forward, I readily obey'd, till there presented to me a most sumptuous Palace, to which place I came, as if piloted thither. But the Inhabitants were Strangers; however I enquir'd who kept the House; and I was answer'd by the Porter that stood at the Door, This is the House of Hospitality.

Then

Then I told the Porter, I was Poor and indigent, so took the advantage of that place for Sanctuary; and wish'd him to consider me in the State of a Pilgrim.

A Pilgrim, said the Porter, you may then come in; for many of your Society resort frequently hither, but they usually carry a privy Purse, with a Golden Key that forceth their admittance. But I told him that my Purse spoke no such Language. Then this House, said he, will afford you no Entertainment. But have you no Accids, nor no Peter-pence, said he? I told him no; for my Purse was speechless. Then he bid me seek my Lodging some where else, for here was no room nor Entertainment for Paupers. Whereupon as I was thinking to withdraw my self, a Gentlewoman I perceiv'd look'd forth at a Window, who call'd to the Porter to know who I was; and he told her a pittiful pennyless Pilgrim: At which she smil'd, and made answer to the Porter, It was the Custom of this Place, and the Law of Hospitality to give Pilgrims admittance, notwithstanding they were pennyless. So the Door was open'd, and I was brought in, where I saw many Maidens; but one among the rest, adorn'd with a reserv'd and majestic Modesty, apply'd her self to me, and bid me be cheerful, and the rather because I seem'd a Stranger. So returning her answer, I thank'd her for her Civility, and

was willing to embrace so fair an opportunity of so sweet Conversation; where I eat and drank, and was generously refresh'd.

Now after some refreshment, this delicate fair One began to enquire of me whither I was going? And I made a short answer, by telling her, towards *Sion*. But at the Emphasis of *Sion* she shook her Head, and a Trepidation seiz'd on all her Limbs, as if at once invaded by some feverish Indisposition; and desiring the reason why she seem'd so disorder'd? At your bold Presumption (she reply'd) to travel for *Sion*: For I never heard of any that attempted that Pilgrimage, but first or last it cost them their Lives. Why Madam (said I) is not Heaven worth our purchase? Who doubts it (she reply'd?) But what need we run such a difficult hazard, to purchase Heaven at so high a rate, when we have *Levites* enough of our own, that will pawn their Salvation, their Doctrine is infallible? I doubted not, I told her there were enough of that Stamp; but tell me, fair One, what mean you by Infallibility?

Can you (says she) be a Stranger to things of this Nature, or is it wilful Ignorance you won't know his Holiness? The Majesty of Heaven I knew to be Holy (I told her) and such are the Sanctions of the Holy Jesus: But this kind of Holiness adherent to Mortality, I must confess my Ignorance,

nor

nor do I covet Information. Then she answer'd me again, We have also the History of the Holy Jesus, which treats of the Miracles he wrought in his Life-time: But his Holiness is such a Man, (and it stands upon Record) that he when when he pleases can make Legions of Miracles. Thou hast put me to a blush (said I) otherwise I had laugh'd. Why (said the Virgin) you a Pilgrim, and yet want Faith to believe this Popish Doctrine? Truly, fair One, I told her, I could not help it; and such is my belief, no less than the Divinest that figur'd out the World, can work a Miracle. And was it not more then miraculous (I told her) that his Divinity should incarnate with Humanity, whilst this Carnosity you intitle his Holiness, has not the least tincture, nor spark of Divinity? Well, says she, as to that I can fancy your're mistaken; however we'll remit it, and discourse it at leisure; in the mean time if you please, withdraw with me to my Apartment, and compose to sleep; to morrow Morning I'll tell you more. Now in the dead of Night I fell into a Rapture, and thus I began;

Rapture.] Super-Cœlestial Glory ravish my Soul into a pious Contemplation of the increated Light (the Son of God) that so gloriously shin'd in the Ports of *Bethlehem*, when the Cherubims and Seraphims fill'd Heaven

Heaven with Hallelujahs, and the Hierarchy of Angels with sweet *Hosannas*, in Divine Consort with Cœlestial Powers at the Throne of the Majesty, with elevated Praises sang Glory to the Higheft. Thus Heaven was fill'd with Seraphich Harmony, when the winged Ambassadors with sacred Credentials from the Prince of Peace, were dispatched to descend to Earths remote Orb, to salute the Virgin with that Divine Salutation, of *Hail Mery, full of Grace ! Blessed art thou among the Daughters. For thou shalt conceive and bear a Son, and he shall be call'd the Son of the Higheft.*

Then it was that the Royal Court was kept in *Judea*, for in the City of *David* the *Messiah* was born ; whose Star appear'd so gloriously in the East, that the Eastern *Magi* struck with Admiration, follow'd his Star, which lead them to *Bethlehem*, pointing at the place of Christ's Nativity, where they humbled themselves with their Princely Presents of Gold, and other rich Aromatic Perfumes ; which they spread at the Feet of the Royal Infant. For the Son of God by a sweet Condescention, left his Father's Throne, and bended the Heavens to the Cusp of Earth, to make his Residence amongst the Sons of Men ; that the Sons of Men through his saving Grace, devoutly imitating his Holy Life, might be converted the Sons of God, and honoured with the
Image

Image of the Glorious Creator, than which nothing more pleasing and acceptable to God, when as to see his own Likeness shine in the Creature.

This is that Celebrated Union betwixt Heaven and Earth, and the inseparable Communion betwixt Christ and the Soul; the Convertibility of Nature into the Methods of Grace, by a mutual interchange betwixt Superiour and Inferiours; and the luscious Sweets of a Heavenly Composition, that ravisheth the Soul into the Vision of Glory. For the beauty of the Creator shin'd divinely in the Creature, when the King of Glory lay conceal'd in the Virgin. This is the King's Daughter all glorious within, which inwardly conceiv'd the King of Glory. This is the Virgin, and the Daughter of Zion; the immaculate Virgin, and Mother of Christ, his Sister, his Spouse, his dearly Beloved, and his beautiful fair One, in whom he delighteth. But this is that which Nature had not, which Carnal Reason and Policy knew not; and which to this Day the worldly Wise, and the Learned understand not: For if worldly Wisdom be but literal Knowledge, how can it know the things of the Spirit, and not to learn and know Spiritual things? How can it discern the things of God, which are spiritually discern'd? For God is a Spirit, and to be the like unto God, is to be spiritually minded, Holy and
Pure

Pure as God is Pure, whose Worship is purely in Spirit and Truth.

Wherefore the Apostle without a Metaphor tells us, that the *Letter kills*, but the *Spirit quickens and makes alive*. If literal Knowledge therefore be only the prospect of an Historical Faith, how can it know the Divine Mysteries secretly conceal'd in the Gospel of Christ, that lead to the sacred Oracles of Truth? So Wisdom to know is the Knowledge of God; and the Knowledge of God is Life Eternal: For Spiritual Wisdom is the Son of God, and the Son of God is the Wisdom of the Father. Wherefore it concerns us to seek Spiritual Wisdom, since worldly Wisdom is but Foolishness with God.

Adventure.] Early in the Mornin I arose with the Sun, and habiting my self in my Pilgrims Weeds, *Sacra Celia* calls to me, to know what I was doing; and I told her I was fitting and preparing for my Pilgrimage. To which she reply'd, It must not be so, grutch not to lend us your Company one Day, it may be I have somewhat that I would impart. To which I reply'd, Were it any thing of moment, it would the rather oblige me to answer her Satisfaction. Peradventure it is, *Sacra Celia* reply'd, but a Secret is no Secret when another knows it. So she arose from her Bed, and after she

was

was apparelled, down the Stairs she came, and we travers'd the Garden to a shady Arbor, that stood remote in a solitary place, where sometimes she us'd to unburden her self, when on a sudden she stopt, and thus she began: Vertuous Maid, for such I conclude you, otherwise I violate both my Reason and our Sex, in discovering a Secret, which I am about to do. As to that I told her she had her freedom, I was not oblig'd by an Oath of Secrecy; yet the Law of Religion oblig'd me to be silent. Then she began to relate her first Adventure, and how many Months she had liv'd an Exile, in this sweet Situation, with the Lady *Hospitality*; yet that shortly she intended a progress for *Sion*.—

But when she began to discourse of *Fidelity*, (and tell of her Adventure to the City of *Despair*) she passionately wept to think of that fair One, because of her Brothers Affection for her, and of her own resolution not to rest till she found her: Which was so passionately express'd, yet with such a modest Sweetness, that mollified my Nature, and I melted into Tears. But after the Storm was pretty well blown o'er, and the fluces stopt, we dry'd up our Eyes, and directed to the Palace, to the Lady *Hospitality*, who bid me welcome: To whom I return'd Thanks for my civil Entertainment, excusing my self for the freedom of her House.

House. So I took leave of the Lady to pursue my Pilgrimage, and *Sacra Celia* lent me her Company more than half a Mile, who affectionately wept, and mingling her Tears with our female Fears, she kissed my Cheek, and oblig'd me to impart her Love to *Fidelia*; and made solemn Promises by her Virgin Vow, she would neither rest, nor conclude her self happy, till blest with the Society of that vertuous fair One.

After this manner unwilling to part, *Sacra Celia* with her Attendants return'd to the Palace, and I steer'd my Course for the Port of *Sion*, when happily I met with blessed *Evangelist*, who enquir'd of my Health, and where I had been? So I told him all I knew of my slender Adventure: To which he reply'd, *Thou hast fought a good fight; keep the Faith besure, and go thy way in Peace.* So pointing with his Finger towards a beautiful Ascent, he bid me observe him, and keep in that Path, for it would lead me directly to my Sister *Patience*; and truly so it did, for she seeing me advance towards her, ran forth to meet me, nor was it long e'er I was in her Arms, and our Joys so sweetn'd with the blessed Society of *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, those sweet Companions came along with her to celebrate the Meeting. Afterwards they brought me into a fragrant Bower, adorn'd with Flowers and (odoriferous Sweets) that wonderfully refresh'd me. So they lead me to
the

the Palace, and admitting me their Associate, we sung a Hymn to the Divinest; and humbling our selves, laid us down to sleep. So ends my Adventure.

*I met with Prince Dardunder, and I met
With Cerberus, that Hellish Counterfeit :
When on a Rock I laid me down to rest,
I was assaulted by that furious Beast ;
And yet methought I had no thought of fear,
When he and all his Hellish Crew drew near.
My Faith was fix'd, and Hope so firmly stood,
That to my Jesus I could wade thro' Blood.
And these Banditti's, when they came upon me
With Forks, and Firebands, all at once run on me ;
Which mov'd me not a jot : For in conclusion
These Hell hounds vanish'd in a great confusion ;
Altho' they thought to eat me quick, and then
Wanting digestion, spue me up agen.*

Temperance. Dear Sister Chastity, we impatiently wait, and attend the progress of your Adventure; but prithee, my Dearest, cut it as short as you can.

Chastity. So I intend, if but only to please you, and gratifie the rest of our Virgin Society; tho' the Nature of my Adventure (because under various Circumstances) admits of a long and tedious Discourse. For in the Night, you may remember, I was left alone, and the next Day I wander'd I knew not whither; so that from Mountain to Valley

Valley I rambled up and down, to find out if possible the Path I was put in : All this while the Storm was not well blown o'er ; which portended as if yet some future Evils attended me. However I struggl'd hard to encounter all Difficulties, which made difficulty it self the easier to overcome, But hardly had I precogitated these melancholly Considerations, when I found my self enter'd into a florid Field, that with *Aromaticks* refresh'd me ; and because beautified and adorn'd with gliding Rivulets, and purling Streams, the place seem'd to me much more the pleasanter. So accosting the Banks and murmuring Brooks, it reminded me the Society of the solitary Angler, more especially when inspir'd by a pious Contemplation, to ruminate the Conflict betwixt Life and Death. Which truly to consider, and rightly to sum up, it Points out unto us God's daily Providence, (the Wisdom of the Creator in the Divine Work of the Creation) obliging us to reflect on our Natural State, where we inspect Nature subordinate to Grace ; and Morality the Instrument or Handmaid unto Piety. I also consider'd that if Flesh and Blood was no way in a Capacity to inherit the Kingdom, where then must the Wicked and Ungodly appear. Many such conducing and convincing Arguments grounded upon the Scriptures, began to warm my Breast, and quicken my Devotion
with

with a lively Zeal, after the Piety of the Holy Jesus : Otherwise Education, and all my natural Faculties had melted in a Moment into a meer Invisibilty.

Whiles thus prepondering and ruminating with my self, there presented to appearance two beautiful Women, whom I wishly observ'd, and the rather because to see them so rich and modish (yet in such antick and immodest Apparel) made me wonder with my self what and who they should be; which reminded me of my two admirable and vertuous Sisters, the admir'd *Patience*, and incomparable *Temperance* ; which rais'd such a Deluge to moisten my Cheeks, that compell'd me to lament the loss of such dear Relations. So with my Handkerchief, about to dry up the Streams of Tears that trickled down from my blubber'd Eyes, in regard the Flood-gates had been somewhat too liberal ; one of these Females approaching towards me, advis'd me by no means to weep so immoderately, for she perceiv'd me a Pilgrim, and a distressed Virgin : For that end she would assist me the best she could. So with a modest bashfulness she approach'd towards me, and took me by the Hand, and tenderly embrac'd me, calling me fair One ; but why thus to consummate the flourishing blossom of thy Youth, under such a disguise unsuitable to thy self, which denotes you a Pilgrim ? So that if a solitary
Life

Life affect thee most, thou art worthy of double Pity from all our Sex.

To which I reply'd, I was not unsensible as to what she intended by the answer she made me; but as for her Pity and Charity to the Sex, it could not be otherwise, since so natural to our selves. And in that I was comfortless, she was greatly mistaken, for my Consolation sprung from the Joys of Eternity, and those of this World but from Temporal Blessings. As witty as fair (the other reply'd) thou shalt be my Mate, to consort with me; above measure this innocent Discourse affects me, and the rather because to proceed from one of our Sex. I'll have none but thee for my solitary Associate: Come Fairest, go with me, we Females are force enough to conduct thee to the Palace. Then I ask'd them what Palace it was they intended? And one of them pointing with her Finger towards it, I beheld a most sumptuous and imbellish'd Fabrick, built up from the Ground all of polish'd Marble, that struck me with Admiration; and because having no Relique of Conscience to restrain me, I refus'd not to go; so I went along with them, but silently I withdrew apart to Contemplate.

Contemplation] Paul in a Divine Rapture hath this Expression, that neither the Eye hath seen, nor the Ear hath heard; nor indeed

deed can the Heart of Man conceive those unutterable Joys of the Blessed in Heaven, where the invisible Excellencies, as of Angels and Arch-Angels (with the Cherubims and Seraphims, Dominions, Powers, Thrones and Principalities) have the Charge over us, Ministers, Messengers, and Royal Ambassadors, sent by the King of Heaven to us. So that from the less to the greater we may draw faint Inferences, and modest Conjecturals, but conclude nothing positive of these invisible Excellencies, that always attend in the Presence of the Divinest, directing unto us those blazing Prodigies, sometimes the Fore-runners of very fatal Events; pointing out the destined Catastrophy of Nations and Kingdoms, Monarchical Powers, and all Humane Greatness; and as the Arm of God is always invisible, so are his Judgments in all Ages irresistible.

So that to sum up these Heavenly Glories, the Dignity and Excellency of invisible Beings; all the Rhetorick in the World, the sublimest Philosophy, the best of Morals, and the greatest Naturalist is no more capable to describe these invisible Excellencies, any otherwise, than as the Studious endeavour of an Atlas grasps the Globe, or an extended Arm dislodges the Stars. For if when to consider the infinite Glories with the infinite Beings of inferiour Objects, the greatest attempt by Humane Endeavour makes

makes it but impossible to attain that by Sense which the superiour Excellencies enjoy by Intellect. For when God made a rational Creature, it was only to engage him to admire his Creator, and the Created Work; and God stamp'd upon him his Royal Signet, which set Hell in an Uproar, and Lucifer upon Designs to supplant if possible this new Favorite, and bend all his Machinations to dethrone and destroy him; which God in due time, by his Wisdom prevented by offering up his Son that made the World, a Sacrifice for the World's Redemption.

Thus as in a Glass we see the present State of Things, but we must have larger Perspectives for a future view; the Natural Body must be made Supernatural before it consorts with Heavenly Superiours, or can be mingled with invisible Glories, to behold *Sion's King* in the *New Jerusalem*; the King of Kings, and Lord of Kords; the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the First and the Last, the Creator of the World, and the World's Redeemer; the Holy Jesus, God Blessed for Ever.

Adventure.] Now the Clock struck Two, when I enter'd the Palace, and was lead thro' three large and stately Courts of various Figures, and the Buildings so elevated as to supervise and overtop one another. Then they led me into a spacious Hall, beautified with Pictures, and imbellish'd with

with Glod; where to admiration I beheld the figure of *Incredulity* rang'd directly in opposition to *Faith*, which represented a Man, if Shadows can shew Substances, or Metaphors, or Figures make true Emblems of Realities. By which Figure there was painted three large Iron Chests, bound about with invincible Bars of Iron, contriv'd to secure his Golden Treasure; whose Heart was fix'd upon nothing more, nor his auspicious Eye upon any thing less than Avarice, the Idol of his Adoration; and jealous of himself, and of every one else that but glanced an Eye towards him, or his Coffers, he seem'd to rage, having Faith for no Man, because indigent and deficient of Faith in himself.

But the next Figure that presented, stood opposite to *Hope*, which was to my thinking the Representation of *Despair*, personating a Woman in a deliriated posture, with her Hair disorderly spread about her Shoulders; who raging up and down, seem'd to imitate *Spiras*, lamenting and crying out, there was no Salvation, nor was she a Sinner within the limits of a Pardon.

Now the third Representation was a Mock to *Charity*, and superscrib'd *Ingratitude*; which to my apprehension was as foreign to the Text, as for a Man to become a Stranger to himself. But I read the Inscription affixt to the Figure, (which was this in short) *We impoverish our selves by en-*
riching

riching the Poor. Of which Evil he lamented ; concluding it a Sin in any Man wanting Art, or witty Design, to over-reach for Profit. For that End he resolv'd against the Rule of Charity, both its Nature and Vertue, as an Heretical Doctrine.

But the fourth Figure represented an inordinate *Bacchus*, quaffing and carouzing in *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, to the height of Intemperance. And this Figure you must consider stood opposite to *Temperance*, on a gilded Fountain, incircled with Vines whose Aqueducts and Conveniencies ran with *Florence*, and *Frontiniack*, with various other Liquors more refin'd and spirituous, too difficult to muster up without the Artifice of a *Bacchanalian*.

Now the fifth Figure was *Impatience* opposed to *Patience*, which represented a Woman of that Violence and Obstinacy, as if composed of nothing but a Compost of Passion, void of Faith, and the Hope of a Resurrection. This to my Fancy was a horrible Figure, especially when to hear her blasphemous Imprecations to any thing at any time that came averse to her Presumptions, that would sacrifice Saints to the Fury of her Avarice, and cruciate Martyrs to the Lust of her Ambitions.

But the sixth Figure (*Immodesty*) stood opposite to *Chastity*, which indeed was a most Luxurious and Lascivious Satyr ; who dis-

discovering a Nymph bathing in a Fountain, the Lecherous Monster approached to attempt her, but the Nymph discovering him he incontinently fled, whose Vertues winged her to make an Escape, which she did notwithstanding his bestial Pursuit; however it rais'd a kind of pity in me, and I because pitying the poor Sylvians Fright, could hardly refrain from crying out, which put the two Females to a Smiling Blush, and me to make a bashful Retreat.

Now the Seventh Representation was the Emblem of Pride, the Daughter of *Ambition* and *Abomination*; ranged as in a Line opposite to *Humility*, whose Head was adorned with Diamonds and Rubies, and her robes of embroider'd Silks and Sattin; so that the rest of the Females seem'd but as a soil to put *Ambition* off, and render themselves contemptible; who because elevated by the Orb of her own Imagination, as her dress was antick, so was she as ambitious. But the Eighth Figure was *Inconstancy*, set to oppose *Constancy*; which Figure to my Fancy pursuant to the times, was fickle and unconstant as *Inconstancy* was fictitious. This Lady was a mortal Enemy to Vertue, and nothing against *Constancy* more implacable; as if *Constancy* in its Nature were constant to its self; nor loved she any friend because, false in her self, nor hated an Enemy but what was vertuous.

H

Now

Now the Ninth Emblem was *Formality* placed opposite to *Morality*, and devoted to Superstition like the *Delphian Oracle* she paid her Adorations to an unknown God whose Father was incestuous, and her Mother an Adultress; the productive Muse must needs be spurious, and to result at it in an impious Generation. Silent I stood a while to observe these Opposites, at last turning about, I smilingly frown'd; but how 'twas fancied or approv'd of by my Female Invitants, as to the liking or disliking of their Emblems or Figures, that I knew not; but this I knew, they were cunning and discreet to put no Question to know of me my Approbation.

From thence they invited me into a sumptuous Parlour beautifi'd with Gold, and embroidered Hangings, where a Conclave of Hellish Conspirators sat, infecting the Air with their Blasphemous Impieties, asserting (among themselves) that there was no God in Heaven to save, nor in Hell to damn them and that the Prophets and Apostles were a Nest of Impostors, because when to celebrate the Mystery (and the History) of the Holy Ascension with greater Veneration than the Romish Legions; and to assert their Martyrs that died for Religion, which were only a Parcel of obstinate Enthusiasts. And *Mary Magdalene* forsooth, to be reckoned for a Saint, yet the World not receive a Roman

Miracle. Nay, the reverend old Gentleman must be reputed a Whore, and call'd *My-very Babylon*, the Mother of Harlots: So that there's He-Whores as well as She-Whores, of all be Gospel that one Book speaks. And if so, those Martyrs that die for Religion, such by their Sufferings will find the way to Heaven, or rather to the Shrines of *Proserpine*. Thus to hear what I heard, I thought my self in Hell, and *Lucifer* himself their damn'd Predicator.

Then I remov'd to another place, where I heard one say, he could, and would kill all the Men in the World, if only to gratifie a private Revenge; for Revenge was a thing so Sugary Sweet, that some are pleas'd to intitle it Passion; when as Passion signifies no more to Revenge, than to seek Satisfaction from the Innocent that's injur'd. But another reply'd, he seem'd to wonder, because bearing so much and to so little purpose: who undertook to prove Passion an Attribute of Love, and Love an Effect from natural Affection; for if for any I love, and have a Passion, the Consequence follows, that Love is a Passion; and Passion as to my Apprehension, shines so splendidly among Hectors, that it presents to me a most eminent Vertue. Then as to Passion, with Applause be it spoke, that a hasty Man is soonest pleas'd, if so, what Vertue stands in Competition with Passion? And is not Passion a generous Emula-

tion hid by the envious in the Demonstrations of Love? And Love you may read the devoutest Idol, that tempts Sin it self to become religious. But then Passion has the Eminent and Magnetick Attraction, to transplant Religion into the Sweets of Sinning.

At another Table, some Hellish Senators sit at, that went about to prove Ebriety a Sin, but mustering up every Vice a Virtue. For did not the Giants of old drink Nectar that inspir'd them with Courage to Affront the Gods? Nay, how many Monarchs have suck'd in this Sin of Ebriety, by that you may know there's some Sweetness in it. And what think you, says another, of the Don's in *Germany*, that drink to Intemperance, to gain the Reputation of making others drunk? To drink deep at Treaties says another, is a piece of Education and Gallantry; at Sea, when their Lives are expiring in cold Countries, it's an expedient against Frigidity, but in hot it allays the excess of Heat. And here we have a parcel of sneaking Sinners, that exclaim against Drinking, by calling it Intemperance. Now put the Case a Man drinks till he's drunk is not he then past the Danger of a Plotter was it ever known that a Plot was smelt in a Butt of Canary, or a Hogshead of Claret? Nay, Females themselves would too much extol it, were it not so incommodious to the Sex.

But about to withdraw, I heard a Female assert, should her Gallant present to accost her in the Day, perhaps she might blush; but were the Candle out, there would be no Discovery; yet by all means I'm thought, says she, wonderful chaste; but as it's Chastity to Extremity to deny what we desire, and since Desire is a Principle in our Religion, and the Rule of Politicks; yet too much Chastity impedes Procreation, and the work of Expedients to vacate the Creation, by leaving the World and ne're a Pattern behind us, it looks too squeemish in a civil Education. There's no such thing as debauching Chastity, could we but conceal it from the Tyranny of a Tutress. I know you'll answer me, that Kind answers Kind, and Substance the same, the Difference only in Sex; which can ne're be distinguish'd without an Experiment; and never to experience, is never to distinguish.

At another Table sat Pride (or *Proserpina*) insulting over *Humility*; who had the Impudence to assert, she should hate all Monarchy, and the Monarch himself, were there any thing in't great enough to vie with her Ambitions, or in the least to contend for Superiority; for the Glory of our Sex lurks in a secret Scorn, and she's an Ass that lives without Contempt. Our famous Female Ancestors made Laws of their own, tho' to speak plain Truth, they little observed them.

but in this Age we are grown so Puffball
 mous, as to cringe and bow to every Superiour.
 Let us juggle the Times, and think Justice a Crime, by hating Humility, as a mortal Intruder: For I had rather sink under the Sentence of Death, than humble my Knee to the proudest Protector, or stoop one Step to an upstart Usurper. For should we Cashiere the Law of Ambition, our darling Pride becomes the Vulgar's Contempt. Humility, what is it, but the shadow of Pride; whose Excellencies are such in its known Centre, that I defie Mankind, and the World in general, if thinking to raze it out in the Circumference: For those Excellencies that adorn our female Pride the Men of the World have but little Knowledge of, and as little benefit I would have them have by it; it's a Vertue conceal'd in the Magnet of it self, and unfit for Men and Mortals to pry into. Was it not Lucifer's suggested Temptation, that inspired him to vie with Heaven for Superiority? And shall his Daughters prove Bastards and Changlings to be dastarded out of such a Royal and Princely Prerogative? I'll rather dye than not live to be proud; nay, I'll justify Death should he pretend to Ambition.

Then turning round about, I espy'd *Inconstancy*, or somewhat that oppos'd herself to *Constancy*; and I heard her speak to the Faith of that Opinion, that *Constancy*

cy as was reputed to the main of Friendship, was intended by a mistake, as to the main of Profit. Is it not Vertue sufficient to be constant to our selves; and she that is otherwise, opposes our Methods? This titular Vertue some Fools call Constancy is admir'd by no so much as Precisians, who the longer they live have the more to learn; so that half an Age won't give them Education. Still puzzling themselves about the Vertue of Constancy, so become at last unconstant to themselves (which proves a Conceit); for this fondling Constancy not only puzzles Maids, but married Folks too, witness their nice matrimonial Modesty, almost enough to shame the Sex. For that end I'll venerate Constancy no otherwise than my Friend or Acquaintance is constant to me. And if Constancy be a Vertue worthy popular Applause, then I'll be constant to my self, to applauded. But it seems rather to be a Bugbear, not only to the Cradle, but to married Wives also, both at Bed and Board. Therefore to slight it, as I'm past a Child, I'll turn Nun to avoid the Tyranny of Matrimony, and patiently take the Penance of the Priest, till a fresh Object presents to invite a new Appetite.

By this time I thought my self long enough in Hell; when about to withdraw, I saw Mr. *Formality* oppos'd, as I thought to affront *Morality*; I preach (said he) and I pray seven

ven times a Day, yet the Precisians of this Age reprehend me for a Pharisee: And thrice in the Week I relieve the Poor, besides the daily Alms I give at my Door, and yet the Censorious repute me a Hypocrite. And Hospitals I build to relieve my Relations, yet by some I'm brande'd for Ostentation: Nay, I built a fair Chappel, yet the People exclaim'd, and call'd me Irreligious; when as rather they ought to conclude me Superstitious. Tho' for my part I declare, and think in my Conscience, there is no Man Religious but he must be a Hypocrite. *Morality* and *Formality* is all one with me, make but the People out of conceit with the last, and they'll presently bid a farewell to the first. What, must we have no Ceremonies in the Church; where *Formality* is a Service so absolutely necessary that it's impossible the Church can shine without it. *Form* therefore and *Superstition* are Children of one Parent; and he that beget them, knows how to maintain them. Then our Church and Chapels ought to be Reverenc'd, and not made the Ridicule of every Enthusiast; if they'll have it so, then farewell Religion: And what follows next, the Form of Profession? Nay, there's a scurvy Book, some call the Bible, that has made more mischief than People are aware of. For in one place it says, *That the Letter kills*; and in another place, *The Spirit quickeneth*.

and makes alive. So some Deserters say Form eats out Zeal, and I'm of Opinion, there's no Zeal without Form. Now where's the Casuist to reconcile the Difference; he that attempts, and does not resolve it, had better by half sit still and do nothing: For my part I resolve ne'er to go about it, I'd rather sit down and pare my Nails?

But how glad was I to get an Opportunity to remove by *Habeas Corpus*, or any ways from the Suburbs of Hell; where I left some Swearing, Damning and Cursing; other some Singing, Fiddling and Fuddling: Some again Roaring, Tearing and Hectoring; and some they were Drinking to a strange Excess; some Bigotted, and some Besotted; Luxurious some, eating to Intemperancy; some taking Bribes, and some so Avaricious, that they smelt strong of Oppression; some Sleeping and Snorting with unfolded Arms; and some in Embracements, and lascivious Charms; some at Cards; some at Dice; some plotting and contriving how to betray the Innocent; and other some inventing Torments to torture the Religious. All this I saw, and abundance more; so that if I was not in the Centre of Hell, I'm convinc'd by what I saw that I was in the Suburbs.

But no sooner I enter'd on the landing-place of the Stairs, when they brought me into a stately and magnificent Gallery, such as before I had never seen. Where upon

either side there were six and six Apartments, such as exceeded most Courts in the World, and every Room so adorn'd with such sumptuous Hangings of Silk, Sattin, Velvet, Tissue, Damask, *Persian* and *Abrabian* Cloath of Gold. And such also were the Cauls and embroider'd Fringes, that perpende to illustrate this excess of Bravery; and the Colours of the Furniture were as various as costly. But the first that I look'd on was of Sky-colour and Silver; the second of Flame-colour; the third a Philamote; the fourth a Sea-green; the fifth a Lemon-colour; the sixth a Cornation; the seventh an Orange; the eighth of Pearl-colour, variously intermingled; the ninth of an Amethyst; the tenth of Cloath of Gold; the eleventh of *Persian* Purple; the twelfth of Gold and Scarlet.

Whilst thus I was looking to lose my self, on a sudden I was found within a folding Door, that divided of it self into a sumptuous Apartment, where many were in Motion, and in various Postures, some wringing of their Hands, deplorably weeping, when at the same time other some beyond measure were jocular and pleasant; some running this way, and some again that way; so that every thing, and every place was occupied, and in motion. At last I stood still to look about me, and admire the Richness of this admirable Room of impannel'd Cedar,

Cedar, so adorn'd with Gold, and richly beautified with most curious Paintings; when on a sudden to amazement, another large folding Door (but by what Artifice I knew not) divided it self, and there I saw what I never saw, behind a Tarras Curtain all embroder'd with Gold, adorn'd with Pearls and admirable Diamonds, where I beheld certain Persons of great Eminency and Honour, sitting upon Thrones (most sumptuously gilded) with rich Footstools underneath, and every one a Canopy of Amethysts and Sapphirs, embroder'd with Gold, and Crowns impending incircl'd their Heads. But in the Centre of these great Ones, there was one greater than the rest, that sat on a Throne more eminent and splendid than any that hitherto to my Observation had presented.

And there it was, I see a seeming great Sultanes with a triple Crown, garnished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Amethysts and Emeralds; so illustriously shining by Reflection of the Tapers, that the Room seem'd as light as *St. Peters* at Noon Day. And now was the time to bear my Testimony, for the Lady of State that sat on the Throne, beckning with her Hand, and pointing towards me, signaliz'd me the Person she design'd to speak to; and her Attendants told me I must now advance, and present my self before her Presence, which I reverend-

ly

ly did ; but they cautioned me to be mindful that I trod not on the Foot-cloath, that was spread at the Descent of her imbellish'd Throne, which seem'd to me all of beaten Gold, inlay'd with Pearls and precious Stones. So I advanced a little, and stood before her, when presently she enquired from whence I came ; and I reply'd, from the infamous City of *Exorbitancy*, situate in the Desert and Kingdom of *Darkness*. How said she ! *Exorbitancy* an infamous City, when so many worthy and loyal Citizens inhabit her Palaces, and dwell there like Princes ? Then she farther enquired to know my Name, propounding by that to guess at my Nature ; and I answer'd, I was call'd by the Name of *Chastity* ; at which she smil'd, and made a sharp Reply, that was but my Nick name on purpose to abuse me ; for there never was such a thing as Chastity in Nature. Then I answer'd her, but there was such a thing in Grace ; at which she blush'd, and seem'd somewhat disorder'd.

Then she demanded to know where I was going ; and I answer'd her, on a Pilgrimage, for I was a Pilgrim ; and travelling, if I might, towards the New *Jerusalem*. Why, said she, was not Old *Jerusalem* big enough to hold you ? It held the *Jews*, and they were a Nation, and can't it contain a single Person ? That *Jerusalem* she spoke of, I told her was demolish'd ; which she reply'd, then it

it seems as I conceive, nothing will serve you but the *New Jerusalem*; and who do you propound or expect to meet there? I told her I expected to meet the Lamb of God, (at which she startled) and further enquiring what I meant by that Metaphor? I made answer The Holy Jesus is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the Sins of the World. At which her Complexion began to change, when on a sudden her Roses look'd languid and pale, and those Ladies about her to totter and tremble: Nay, the Tapers of themselves began to burn dim, and lose their natural Lustre of Light. So my Examinant call'd out to take me away, and bid them keep the Heretick in safe Custody, for to morrow she would Examine me in another Dialect. So I was made to withdraw with my female Guard; and enquiring who it was, that was Examinant? They answer'd me, The great and mighty Empress *Proserpina*. To which I was silent, and made no reply.

Then they brought me into a Parlour, where was eating and drinking, but I excused my self, by pretending (once a Month) a Celebrated Fast. So they did not much press me, but gave me liberty to walk to and fro, whilst they repos'd themselves; and then was the time to make my Observation, in as much as I intended an escape that Night; otherwise to Morrow I should need no Pardon. So I was directed to an
Apart-

Apartment, in order to sleep, where the female Guard were to be my Associates, for they had the charge and care of my Person, by order of their Empress, the great *Proserpina*. Now when I was laid down, and the Lights all extinguish'd, I heard, as I thought, the Maidens whisper together, who seem'd much to lament, and as much to repent, that they were the cause I was brought to the Palace; as if there were some Reluctancy in Hell, for such was this, or the Suburbs of it; which put me upon Exercise to call upon the Divinest: So that in a Rapture I thus began.

Rapture.] O Sublimest! How unspeakable is thy Love, when to bow down the Glory of so great a Majesty, and stoop to the Cross with such a sweet Humility, to build up in us the highest Piety! He that created the Heavens, fill'd them with Glory, as the Earth with Redundance, and prolifick Virtue! He also that created Man, is himself in Man created; to explicate the Mystery of this Divine Incarnation, and Christ in us the hope of Glory! This is a Love so divinely Superlative, as it excels all Degrees of Comparifon: And a Blessing of Blessings so supremely Transcendant, as surmounts the Capacity of Humane Understanding. Nay, this is a Mystery so mystically mysterious, and a Wonder of Wonders, more than
Miracle

Miracle miraculous; as not only amaz'd the Mosaical Rabbies, but it astonish'd all the Powers of Created Nature, when Jesus Christ by his Divine Incarnation, commiserating Man in a lost Condition, united the Humanity to his sublime Divinity, in a true, natural, real, and hypostatical Union.

This is that holy and divine Incarnation, whereof we participate by the Blessed Regeneration; the Heavenly Creature conceived by Faith, and the first Fruits born of the Royal Seed; the Sacred Breath of Life God breathed into *Adam*, when *Adam* was made a living Soul: The extream Unction of the Holy Ghost, to sanctifie and illuminate our Understandings; and the Essence Royal of the Son of God, that transmutes Humanity into pure Divinity. O let me conceive him in the bosom of my Soul, whom all the World was unable and incapable to comprehend, until the Blessed Virgin conceived him by Faith. For by Faith Christ is divinely conceiv'd, born by the preaching of his everlasting Word, and nourish'd by Devotion and divine Love, confirms our Faith on a solid Foundation, that our Hope as a sure Anchor holds the Soul steady in a high swelling Sea of Heavenly Felicity, altho' in the midst of boisterous, tempestuous and impetuous Storms of worldly Adversity.

Adventure.] At last I observ'd a total Silence, by which I concluded the Females asleep; which time I had mark'd out to attempt my escape, or from thence forward to despair of Life. So I slip't on my Weed, and went softly to the Door, that open'd as, I apprehended, with a Spring-lock, which I softly withdrew, and as privately as I could, convey'd my self down to the foot of the Stairs, where I found the entrance into the gilded Parlour, the place where the Females refresh'd themselves; and calling to mind the great Canton Window that I formerly observ'd directed to the Garden, I sought for the Casement, which I found, and open'd; by means whereof I made my escape forth of the Palace, as hitherto undiscover'd, and by them unsuspected.

But in what a Condition was I then involv'd? For there was a Wall some three fathom high, and no Ladder whereby to make an Ascent; but the Moon appearing I discover'd a Bower, which when I came at, it prov'd a Banqueting House. And waiting for a Cloud to thicken the Air, (which presently happen'd) I took the opportunity to transport my self thither; and finding the Shutters but of Pannell'd Wainscot, I put forth my Hand, and with ease they withdrew, as if of themselves they were willing to open: Yet durst not I rashly adventure down this Pre-

Precipiece, and fearing, that Precipitancy might overthrow my Design, I call'd to mind the large Cypress-Trees that were regularly planted all along upon the Borders ; so in a Cloud I stept forth, and untwisted some Wreaths, of which I made Bands, that by Art improv'd, I let my self down into a pleasant Pasture shaded with Trees, and naturally beautified with delicate Springs ; where I wander'd too and fro, till I met with a Path that led me directly to a sumptuous Bridge, whose Rales and Banisters were gilded with Gold ; which convey'd me over a large spacious River, that otherwise I perswade my self would hardly been attempted.

This wooden Artifice brought me into the Road, when presently I was got into a spacious Meadow, over which I travell'd, till arriving in a Field distant from the Palace a Mile or two ; and casting my Eye sometimes behind me, I saw many Lights, and them upon motion, as if People were running up and down the House, but in the elevated Lanthorn, on the Centre of the Palace, mounted in the Air by some seven Stories high ; there appear'd many great Lights, as cautionaries to my thinking to hasten my escape, if I willingly intended to escape with Life. which at that time was not precious to me, because when to consider, *He that loseth his Life in a righteous Cause,*

Cause, shall be sure to find it : For he always dies, that always lives in the fear of Death. But then another Text reach'd me, *That I ought not to give away my Life to pursuers.* For if they persecute you in one City, by a Gospel privilege you may fly to another. Thus ruminating with my self, unmov'd what to do, I bid for the best, by resolving to go forward, more especially when I heard the horrible Howlings of these Hellish Hell-hounds, which caution'd me then to mend my pace; and so I did, till the Lights that were aloft seem'd totally extinguish'd. By that time I was got three Miles from the Palace, and then I propounded to rest a while, till considering the Danger that press'd upon me, would press out my Life, if I mended not my pace; which I did with Alacrity, and found my self refresh'd.

By this time I was come to another Bridge, over which I passed, but I knew not how, (nor well by what Hand) that directed me thro' a Meadow, a most pleasant Meadow beautified with Flowers; over which when I was come to the extream part, there was a River, only a single Plank left to go over; and over I got, but not without some difficulty, where thinking to sit down and repose my self, on a sudden I was alarm'd by the Oaths and Imprecations belch'd forth of the Mouths of some hellish Furies, that furiously, as I apprehended, sought my Life.

And

And the Moon then sliding underneath a Cloud, I slid away from those Infernal Pursuants, and the Plank I went over slid into the Water, but how I know not. In the mean time these Pursuants that pursu'd my accusing one another, fell at last to Variance, that it ended in Blows; and one of them smote the other down, and he that was down to revenge himself, upon his uprising caught his Combitant by the Thigh, so struggling together, they fell both into the Water; which gave me a convenient opportunity to escape them, for I got away from those my hellish Tormentors, whom I willingly left to torment themselves.

Now about break of Day I was got to a Rivulet, and the Water so clear and transparently bright, you might see the bottom, and the Fish that swam in it; but there was no Bridge whereby to get over. So I wander'd up and down till I found a Ford; and tucking up my Weed, I waded thro' it; but as I went along padding and mudling with my Feet, the harmless Fish came swimming about me. So I stript up my Sleeve, and thrusting down my Hand, I seiz'd a Trout, a most lovely Trout, which I carried with me to the next shady Tree; where I got some Sticks, that with rubbing and chafing them one against another, the Fire at last began to fly out; which I gather'd together, and laid it on a heap to broil

broil my Fish, which I afterwards eat ; and a Fountain presenting, thither I went to repose my Limbs, and refresh my self. And arising from the Fountain that gave me refreshment, who should I meet but blessed *Evangelist*, all in white and bright shining, who spake kindly to me, (calling me Daughter) and told me that Fancies of Faith are easily gotten ; but then you must consider they are as easily lost. And as Faith is the substance of things hoped for ; so he that hath no Faith, how can his hope have any Substance? And he can have no true Hope in the good of a Promise, who hath no true Faith in the truth of a Promise: So that unless Faith live actually, Hope of necessity must give up the Ghost.

Then he ask'd me where, and in what place I had been? And I told him, I thought in the Suburbs of Hell. Why, says he, hast thou seen the great *Proserpina*? Yes surely, I answer'd him, and all her Infernals. Well, says he, thou hast acquitted thy self like a Champion ; go thy ways in Peace, for thy Sisters attend thee, and to morrow before Noon thou wilt certainly enjoy them. At which I rejoiced, but he suddenly disappear'd. So I kept in the Path which he bid me keep, for I knew that his Words were the Words of Truth, by confirming and directing me to this very place, where I have found what I desiredly sought for ; so embracing

embracing my Sisters, I sat down in silence,
till *Faith* and her Sisters rose up to salute me,
who told me those Hazards in my hazar-
dous Enterprize, broke up the Fountains,
for their Eyes were all Tears. So ends my
Adventure. Now take the Summary in
Po-*Sy*.

Lord! What a risque I run, and yet methinks
It's nothing, when we stand but on the brinks
Of danger; Tho' Pluto had a Summons sent
For my appearance before his Parliament.
I was but in the Suburbs, I can't tell
What's in the City, where those Furies dwell.
I saw; what did I see, all that was Evil?
And Proserpina saw, or saw the Devil.
I saw too much I thought, and star'd too long,
Consid'ring where I was, and who among:
At last I saw a glimmering Moon appear,
And then I was in hope Redemption's near.
But when the Sun brake forth, who can express
The Comforts that I met with in Distress?
At length Evangelist appear; and then
Hither I came, ne'er to go there agen.

Faith. Now Chastity has finish'd her Ad-
venture, good Humility proceed.

Humility. From the City of Abhorrency,
the place of my Nativity, and from a pro-
phane sort of People, and wicked Subor-
ners; I undertook my Pilgrimage, in search
of those Pilgrims that had set their Faces
towards

towards the Ports of *Sion*, led on by *Evangelist* to the *New Jerusalem*. But I lamented I lagg'd so long behind; therefore, dear Sisters, I must beg you excuse me, and the rather because to bring nothing remarkable, save only a poor, and a silly Maid born out of season, tutilag'd and educated in the demy of Sorrow; and for ought I know may consummate my Days in an Inquisition, or some place worse. Since *Humility* is the subject of the Vulgar's derision, and derided by every one reputed eminent, it renders me obnoxious to all civil Society, as also an Exile both from Town and City.

But be it as it will be, however I'll proceed to recount some part of my miserable Life; as also the Place wherein I liv'd, which is call'd *Abhorrency*; and properly so term'd, from an impious sort of People, that live by the Law of their own Lusts, and lust after nothing so much as the Vanity of Intemperance, and because govern'd by Inadvertancy, and the uneven Practice of Subornation, they stand not only in their own Light, but would extinguish, if possible, the Light in others, and kindle false Flames to affect Popularity, emulating, and despising all that's call'd Good, so by Artifice would subjugate Superiours to themselves. In Short, these are the People, and this is the Place from whence I am come to join your Society; who out of pity, I question not, will

will commiserate my Condition, since so far condescending to admit me among you, whereby I may spend the rest of my Days in following the Lamb where-ever he goeth.

With. A very good Exordium ; pray, *Humility*, go on.

Humility. Now the manner of my Pilgrimage, I recount it as followeth. After my removal from those of my Relations, to travel in search of the Holy Jesus, which I daily endeavour'd thro' many intricate Paths, too troublesome, and I fear too tedious to report ; but since there's nothing in it remarkable and worthy your Entertainment, I shall beg your excuse ; since only to relate the latter part of my Life, or the beginning of my Pilgrimage ; if when to consider therein some Remarks of memorable Occurrence.

It exceeded not three Days (but every Day has its Night) when I came into a florid and fragrant Field, adorn'd with redolent and aromattick Sweets, that delighted and refresh'd me almost to excess ; where I silently sat down upon a rising Ascent, and Contemplating the Progress of the Holy Men of God, with the famous Acts of the Blessed Apostles ; it stirr'd up such Raptures and inward Joys within me, that all my Powers were divinely exerted to make
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a holy Proof in this my Pilgrimage, that I trod the Tracts of their pious Examples.

But no sooner I arose from the place where I sat, but a shady Wood upon a small swelling Ground presented to my view; to which place I went, to repose my self: Where no sooner I was enter'd, but my Eyes encounter'd the flourishing Trees, all burthened with Fruit; so reaching forth my Hand to gather some Filberts, Nature had so ripen'd them, that they shell'd in my Lap; so I crack'd their Shells, and fed on them to Satisfaction. After that I rose up and went to a Fountain, more out of Curiosity than any Necessity to drink of the Water, which was very delightful and refreshing to me. And traversing the Ground to those shady Trees, whose spreading Boughs formerly sent me relief, I resolv'd with my self to repose there that Night, which I did to content; and gathering some Leaves that were parch'd with the Sun, I rais'd a small Bank, upon which I rested, whilst an Aviary of Birds, upon the Evenings approach, sung a sweet *Lacryma* for the Days departure. So the Night came on pleasant and fair, and the Air undisturb'd with boisterous Winds; nor any thing else that gave me interruption. And here I rested till break of Day, when a heavy deep Sleep surrounded to invade me, and a Vision presented,

or

I dreamt of *Gebenna*, and of the exquisite Torments of the Damn'd in Hell, which by reason of Sin, they were compell'd to endure; but awakening, I arose, for the Sun was risen, and had gilded the Cusp of the orient Horizon; and with Praises to the highest for my Night's Preservation, I tuck'd up my Weed, and I left the Woods, and the Birds in their Dialect still chirping behind me.

By this time I recover'd my regular Path, as formerly directed by Blessed *Evangelist*; which fill'd my Heart with Seraphick Joy: but I travel'd not far before I saw a Shepherd, and he, good Man, was feeding his Sheep; of whom I enquir'd if he saw my Love; to which he answer'd, I know not your Love, but I have seen a Vision or something like it; for I saw a Man in a white shining Garment; and I heard a Voice, a sweet Heavenly Voice, and as if to me directed, express'd these Words; *Let your Conversation whilst here on Earth, be as becomes the Children of God, for his Kingdom is near, and he is at hand*; so he vanish'd away, and I saw him no more. Then I asked him if at any time he had seen him before, and he answer'd me no; for to his certain Knowledge he had never heard him nor seen him before. Then I enquir'd if he had read of the *Holy Jesus*, and he told me no, for he was illiterate; to which I reply'd, but you have a Priest, and
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it's possible sometime he has told you of him. O now I remember, the Shepherd reply'd he read once a Story, a lamentable Story (out of a Book) of a Holy Man that was born of a Virgin, and of the Wonders and Miracles he wrought in his Life time; and how he was betray'd by the Man he intrusted, prosecuted by the Rabble, and convicted by the Priest, they put him to Death. This Story I remember very well, and truly was sorry from the bottom of my Heart for I thought in my Conscience he had not deserv'd it.

Then I told him this Man was my only beloved, and this was he that I was in Search of. Then the Shepherd reply'd, pray, what do ye call him; and I answer'd, his Name is the *Holy Jesus*; relinquish thy Flock and follow him, for he's the true Shepherd, and we are the Sheep. How can I go (the Shepherd reply'd) and leave my Wife and my Child behind me? Then I bid him consider what we do when we die, for then we leave the World whether we will or no; and in the Grave (be assured) there's no praising the Lord; wherefore whilst we live we must take up the Cross, and leave all we have to follow Christ; for can our Unworthiness make us worthy of him? Then he cry'd out O miserable Man! How shall I that am unlearned, learn this Divine Lesson, and unprepared as I am, prepare my self for Pilgrimage.

grimage? And such a Pilgrim I perceive you to be: Then I told him he ought first to humble himself, call upon God by Prayer and Fasting, and he would enable him to go through the Difficulty. Then he pray'd me to pray for him that his Faith faill'd not; and suddenly he would put himself upon Practice; and I bid him be mindful of what he had promis'd. So I left him; but he look'd hard after me, and lamented himself to live so long in Ignorance, when supposingly so knowing as he thought himself.

In the Evening, as I pass'd along by the Village, he discours'd the People of what he had heard and seen; and they deriding him, told him that he was deliriated, and in their Opinion but one Degree from a Mad-man. Have not we, said one of them, a Reverend Priest, and a learned Man that knows the way to Heaven? Surely he knows it better than you do; and yet you'll pretend to more Knowledge than he that's a Learned Man, when you are but his Pupil, and know not one Letter. So Ignorance forsooth, must be Master of Learning, and Learning must be profess'd by such Fops as you are, whose Grammar never yet arriv'd to a Horning Book: Go, go, for Shame, and tend your Sheep, and leave off these dotish idle Fancies, which will not only bring your self to Beggary, but your Wife and Child to miserable Necessity. Now I saw them

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part, for I conceal'd my self, considering that the Rabble would set upon him; and it was possible dissuade him from him from his late Intention: So meeting him at his Return going back to his House, I told him that the Harvest was indeed very great, but the Labourers in the Vintage were very few. Therefore take up the Cross and follow the Lamb, the *Holy Jesus*, of whom I am in Search, who will recompence every one according to Desert; so that whilst I was speaking, and he stood sighing and lamenting, I repeated in his hearing this pious Contemplation.

Contemplation.] Divinest, with a reverend Sanctity, permit me to contemplate the All-glorious Creator of Heaven and Earth, infinite in Power, aimable in Beauty, unsearchable in Wisdom, ever-lasting in Love, endless in Pity, tender and compassionate to all those that love him, but terrible in Judgment to Sinners and Transgressors that violate his Laws, and keep not his Commandments. Let me also devoutly and religiously contemplate the Divinity of his Son, the Wisdom, Beauty, and Glory of the Father, and as piously contemplate the Blessed Spirit, the Inspiration, Sanctification and Illumination in Man. This is the Holy, and the All-glorious Trinity, which to know and believe is eternal Life.

But Eternity as the Radii or Beams of the Majesty, gloriously fill'd the World with Vegetation, So Time as an Infant in the Bosom of Eternity, divinely made manifest the Birth of the Creation; when the Supreme undrest the indigested Chaos, and open'd the Deeps to unbosom her Treasures, expatiating the Orbs, and the Curtains of Heaven. Thus Wisdom made manifest Invisibles by Visibles, whereby the Creature should admire the All-glorious Creator. From hence Generation immediately sprung out; and thrusting forth it self from the Bosom of Time, that World brought forth innumerable Creatures; and God impregnating them with Animation, gave unto every Individual, Life and Motion. So that Life and Light are Correlates and Essentials, flowing from the Radix of the Eternity of God, as the natural Light breaths forth from the Sun. But the created Lights are the Glory of the Universe, as the increated Light is the Glory of the Majesty.

And these are the visible and invisible Glories; the Elemental Light to illuminate the Orbs, but the increated Light to illuminate the Angels. For the Elements themselves, are improperly the whole, but the Heavens as the Orbs were made and created; wherefore I presume them to compleat the World. The World therefore seems to me but one great Creature, I assume that Liberty be-

cause it's created; and the Heavens as the Earth shall also be dissolved, and the Firmament shrivel up as a Scrawl of Parchment, and the Elements melt into an Invisibilty whereby the Divineſt at his Divine Pleaſure may operate to make as yet ſomething more glorious. For we read of new Heavens, and of a new Earth; this the Evangelist has prophetically told us; which if I miſtake not, is the *New Jeruſalem*, the Divine Habitation for the Saints in Glory, the glorious Situation of *Seraphims* and *Cherubims*; and the Bleſſed Repository for the Sons of God.

But this we muſt expect when time is no more; and then ſhall Death be ſwallowed up in Victory, and the Graves of themſelves ſhall yield up their Dead; and every thing reſult in its firſt Primordials. For the Son of the Supremeſt will come in Glory, accompanied with Troops, and Legions of Angels to ſurvey the World, and perſhing Beauties, and ſhake the Foundations of the Monarchies of the Earth, whereby to ſeparate the impure from the pure; Earth from Heaven, the Chaff from the Corn; and to every one contribute the Glory of his Actions: To the upright and the juſt everlaſting Life, but to the wicked and ungodly eternal Miſery.

Adventure.] Now before Night came on to ſurround and arreſt me, I was got to my thinking

thinking two Miles from the Village; and seeking to find out some solitary Retirement; I found a natural but most pleasant Rock, that presented it self as a friendly Accommodation; but to step to the Rock, was to step aside from the Path good *Evangelist* had put me in. And having stuck down my Staff, as a *Gnomon* in the Path, I advanced to the Rock, where I staid but to perform some Divine Ejaculations; when arising from my Knees, I praised the Divinest to honour me a Pilgrim in this pious Pilgrimage. So I left the Rock, and the Nights being long (tho' not very cold) I drest up the Grass with dry Sycamore Leaves, and the Canopy of Heaven was my spangled Covering. So foulding my Arms I laid down to Sleep, but my Sleep was unpleasant, because mingled with Interruptions; for I dreamt, I saw as in my former Dream, another Apparition or Vision of Hell: Which when I awakned and found it but a Dream, and improv'd by *Evangelist*, I had a Prospect of Heaven, which sweetned the lowre into a pleasant Transformation.

So I arose from the place where I stuck down my Staffe, as a *Gnomon* to direct me to the Port of *Sion*; but finding it missing, the Accident troubled me, because when to place a Pilgrims Hope upon the slender Faith of a tender Twig. This Accident remind-ed me of those literal Formalists, that daily

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cruciate

Christ on a golden Cross, whereby to remind us of his Crucifixion, not well considering that the exterior Object extinguishes and blots out the interior Impression. Thus some fall down to reverence a Shadow when neglecting their Veneration to the real Substance. So lamenting and repenting my idolatrous Imitation, I found my Staffe lie near the place where I left it, which I gladly took up as my only Companion; so went on my Pilgrimage as *Evangelist* directed.

Now by that time the Sun had elevated himself to gild the Sky above the Cusp of the Horizon, I prepar'd my self for my intended Pilgrimage; but scarcely had I travers'd the Medows two Furlongs, when I saw two Men advancing upon me, and one of them call'd, but I made him no Answer. However they drew nearer and nearer unto me (nor was there any avoiding them) till at last both of them came partly up with me, and enquir'd who I was, and whether I was going; and I answer'd them I was a Pilgrim, on my Pilgrimage towards *Sion*; to *Sion*, said one of them? You are much mistaken, for the Path you tread in is not *Sion's* Path. He was mistaken I told him, for my Director that directed me, knew the way to Heaven better than he did; at which he reply'd with a frowning Countenance, how Madam, better than I do? Remember your self, *Adam* was your Father; that's true (I told him) and

Ever was my Mother; what infer you from thence? Nay, more than that Sir, *Adam* was the Father of all Men living, but *Abraham* was called the Father of the faithful. You talk Scripturally (said he) as if you could calculate Nativities. And I answer'd him, that Nativity had its Date in time, but the Nativity of time, sprung from Eternity. So coming about, he spake to his Companion, and told him without Premeditation the Maid was mad.

Then he question'd me if I had read in the Sacred Bible, and I told him I had read it oftener than once, yet was never weary nor tir'd with reading it. You may read it I grant (he reply'd) but what understand you? To which I reply'd, I understand it, History and Mystery, Precept and Precedent; and the sacred Author to præ-exist time. You speak metaphorically, he reply'd, pray explain your self. I told him I spoke plain enough without a Metaphor; for as the Holy Men of God writ by Inspiration, none could inspire them but God himself. And thus the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Blessed Evangelists, all writ as the Spirit of God gave them Utterance. Then he enquir'd what I meant by the Spirit of God, and I told him that the Spirit and the Word were one, but the Bible or Scripture the Letter of the Word. How says he, is not the Bible the Word of God, and a true

Manifestation of the mind of God? And I answer'd him, the Word of God was God himself; for *in the Beginning the Word was (mind that) and the Word was with God, (mind that also) and the Word was God, and was made Flesh, and dwelt among us?* here's no Metaphor. This is the Divinity of God incarnate, the *Holy Jesus* the Saviour of the World. She has truly answer'd, his Companion reply'd, have you any other Question of Moment to ask her? Yes, (he reply'd) I have one Question more will puzzle her Intellects; do's her Manners and Behaviour quadrate with her Opinion? What if it do (his Companion answer'd) why then said he as the times go now, she may pass well enough for a Female Saint. At which I smil'd; and modestly reply'd, I had little or no Inclination to Saintship. Well, said his Companion, be what thou wilt be, a Saint or a Pilgrim, I have Honour for both; and shall speak favourably of you. So farewell. So I withdrew to admire the Creation. and give Praises to him that was the Creator.

Rapture.] Sovereign Glory, with a Reverend and Divine Sanctity endue me with Reason, and a Holy Understanding to contemplate the transient State of Mortality; and give me a Prospect of the Progeny of Life, with the unnatural monstrous Birth

of Sin ; as also the Issues and Results of Death ; whereby, as in a Glass, obvious to Sight, I may clearly inspect the Lustre of Life's fair Tree, that so beautifully blossoms in the Bosom of Eternity ; and moistned with the Dew of Coelestial Showers, by Divine Influence, becomes prolifick ; that the Boughs hang burdern'd with Paradisical Clusters, whilst Death's impoverish'd and wither'd Shrubs, sprout up from the dirty Puddles of Sin ; whose nauseous Supplies are greedily suck'd out of the loathsome and putrid Soil of Corruption: So that Death's cold and truculent Finger, no sooner directs to touch the Crimson Tincture of Life, but Life in a Moment evades and retires. For such is the Antipathy betwixt Life and Death, that at Deaths Approach, Life flies to its Centre. But the Centre of Life is the Soul of Man ; and the Soul of Man as the Soul of the World, is also immortal.

Let me also contemplate the Deformity of Sin, that opposes its self to the Beauty of Holiness ; and by fraudulent Policy betrays poor Man into the Noose and the Snickle of Death. For Sin like it self, by treacherous Conquest, basely triumphs over the Spoils of the Captive ; in whose batter'd Breast, Sin sticks down his Standard, making choice of Death for his Engineer, that levels not a Shot without Execution. Yet is Death but the younger Brother of Sin ; for till *Adam* made

made Sin, Death was unknown. Wherefore *Adam* by Invention projected Sin, and Sin by Conception brought forth Death. But Death because issueless, became envious against Mortality, who striking to blot out the Character of Life, puts at once a Period to the Progress of Sin.

So Sins Banditti's, when imitating Death, put a Rape upon Conscience to be reputed religious. For under the specious Pretext of Piety, they martyr the Saints to merit Applause; as if Heaven was purchased by bloody Massacres. That for perpetrated Murder have Sanctuaries of Refuge, and Reprieves to extenuate and lessen the Punishment. But God will arise and dethrone their Monarchy, and Sin with its Adherents depress into *Tophet* (that infernal Lake) the Gulf of *Gebenna*; there to lament with the impenitent Gyants, that were Monsters of Men, yet but Pigmyes in Sin to the o'ergrown Sinners of this Generation, that devote themselves and Services to Sensuality, and associate only with the Sons of Perdition; whose Apostate Creed is a foreign Faith; and whose adored Trinity is the World, the Flesh and the Devil; who by Compact with Sin, have sworn themselves Slaves to their Lusts, Vassals of Uncleanness, and Confederates with the Conclave of Hell. That in Hostility against Heaven, and him that made them, are impudently so audacious

as to dare God to damn them, and the Devil to strengthen the Nerve of his Charm, sweetens his Temptations with Pleasure and Profits, and the gaudy Allurements of Honours and Preferments; which in the Conclusion prove Fire and Brimstone.

For such as the work is, such also expect the Reward; and the Apostle tells us, that the *Wages of Sin is Death*. And what is Death, if not a Solution of the complicated Elements, or rather an Occultation, because when unravelling the Clue of Life, to hide Mortality in the solitary Arms of the Grave? Wherefore some have termed it a Scene of Interposition, that prohibits Mortality the Prospect of Life; the first Death therefore, which is the Death of the Body, is only a Privation of the Majesty of Life: For the Soul is the Life of the Body, and God is the Life of the Soul. But the Second Death, which is the Death of the Soul, is a total Seclusion from the presence of God. And where is that, if we fly and cry to the Mountains to cover us, his Arrows will reach us? And the Graves thin tiffany Webb is too slender to shade us. Nor is the Centre of Hell deep nor dark enough to hide us. Where then can we be, and the Judgments of God not find us? The Second Death therefore must needs be the harder, because it cannot be ended by Death. And as no unclean thing can enter into Heaven, since Heaven is the Throne and the Sanctuary of God:

God: So nothing that is pure shall come in to Hell, for Purity partakes of the Nature of God, and wherever God is, there is Heaven.

O that Men were wise to consider their End! For as the Tree falls so it lies; and as Death leaves us, so Judgment finds us. Hope not therefore in the Grave for Repentance, nor expect from Hell any Redemption. But how good and how great is the Felicity of the Saints; when neither Life nor Death, Principalities nor Powers, things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate them from the Love of God, which eternally lives in Jesus Christ, and Christ himself is the Life of the Saints.

Adventure.] Now after we were parted, I kept on the Path, till I came to a pleasant Advance of Ground, that directed me to a delightful flourishing Grove, whose Centre was adorned with a Crystalline Fountain, where the Waters were sweet (there I rested a while) but observing the Sun's Declination, I sought among the Trees for a solitary place, and a pleasant Bower presented to me, strewed with Greens, and watled with Rushes, where I scatter'd some wither'd Leaves among them, so laid down to rest, for the Day disappear'd. But what a Heaviness seiz'd me, and a deep Drowsiness invaded me, when a dreadful Dream the third time approached me, which

which was as followeth; but I tremble to relate it.

I dreamt that I stood on the Brink of Hell, where I heard such horrible jingling of Chains, and most dreadful Lamentations, howling, yelping, yelling, shrieking, railing, roaring, cursing, swearing and blaspheming; besides such horrid and damnable Oaths, Imprecations and Execrations, that totally amaz'd and confounded my Sences; yet durst I not adventure to move one Step, least fearing I might sink into this bottomless Gulf, so vastly and profoundly large and deep, as exceeded the Demensions both of Earth and the Ocean. And there I saw their Infernal Prince, surnamed *Pluto*, elevated to my Observation on a fiery Throne, with a fiery Globe and Scepter in his Hand, which presented to my thinking one fiery Body; and such were his Senators that sat about him, on fiery Thrones Seven Stories high, whose Infernal Cabal sat in the Circumference with *Pluto* in the Centre; plotting and contriving the Desolation of the Nations, and counter-plotting (if possible) the Piety of Christianity.

On the right and left Hand of this bituminous Lake, cover'd all over with Fire and Brimstone; to my thinking there stood a Crew of boisterous Tormentors, Villains, Pickpockets, Banditti's, Vagrants, Runagado's, Buchancers, Thieves, Robbers, Felons,

lons, Mercenaries, Murderers, Drunkards, Inquisitioners, Catholick Dragooners, Swearers, Blasphemers, Suborners, Extortioners, Cozeners, Cheaters, Informers, Epicures, Userers, Adulterers, Fornicators, Tiplers, Fiddlers, Curtizans, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and luxurious and effeminate Persons numberless, beyond the Rules of Arithmetick to sum them up. When in another Angle were Pedagogues, Pettifoggers, Attorneys, Solicitors, Splitters of Causes, Barristers, Apparators, exacting and oppressing Counsellors, vexatious and delatory Lawyers, perverting and dispensing Judges, ignorant and prophane Clergymen, and professing Hypocrites, Sowers of Sedition and litigious Persons. Opposite to them were a Crew of Mountebanks, Catchpoles, Empericks, Quack-Salvers, Chirurgeons, Caco-Chymists, Apothecaries and Galenical Doctors innumerable. But in the Centre of Hell, sat a reverend old Gentleman surrounded with Legats, Cardinals, Nuncio's, Abbots, Priors, Priests, Rectors and Registers; with Seminaries, Sumnors, Surrogates, Apparators, Abesses, Nuns, Jesuits, Confessors, Monks, Carmelites, Franciscans, Benedictines, Mendicants, Capuchins, Novices and begging Fryars, feeding upon bloated and barbicu'd Herrings, griliated Pilchers, and broil'd Sprats basted with nothing but melted Brimstone; for you must know it was Lent, and
Butter

Butter was scarce. So I left the fiery Pitt, and a most horrible Stink behind me; enough I thought to suffocate the World, did not the Serenity of the Air suppress it.

And trembling in an Agony, when awakening from my Dream, I found my self all over in a Feaverish Sweat; and because fainting as I fancied, I endeavoured what I could to keep my Body in a moderate State, till the Suns radiant Beams refresh'd the Earth, and inspired the Air with a redolent Sweetness. Then arising from the place where I thought I slept, who should present but *Evangelist* before me all in white and shining Apparel, enquiring of me from whence I came; and I told him I thought from the Suburbs of Hell, which I saw in my Dream, or I dreamt of nothing. Alas! poor Maid (said he) thou hast struggled with Death, and hast had a faint View of the Gulf of *Gehenna*. I saw thee in an Agony, but conceal'd my self from thee, and now I shall comfort thee with the Joys of Heaven, more transcendent in Glory than the Torments of Hell can make the damned miserable. Go thy way in Peace (said he) the Pilgrims stay thy coming; and when thou comest to them, tell them what I told thee; and so he disappear'd, that I saw him no more. But it was not long e're I met with them, that with me were seeking him (the Treasure of my Heart) whom my Soul loveth; and since I have found out
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the blessed Society, I'll close up my Adventure with a Paper of Verses.

And now to tell from where and whence I came,
 'Twas from a City void of Fear or Shame;
 The City of Abhorrency, that prest
 Conscience to Death, to gratifie the Beast.
 From thence I came, but as I came along
 I found my self involv'd among a Throng
 Of serious Contemplations, how to spell
 The Cross of Christ, from the Abyss of Hell.
 I wandred, and I saw I know not what,
 Sometime this thing pleas'd me, sometimes that.
 And sometime nothing pleas'd me, but that was
 When I would wear the Crown before the Cross.
 At last I saw the better with the worse,
 I saw the Blessing, and I saw the Curse.

Faith. Poor Heart, what a dreadful Dream hast thou had; and of such a frightful Nature, enough I declare to make a Christian stagger. Come sweet *Humility*, sit thee down by me, whilst my dear *Constantia* gives in her Adventure.

Constantia. From the fair and impregnable Castle of *Fortitude*, and from the shady Groves and Trees in the Forest; from thence I poor Maid went in Search of *Fidelia*: whose pious Pilgrimage towards the beautiful *Sion* I resolv'd to imitate, and follow her Example. It is true, she and I had equal Education in the flourishing City of famous *Paduvia*, where

where mutually by the Law of Nature, and natural Sympathy (not that of Custom and affected Imitation) was so sweetly harmonious, and naturally affectionate, as if one single Breath inspir'd us both; nor needed there a double Death to separate that that was inseparable; for whatever *Fidelia* said, was a Rule to *Constantia*, and *Constantia*'s Condescension gave Laws to *Fidelia*. So that here was no Contradiction, rather a virtuous Emulation, and a sociable Sweetness to felicitate Content. But these Sugar'd Joys (as things of a like Tendency) held not long; for my Brother *Androvius* sent for me to the Castle; and I went it's true, but half my Life I left behind me, when we amalgamized Kisses and brinish Tears together, till we had raised a small kind of a Deluge betwixt us, which as soon as *Neptides* had drain'd out the Floods, how quickly could we spring fresh Tydes again; which we frequently did, till the fatal Minute of our Separation; and then she promis'd me not to be long absent, but was resolv'd to trace the Meadows and Fields among the shady Trees in our solitary Forest, to find out *Constantia*, that lived not without her dearest *Fidelia*.

This stopt the Floodgates for a little while, yet to part with *Fidelia* was a kind of Death (when to see *Fidelia* sink in the Arms of her Tutress) who stood gazing so long after my Brother's Coach, as long almost as Life remain'd

main'd in her. But at last I arrived at the Castle of *Fortitude*, where my Brother *Androvius* came forth to meet me; and kissing my Cheek in Token of Love, bid me welcome to the Castle. Dear Sister, said he, I have longed to see thee; and now I have got thee again in Possession, call me unkind if I suffer thy Absence, except Danger or Death, which no Man can escape; or the sweet pain of Matrimony compels thee from me; to which I reply'd, what so dear as a Brother, to whom I have celebrated my Loves and my Vows. At which he smiled, and reply'd upon me; the Law of Matrimony (Sister) prohibits Consanguinity; it's no matter for that I told him, I had studied the point, and knew well enough how to become a Platonick. But that made him laugh directly aloud: Come my *Constantia* (said he) go with thy Brother; so he led me by the hand into a fair Dining-room, and the Table being spread, we sat down to eat till we were refresh'd; and the time of Night inviting to compose, he left me to my Attendants, and withdrew himself.

Early in the Morning, my Brother *Androvius* sends up a Messenger to enquire of my health; and I return'd him answer, how could it possibly be otherwise than well, when under the Conduct of so dear a Brother? So descending from my Apartment to walk in the Garden, my Brother met me, and bid me

me good morrow ; enquiring of my health, and how I had rested. I told him very well, nor could it be otherwise since under the Protection of so tender a Brother. Well, but (said my Brother) thou seemest to equivocate, for the Radiant Beam of thy natural Complection has already betray'd thee. Then I told him that my Heart was a Fool for her pains, it used not at other times to be so soft and easie. Now I perceive, says my Brother, thou art deeply in Love ; otherwise I told him I was unworthy to live, for I am in Love, and how can I help it. Prethee tell me with whom (*Androvius* reply'd) and the Person thou honourest, shall have half my Estate. And I answer'd, O Brother, thy whole Estate cannot purchase it ! To which he reply'd, why so uncharitable in thy Choice, as to place thy Affection upon such an Object that half my Estate cannot make a Joynture ; prithee *Constantia*, then take it all. At which I wept, and desiring his Council how to govern this Passion, so sweetly insinuated, that neither Art nor Nature had Force to repel it. Nay Brother, did you but know the Object I love, you could not avoid but love it too.

What Charms are these, said my Brother *Androvius*, shall I send to invite or go to intreat him ? And I smiling upon him, made answer, no, except otherwise he would please to let me go as Envoy ; probably then
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the Party will come. And whither wilt thou go to fetch this Miracle? I told him to *Paduvia*, for there dwelt my Love. And when (said he) my *Constantia*, wilt thou return again? I reply'd, as he pleas'd to limit my time. To which he answer'd, ah! my *Constantia*, this is a strange and irregular Courtship, for the Bride to solicit and court the Bridegroom. Dear Brother (I reply'd) let not that trouble you, by the Modesty of a Maid I'll bring you no Dishonour; nor upon the Vertue of our Sex any Disreputation. Well, said my Brother, use thy own Discretion, I trust to thy Vertues, go when thou wilt. Then I told him, I'll go to-morrow by break of Day; let the Coach be ready, and two Women to attend me. Take Horsemen he reply'd, and a couple of Pages; and I wish thee a prosperous and a happy Journey: So imbracing me in his Arms, he bid me farewell. Early the next morning I was up by Day, for I had *Fidelia* in my Arms before Noon, and gave her an Account of my slender Design; to which she readily and willingly comply'd; and the rather, because suspecting her Lady Mother would shortly send to invite her home, when she once came to hear I had left *Paduvia*. But the greatest Difficulty was to make the Tutress, whereby we might procure her Dispensation, which I endeavour'd all I could by sweetning words, and *Fidelia* with Presents of considerable

able Value; so she conniv'd at the Design,
and my *Fidelia* went with me.

About Six that Evening, the Centinels
from the Tower discovers the Coach advance
to the Castle, which invited my Brother to
come forth and meet us; but *Fidelia* was
vail'd, and so was I when *Androvius* advanc'd
to hand us from the Coach; who in a very
short Speech, spake thus unto me. Now my
Constantia is as good as her Word. To which
I reply'd, pray when was she worse? Nay,
my *Constantia* (said *Androvius*) thou art too
quick upon me. No, Brother I reply'd, not
quick enough to vindicate my self and my
Reputation; for if *Constantia* be but now as
good as her word, it implies that sometime
she has been worse. Prithee my dearest
(said *Androvius*) be not offended, for to of-
fend thee, is offensive to my self; only tell me
I oblige thee, who this fair Lady is; that as
thy Brother, I may pay the Honour due to
her. And I answer'd and told him it was
my Sweet-heart. Then he asked me if this
was the Treasure I concealed, the Jewel that
had taken Possession of my Heart? And I
told him it was, and asked him what he
thought on't? Why truly, said *Androvius* I
know not what to think, and I'm almost as
much to seek what to say; but the Stranger
thou hast brought us I'm convinc'd must be
vertuous; and Vertue I answer'd, was above
all Value.

So

So *Androvius* stepping forward to hand out *Fidelia*, and beholding the admirable Frame and Built of her Body; stood gazing upon her as if he was Star-struck; and she lifting up her Veil to unbare her Face, her beautiful Aspect depriv'd him of Motion. But at length when he came again to himself, he speak softly to me. O my *Constantia*! What is this thou hast brought us? A Female Saint, or the Form of an Angel. I knew not I told him how it presented to him, but this is that (Brother) which I call my Sweet heart. Your Sweet-heart said *Androvius*! So sweet a Composition must be complicated beyond Dispute, both with Vertue and Piety. So stepping softly to salute her hand, he bids her welcome to his homely Habitation. And *Fidelia* with a Mixture of Majesty and Modesty bowed her delicate Body, and return'd him thanks. So in one hand he took *Fidelia*, and me in the other; so walk'd up with us directly to the Castle; where first we were lead into an outward Court, from thence up Stairs into a Dining-room, richly adorned with Hangings of Arras; where the Service immediately was set on the Table: But the chiefest Dish that my Brother fed on, was the florid Beauty of my fair *Fidelia*, where he feasted his Eyes almost to a Surfeit.

After Supper was ended, and the Banquet on the Board; *Androvius* applies himself to the fair *Fidelia*. Madam (said he) you command

and what's here, and your Freedom be-
 speaks your best Entertainment. But *Fidelia*
 showing her delicate Body, with a sweet and
 modest Reply, made answer. Sir, I am un-
 der a double Obligation, the one for the
 Love my *Constantia* bears me; and the other
 for the Love you bear *Constantia*; for what-
 ever Object loves *Constantia*, that Object of
 Necessity ought *Fidelia* to love: Nor is there
 any thing in Nature so unkind to hate her,
 except Wickedness it self, which to her is un-
 natural. So reaching forth her Lilly Hand
 to embrace my Body, dearest of our Sex
 (said she) wilt thou let me love thee? And
 I reply'd, O my *Fidelia*! thou hast raised my
 Ambitions so far beyond my self, that I
 know not what to say, since beloved by thee,
 the Treasure of our Sex. So rising from
 the Table, we saluted one another, and with-
 drew to our Apartment to compose to Sleep.

But hardly were we covered, and the Cur-
 tains drawn, when *Fidelia* discours'd an un-
 happy Presage; that sug'red Joys were
 sweetned with Sorrow, and that neither of
 them were of any long Continuance. For as
 the Pleasures of Love had a certain Period,
 so the contrary being opposite, was of no long
 Duration. Then embracing me in her Arms
 we sweetly slept. But early in the morning,
 she dreamt a Dream, a delightful Dream of
 blessed *Evangelist*, how that he call'd her to
 sequester her self for Pilgrimage; at which

I was troubled, and very much discontented. However many Days and many Nights went over us, as I apprehended to great Satisfaction; and the rather, because when to flatter my self, that by this time *Fidelia* had forgot what she dreamt; but I found it answer'd a contrary End; for the greatest Evil that could have hapned to me, was by winking and conniving at this Pilgrimage Design; so help'd to manage a Plot against my self.

Just so and no otherwise it came to pass for I thought her but in jest, when I help'd her to a Weed (a Pilgrim's Weed) which she no sooner lap'd about her tender Loins and under the Pretence of a solitary Retirement, to a shady Bower about half a mile Distance, where we frequently resort to take fresh Air; she under the pretext of a pious Devotist, (for such she was) staid out so long we began to suspect her. So my Brother sent to seek her both with Horse and Footmen; but all was in vain and to little purpose; for they return'd as unknowing as when they went out. And thus we lost this delicate fair one, who went from her self when she went from me (as I then thought) because to deny not only the World, but my Brother *Andrew* so sweet a Blessing, when not to make us happy with such celebrated Society.

And now was *Constantia* left to lament her self, and affix to her Brother as many Conflicts of mind as the Furies could contrive corporal Torments. And to mend the matter, he languished in Love, and that made me the more despair of his Recovery: But I told him, that upon the State of his Amendment, I had contriv'd a Plot to fetch him *Fidelia*. To which he reply'd, 'twas only a Plot to play the Fool with; will a Virgin (said he) of her Sagacity and Prudence be wheedl'd by your Project of a tiffany Plot? No, my *Constantia*, discourse it no more, this slender Stratagem will never take: Prethee be silent, and afflict not thy Brother; it makes me uneasie to hear such Impertinencies. However, I beg'd him but to let me go; and he beg'd me as earnestly to stay his Recovery, or otherwise entomb him *Fidelia's* Martyr. So I left off to sollicit him any more at that time; but desisted not from my intended purposed Resolution in Pursuance of my Project to turn Pilgrim, if peradventure I might find out the fair *Fidelia*. By this time the Ray of Health shin'd again upon my Brother; and now I thought requisite to prosecute my Intention, to turn Pilgrim as I told you, or else to turn Wanderer; and so it happn'd, for I wander'd so far till I came at last to the City of *Despair*; and the first house I enquir'd for, was the Lady *Moralis*'s, whither I was directed; and knocking

at the Door, a Servant came to me; and asking for the Lady, I soon had Admittance. When no sooner I had enter'd the Court of the Palace, but two beautiful Virgins came forth to meet me, supposing as I fancied, to be the Sisters of *Fidelia*. So pressing and enquiring of me from whence I came, I told them, I had travel'd from the Castle of *Fortitude*; what Distance is that (said *Sylvia*) from the City of *Paduvia*? And I answer'd her, 'twas partly about Twenty Miles. The *Samis* enquir'd about the Situation of the place; and I answer'd her, it was situated in a pleasant Valley. But the Lady *Moralis* beck'ning with her Hand, they sweetly embraced me, and lead me to their Mother, telling her, I was a Pilgrim, and had been at *Paduvia*.

Then the Lady inviting me into a delicate Arbour, enquir'd if I knew the City of *Paduvia*? And I answer'd her (yes Madam) I knew it very well. Pray said the Lady, what Acquaintance had you there? And I reply'd that I knew the Motronefs *Fluvia*, and the famous and eminent Tutress *Sylvania*. Ha you, said the Lady, your Education in *Paduvia*? Yes Madam (I answer'd) I had my Education such as it was, in the City of *Paduvia*. Pray, answer me, didst thou know my Daughter *Fidelia*. Dear Madam, I reply'd, I knew *Fidelia*, if your Ladyship meant the vertuous *Fidelia*, the Mirrour of her Sex.

and the Admiration of all Men. A Mirrour
said the Lady! A Monster thou meanest, to
degenerate so far from her self, and her Sex,
by neglecting her natural Duty to her Mo-
ther. Then like a Profligate, to run away
from School, and leave her Education and
Accommodation undischarged; and now
like a Runnagado, to ramble after Fantasie;
these Inconveniencies do not only incom-
mode us, but it brings an Odium upon me
and my Family, besides an Infamy upon all
the Sex.

Pray, Madam, excuse me, I'm but a single
Advocate, and unfurnish'd it may be with
such convincing Arguments as becomes me
to plead in *Fidelia's* Defence; who, were she
but in presence to answer for her self, I doubt
not she would give your Ladyship Satisfa-
ction. But since the ruling Powers have or-
der'd it otherwise, permit me to plead in
Fidelia's Behalf. First, as to a Neglect of her
natural Duty, in all Humility, as respects a
Mother, I think her excusable, since to
change her Condition. For if Husband and
Wife be one constipated Flesh, as assuredly
they are, by the conjugal Knot of Matrimo-
ny; then beyond Dispute a Spiritual Love
(for such is *Fidelia's*, since Heaven and Earth
are divinely celebrated) admits her Soul by
a holy Contract, to be united to the Divinest
himself. Nor knows she any Lord nor So-
vereign Power, save only Christ her Head

and King. Then as to your second Objection, Madam, she ran not from School, but took her Leave honourably, and satisfy'd beyond Demand for her Accommodation; besides Presents and Gratuities over-ballancing her Entertainment, this I assert. But your third Objection, Madam, reflects upon me by dishonouring your Daughter, in calling her Renegado; and I'm a Pilgrim: And those Pilgrims that travel but to the Lady *Laurette's*, the People honour them with a more favourable Construction. If so, what Honour then is due to those pious Pilgrims that direct their Progress to the Ports of *Sion*?

Certainly, said the Lady, something inspires thee, so discreetly to maintain so great an Error. Prithee but excuse me for what is past, and I'll promise the Sweetheart to grieve thee no more. So she kiss'd my Cheek, moistned with Tears that silently slid from the Fountain of my Eyes; and told me, she thought me unkind to my self, to weep so much for one so unworthy. No, dear Madam, I reply'd, it's not I that am unkind, nor is it your Unkindness (Madam) to me as a Pilgrim; but to reflect on *Fidelia*, that innocent Lady, the Treasure of my Life, and sweetest of Companions; would my Heart was but big enough to cabinet that Jewel, for then should I conceal her that the World's unworthy of. So my Colour changing, I

sunk

sunk from the place ; and the Lady her self was mov'd into Pity, but *Samis* and *Sylvia* help'd to hold me up, and the Lady she wip'd my Face whilst I wept, till we all three wept her into a Passion ; so the Lady went away, and left us together to lament one another, for she her self wept.

But the Tempest of Tears being well blown over, and the Lady returning from drying her Eyes ; I beg'd her to let *Samis* and *Sylvia* accompany me, in as much as I was minded to visit the Hospitals. And she bid them go. So we went together and spent the time till towards Evening ; and then we return'd to the Palace again, where we sat down, and religiously discours'd till the Night came on, and Sleep began to impose upon us, when *Samis* invites me to her Apartment. But *Sylvia* opposes her Sister's Motion, by resolving her Sister I should sleep with her, in as much as she was the younger Sister. So at last we agreed to sleep all together ; and so we did till almost Day, and then I dreamt my *Fidelia* was with me. So embracing poor *Sylvia*, I cry'd out *Fidelia*, nothing but Death shall separate us now. So fetching a deep Sigh, it awakned *Sylvia*, who softly enquired the Reason of my trembling. And I told her I thought *Fidelia* in my Arms. To which she reply'd with a sweet Reservedness, thou hast her Sister, the forsaken *Sylvia* ; and won't that please thee as well as

Fidelia. And I answer'd her, any thing sweet Lady, that relates to *Fidelia*, whose lively Character lives warm in my Breast.

—Early in the morning, I arose with the Sun, and dressing my self in my Pilgrims Weeds, *Sylvia* discovers me, and awakens *Samis*, who runs to her Mother that came and stop'd me. What mean you sweet heart (said the Lady *Morality*) so soon to leave us? Does any thing offend thee? Prithee excuse us, and it shall be amended; or if any thing dislike thee, we'll remedy that too. To which I reply'd, dearest Madam, there was nothing disliked me, nor did any offend me, but I was troubled I had brought nothing pleasurable to please her. Yes, the Lady answer'd, thou thy self art pleasurable, and I dare confidently presume to my Daughter's most desirable. To which I reply'd; the sweet Society of her Daughters, and her own Generosity were Arguments beyond express to convince me refresh'd.

Then the Lady *Morality* enquir'd my Name; and I told her my Name was *Sacra Celia*, but usually they called me by the Name of *Constantia*. Art thou sweet Lady (said she) Sister to *Androvins* of the Castle of *Fortitude*, in the shady Forest? I reply'd, dear Madam, I am that unfortunate Maid. Poor Heart, said the Lady, thou wast *Fidelia's* School-fellow. I, dear Madam, I answer'd, and her Bedfellow too. Then the Lady

Lady sought how to recompence my Love; and I told her what was done, was not now to do; there was nothing wanting but the Enjoyments of *Fidelia*; and proffering me Money and Jewels, I refused them with a modest Reply, I had no want of neither. So she gave me her Blessing, and bid me go in peace; desiring me when I met with her Daughter *Fidelia*, to tell her how desirous she was to see her; and tell her I have sent her a Mother's Blessing, and give her this Token, and the Assurance of another of greater Value if I live to see her. So embracing my Body in both her Arms, she kiss'd my Cheeks and let me go.

By this time the Sun was climbing the Meridian, when *Sylvia* and *Samis* had prepared themselves to accompany me towards the Fountain *Salutis*; where we embraced, and kiss'd one another, and wept together almost to an Excess. Then I gave a Jewel to the admirable *Samis*, and another I gave to her Sister *Sylvia* (for I dearly loved her) and it was the same Jewel *Fidelia* gave me. But when they return'd to their Lady Mother, and discoursing and discovering the Presents, I presented them. The good Lady in a Passion, burst forth into Tears, and cry'd out, O *Fidelia*! my dearest *Fidelia*! I am guilty of Ingratitude to this sweet Virgin thou so dearly lovest, and art of her as dearly beloved. But of this tragical part I was ignorant till afterwards.

Now when I was separated from these sweet Associates, I wept as I went to the Fountain *Salutis*, where I sat down thinking to refresh myself, when an Apparition presented in the Figure of a Man, cloathed all in white, bright and shining; who directing himself towards me, ask'd whether I was going? And I precipitantly answer'd him, to seek my *Fidelia*. To which he reply'd with a reserved Gravity, I thought thou wert seeking for the *New Jerusalem*, and was got above the World and transient things; which Sentence so confused me, that like a Mute, I was altogether silent. In the mean time he vanish'd, and left no Impression; And I seeking to find him, found him withdrawn, which exceedingly troubled me, so I began to contemplate.

Contemplation.] To contemplate the Elements; Fire, Air, Earth, and Water; the Element of Fire is most supremely glorious; which by the Wisdom of God was divinely ordained to illustrate the Creation, and animate the Creature; for there is not any thing that has Life and Motion, but the Sun by Ordination is it's natural Parent; and is beyond Dispute, the Cause of Production; consequently of Vegetation, by the Law of Providence; as most manifestly appears by the Progeny of Vegetables, and the Induration and Proximity of Metals and Minerals. So

So of the Moon, if when to calculate her Peregrination, and make an Assumptiat of her Monthly Progression; we find her spread her Rays universally o're the Ocean, and influencing Animals; more especially if when to consider the Female Sex.

The Air also to contemplate, is of Divine Wonder; for by Rarefaction, it insinuates into the inmost Region of Fire. And as the Fire communicates it's Heat to the Air, so the Air breaths forth a natural Warmth, which by Solar Influence impregnates the Earth: Thus the Air we see has an additional Vertue, and Inferiours enrich'd and better'd by Superiours. Moreover as a Magnet, it transmutes and transforms the Element of Water into it self; for that Water is easily convertible into Air, nothing more manifest, nor any thing more certain than that Air by Rarefaction sublimates into Fire: And this is the Doctrine of Elementary Transmutation.

But the Water to contemplate, admits of Speculation, notwithstanding its Fluctuation, Perceptibility, Visibibility, and Tangibility. Moreover, it's a Reception for Fish and Fowl; frequently evacuating and purging its Ejectments, as the Air does when disburdening it self of fuliginous Exhalations. But the Water incircles and surrounds the Earth, thro' Inlets and Cavities, which in Process make Springs; which Springs in their Progress, at last become Revulets, so from Rivulets to Rivers, they salute the Ocean. But

But Earth, as the Centre of all the Elements, is fill'd with Animation, Vegetation, and Natural Production. Nor can it be said to be void of Motion, since the rest as in a Circle move by Rotation: Yet not that I think as *Copernicus* dreamt, that the Sun stands still, and the Earth turns round; but rather I comply with the Opinion of the Ancients, that the Earth stands still, and the Orbs move about it. Altho' I am not ignorant that the Earth has a Motion, but then we must consider It by the Law of Vegetation. Now to sum up all in a short Compendium; The Sun by his Beam influenceth the Stars, and impregnates the Air with its Sovereign Vertue; which the Air no sooner conceives and embraces, but immediately it transmits it to the Earth, and the Ocean. And that's the Reason as to my former Observation, that Roots and Fruits dwell not in one Element; the Wisdom of the Divinest from Eternity so order'd it; to whom for ever be everlasting Praises.

Adventure.] After Contemplating the Elements, and transient things; I went from the Well, wandering too and fro till I discovered a Shepherd feeding his Flock; to whom I repair'd, and enquir'd for a Town: But he told me there was none within three Miles distance, except a small Village half a Mile before me, that was call'd by the name of the

the *Sandy Village*; which I chose to sleep in, rather than the Fields. - So I left the Shepherd, and went to the Village, where I saw several Maidens discoursing together, and some of them by their Behaviour seem'd to deride me, because having on a Pilgrims Habit: So looking about me to supply my Defects, one of the Maids came modestly to me, and courteously ask'd me what 'twas I sought for? And I told her for a House of Entertainment. But she answer'd, there was none such within two Miles, but if I would go with her to her Father's House, she would endeavour to entertain me the best she could.

So I thanked the Virgin, and went along with her, till she brought me to the Door of her Father's House, where there sat a Woman that I suppos'd her Mother; and truly so it was, who bid me welcome to what she had; and I return'd her my Thanks, whither I had any thing or nothing, since now I had got a House over my Head. But it was not long before her Father came in, which happened to be the Shepherd I had formerly spoke to; who no sooner saw me, but bid me kindly Welcome: For Stranger (said he) I was told thou wert here, by a Man all in White, and shining Apparel, and I find his Words true, but who it was told me, that I know not. Indeed I am but a very poor Man, but such as I have thou art welcome to it; and I return'd him Thanks, by

by accepting his Kindness, and seem'd willing to partake of what there was, where withal to eat and refresh my self. Afterwards the good Man seem'd to be much troubled, because he knew not well where to lodge me. So he ask'd me if I pleas'd to sleep with his Daughter, (whose name was *Amanda*) and I told him I desir'd no other Companion, which pleas'd the Shepherd well, and so it did me; for the Maid was modest, and somewhat religious.

Now the Night had enclosed us round about; when *Amanda* in Bed enquired of me, whither, and to what place travelling in my Pilgrims Weed, for she thought me a Pilgrim? And I told her, in search of my dear *Fidelia*. To which she reply'd, You look like a Pilgrim, and truly I thought you was seeking for *Sion*. And I answered her again, Thou art not mistaken; but I want my *Fidelia* and *Evangelist* to guide me. And she sighing, reply'd, How glad should I be, if I might be admitted to go along with thee: For (saith she) we are kept here in a State of Ignorance, and our Rector tells us a Story of *Jerusalem*, and sometimes he tells us of *Sion's* King; but he knows not the King, nor the way to his Palace. Then I unfolded the History and Mystery of Jesus, his Divinity incarnate with our Humanity; his Mystrious Nativity; his Miraculous Life; his Bloody Agony; his Un-

Unparalleled Passion, his Glorious Crucifixion, and Divine Ascension. At which poor Heart she bitterly wept; and as she wept she would sigh, and oft cry out, O dear Pilgrim, let me go with thee: And why with me, to leave Father and Mother? I want Expressions wherewith to endear thee. And she replied, Nothing can more endear me than your virtuous Society. So she wept and slept, yet slept but a little; for oft starting in her sleep, she would sigh and cry out, O Dear Pilgrim, let me go with thee.

Now by that time the Sun had drest the Creation, I arose from the place whereon we slept; and after some Refreshment, and returns of Thanks to the Shepherd and his Wife for my friendly Entertainment, I hastned my departure all I could; but *Amanda* perceiv'd she could not so part, for the poor Heart, must see me out of Town; and passing thro' a Common she sighed and wept, and begg'd as she went to go along with me. Then I answered her, She wanted her Parents consent; go and procure leave of thy Father and Mother, and when thou hast that, then come to me. I, but (she reply'd) where shall I find thee? And I told her I would be at the Lady *Hospitality's*. She answer'd me again, She knew not the place, but she would endeavour to find it out. So I kissed her Cheek, and left her weeping, and went away: But I was not gone

gone far, when looking behind me, she stood like a Statue, or a thing without motion, in the very same posture of weeping as I left her ; which compell'd me to return back, and bid her not be troubled, but take this as a Pledge to purchase a Consent ; and prithe, my *Amanda*, be not long from me. To which she reply'd with ardent Expressions, I'll give half my Life to go along with thee. So after she had sigh'd and sob'd a while, we both parted in Tears, and the Storm was over.

But *Amanda*, to speak truth, was as good as her Word, for it was not long before she found me out, telling me she had purchased her Liberty with my Patrimony ; for the Jewel which I gave her, she gave to her Father ; and he because ignorant as to things of Value, carried it to a Jeweler in the Town of *Extravagancy*, and shewing it to him, he enquired where he had it : And her Father told him, it was his Daughters, and that a Pilgrim lately gave it to her. How ! says the Jeweller, a Pilgrim give it her ; if the Times wou'd bear it, I'd turn Pilgrim my self. Wilt thou sell this Jewel, and I'll give thee the value. But her Father made answer, he must ask his Daughter. Do so, said the Jeweller, and I'll be thy Chapman.

So when her Father came back to the *Sandy Village*, he acquainted his Wife with what had pass'd betwixt him and the Jeweller concerning

cerning the Jewel; and her Mother (because naturally sordid and covetous) told her Husband she would soon get *Amanda's* consent: And truly, there was but little difficulty in that, for *Amanda* her self proffer'd the Jewel, if provided her Mother would but let her go, and absent her self some five or six Months. Which was granted to her upon resignation of the Jewel; and the Jewel was sold for three hundred Marks, which her Father laid out in Flocks of Sheep, to advance his Estate, and augment her Fortune; for they had no Child but the vertuous *Amanda*: Whose Estate was no sooner rumour'd up and down, but *Amanda* had Servants and Sweet-hearts enow; and she resolv'd to serve them all alike, desir'd of her Parents to hasten her departure; and fearing they design'd to circumvent her, she privately withdrew, and convey'd her self to me.

And now my *Amanda* arrives at the Palace, and because to forget my Maiden Name, she unadvisedly enquires for the fair Pilgrim; and the People she spoke too as ignorant as her self of the foreign Name of the fair Pilgrim, was about to deny me, and had certainly done so, if provided accidentally I had not pass'd by, and hearing her Voice, I call'd out *Amanda*, my dear *Amanda* wilt thou go with me? Now the Reason that I us'd her own Expressions, was because I apprehended she might the better know me;
and

and the startling, poor Girl, to hear her Name, look'd wishly upon me, but because not having on my Pilgrims Weed, she knew me not. When I spake to her the second time, she remember'd my Voice ; and looking more wishly and stedfastly upon me, she sunk to the Ground, and I bowing my Body to raise her up, she sigh'd and spake softly to me ; Art thou, O fair One, my beloved Pilgrim, that told me the Story of the Holy Jesus ? To which I reply'd, Art thou my *Amanda*, the Shepherd's Daughter of the *Sandy Village* ? So she sigh'd, and I embracing her, she sunk in my Arms ; and the Maidens about us brought her into the Palace, where the Virgins entertain'd her with all Civility.

Not long after that, I put her upon an Embasie, to go to the Castle of my Brother *Androvius*, and deliver him a Letter ; and she poor Girl disputes no Difficulties, but dresses her self in my Pilgrims Weed, and I gave her my Letters, with a certain Jewel, and full Instructions how to manage the Affair, remitting the little Circumstances to her self, for I knew her Discreet. So she went from me to my Brother *Androvius* ; but coming to the Castle, the Porter stopt her, enquiring her Business, and what she came for ? And she told him she had a Letter to his Lord. To which he reply'd, He would hand it to him. Not so, she answered him, she

she must deliver it her self. Then he call'd to the Servants, and two Maidens presented, who led her into the Castle to my Brother *Androvius*, who ask'd her Name? And she told him *Amanda*. Of whence are you (said *Androvius*) and what's your Business? And she told him she was come on a slender Embassy, but had brought her Credentials; So presenting him the Letter, and he viewing the Superscription, kiss'd the Letter, and about to open it, the Jewel dropt forth. This is a Confirmation of my *Sacra Celia*; make much of the Pilgrim, to morrow I'll discourse her, and make ready her Dispatches to hasten her departure. So retiring himself, my *Amanda* withdrew.

Now the Maidens, to shew her what Civility they could, invites *Amanda* first into the Garden, from thence to the Orchard to gather Fruit; after that they ascended into the gilded Arbor, where she had a fair prospect into the Fields and the Forest. So consulting with her self how to make an escape, and disintangle her self from ensnaring Questions; she kept her Council whilst the Maidens withdrew; one of them to fetch Cream, Rose-water and refin'd Sugar; but the other was busied about gathering of Strawberries, whilst *Amanda* convey'd her self thro' the solitary Walk, so privately withdrew into a shady Wood, where she conceal'd her self, and left her Attendants to

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to excuse their remissness, but more properly she left them without an excuse; who not knowing what to say when the Pilgrim should be call'd for; they consulted together to pretend her at rest, in hopes to find her again before Morning. But it happen'd contrary to their Expectation; for they saw her no more, notwithstanding their search.

Now when *Amanda* was come back to the Palace, she recounted her Progress, with all the Circumstances, which was a pleasant and pretty Diversion: Upon which I disguised a certain young Man in a Shepherds Weed, to go to the Village, under a pretence to buy some Sheep, or rather design'd to enquire of *Amanda*; whose Mother made answer, She was gone a gadding, in search of a strange wandring She Pilgrim, that beyond all dispute had certainly enchanted her; for she knew not where she was, nor no Body else: And two Days ago here was three brave Gentlemen came on purpose to Court her, and for ought she knew might have made her a Lady; but she was never in the way to do good to her self, nor in her Opinion to any Body else: And then again here's half a dozen of our own Neighbours Sons that are ready to hang and to drown themselves for her; but it's all one to her, for she regards them no more than a Rush peelling. Which Account when I had heard, I smil'd upon *Amanda*, and she blushing,

ing, and smil'd return'd me this answer, Were my Love to any thing (dear Madam) more than to *Sacra Celia*, I would save some of my Sweethearts the labour of dying: And if Love be a Passion incident to both Sexes, pray Madam excuse me for loving of you. I, but my *Amanda*, the time expires, and now you must be thinking of enlarging your Parole. To which she seemingly unwillingly consented too, lest doubting I might leave her before her return; which truly happen'd so: For I habited my self in the same Pilgrims Weed, and privately withdrew, leaving only a Letter directed for *Amanda*; the Contents were as followeth: *If Amanda shall happily receive this Letter, then let her know that Constantia lives, and is gone in search of her dear Fidelia. So that if Amanda truly love Constantia, as Constantia admires her admirable Fidelia; enquire of Evangelist, and he will direct thee. So farewell.*

Now after I had wander'd most part of the Night, about break of Day I sat down to rest me; but as soon as the Sun had gilded the Firmament, I girded up my Weed, and directing my Course towards a pleasant Grove, that stood upon a swelling Ascent of Ground, facing the East; I enter'd the Wood, where I found Chest-nuts, and Wall-nuts, and Filbert-Trees in abundance; of which I gather'd plenty, for my present supply; so laid me down to sleep, till the heat

heat of the Day, and the strokes of the Sun were over-ballanc'd with Clouds. But towards Evening I arose, and tracing the Meadows, the Verdure and Redolency of the beauteous Creation, made me almost neglect my self, because to forget my Nights Accommodation. At length I espy'd a most sumptuous Rock, elevated on a Hill, supervising the Vallies; thither it was I went, and finding no Inmates, I consulted with my self to repose there that Night.

So I gathered some Rushes that grew near the Rock, and I strewed them about my new design'd Apartment, near to the Precipice of this admirable Rock, to which there belong'd a narrow small Avenue that open'd as to my Observation by the side of the Hill; of which I took notice, and the rather in regard of my former Resolution to rest there that Night. So that after I had order'd my slender Affair, I laid me down silently to rest; when on a sudden and unexpectedly I heard a great noise, and most horrid and impious Blasphemies and Impieties, as if Hell was in an uproar, and *Pluto* in danger of some Invasion; which occasion'd me privately to withdraw my self, towards the skirts and brow of the Rock, and the Moon favouring me with a glimmering Light, I stole down the Precipice, which meander'd to and fro, till I came to the bottom, where I propounded
to

to my self, that in some reasonable measure I had not only escaped the difficulty of getting down the Hill, but the danger of Hell, and those hellish Inmates: Then I sighed for Day, which at last appear'd, and presented it self to my great refreshment. So I bless'd the Supreamest that releas'd me from Death, and from those Tormentors, the Terror of Hell.

Now when I had wander'd most part of the Night, and the blushing Sun began to appear, I found my self walking in a fragrant Meadow, where the Oxen were grazing in a solitary Savana, and many purling Rivulets mingling their Streams to my great Diversion; yet could I not forget those impious Internals that roosted in the Rock, or more properly to term it, the Suburbs of Hell. From thence I ascended a swelling Ground, where I see variety of Flocks of Sheep, where looking for the Shepherds that kept the Sheep, I found one sitting on a brow of a Bank, with an Oaten Reed or Pipe in his Hand, for he was Piping; who fancying me a Nymph, began to sing a Sonnet in Praise and Commendation of the fair *Amanda*, and of all her Amourers that lamented her absence, during her solitary Retirement in Pilgrimage.

So when he had ended his Pastoral Song, with a sigh at parting, as Lovers us'd to do, he folded his Arms, and sat silently down; and

and then it was I presented before him (concluding him by this in a profound Melancholly) and he as I fancied supposing me *Amanda*, the delicate Nymph he so much applauded, arose from the Bank whereon he sat, to invite me to a CrySTALLINE purling Spring, not far from the place where he sat Piping. So I went with him thither and refresh'd my self, whilst he in the mean time hastned to the Village, to signifie to the People he had seen a Vision, or the fair *Amanda*, he knew not whether: But before his return I had withdrawn my self, whereby they concluded themselves abused, otherwise the poor Shepherd most miserably deluded.

And now I am come to the last Stage of my Journey; for a little before Sun-set wandering up and down, I was got into a large and spacious Field, over-run with Thorns, Brambles and Briers, besides other Rubbish that cumber'd the ground; where gazing about me to find my lost Path, to direct me if possible out of this solitary Desert; and I espy'd a Coach drawn by six black Horses, and a ragged train of Link-Boys following them: Now the Coach as they drove came directly upon me, and I finding no way nor means to escape them, it put me upon resolution to manage the Encounter with all the female Courage I had: So when they came up, there was but two in the Coach, and one

one of them to my thinking look'd like an overgrown Seminary, but the other like a Cashier'd weather-beaten Soldier, who by his Crutches seem'd to me a Cripple; and they strictly enquiring of me who I was, and from whence I came, and whether I was going? I resolutely told them I was a Stranger, and a distressed Pilgrim, as they might see by my Habit. What (said the Priest) are you going to *Lauretto*? And I told him no; I was travelling to *Sion*. A Heretick (cry'd the Priest) I'll pawn my Mattins on't! And I'll be hang'd (said the Cripple) if she be'n't fled for Religion; let's have her to the Inquisition, for the Inquisitors to torture her. No, says the Priest, let's doom her to Purgatory, where I'll sink her so deep for ten thousand Years, that the Deity she adores shan't have Power to release her.

All this while I kept Silence, and reply'd not one Word; What! (says the Cripple) have you lost your Tongue? And I answered him No, nor my Religion neither. Why Prattle-box (said the Priest) what mean you by Religion? And I told him I was thinking of the New Commandment of the Holy Jesus, *To love one another*. Confound her for a Witch, (cries the Mercenary Soldier) she makes me tremble to hear her so Profane: Let's send her to *Proserpina*, (crys the overgrown Priest) I like not her Discourse, nor her Religion neither. Her Discourse, (said the

L Cripple

Cripple) she speaks nothing but Heresie and as for her Religion, it's all Blasphemy In my Conscience (said the Priest) I think too ; She's some Protestant Heretick, let burn her alive, and put no more Questions but command her to unvail. Which I refusing to undo ; they commanded their Slave which rudely compell'd me. And seeing my Face (or else they dissembled) the Cripple baul'd aloud, A Saint by Saint Fago ! But the Seminary roar'd out, and swore I was an Angel. Then I told them, If I was either as to their Apprehension, it was Argument enough they had nothing with me, nor did I think my self a Companion for them, for I was a Pilgrim, in my Pilgrimage for *Sion* and devoted to the Service of the *Holy Jesus* the Creator, Redeemer, and the Saviour of the World. Drive on, Coachman, (cry'd out the Cripple.) Away, away, (cry'd the overgrown Priest) I smell a strong scent of a Protestant Heretick. So they hurried all away ; but the Priest was so frightened and so was the Cripple, they could scarcely speak.

By this time they were got about a quarter of a Mile, *Frumingus* and *Gonbello* were remanded back to secure my Person, or drive me after them ; but they fell into a Dispute concerning my Religion ; and *Gonbello* swore I deserv'd to be burnt. Burnt ! For what (*Frumingus* reply'd ?) For a Heretick, (said

Gonbello)

Gonbello) a Heretick Witch. What, (said *Frumingus*) burn a Saint for a Witch! A Saint, (said *Gonbello*) she's more like a Devil! How can that be, (said *Frumingus*) when our Masters themselves thought her an Angel? Trouble not your Head, (said *Gonbello*) they know her well enough; and I myself know her to be a Protestant Witch; What were you blind? Did not you see how the Horses run, and our Masters I'm sure were as much frightned as the Horses? For in my Conscience neither of them durst look behind them? Frightned! (said *Frumingus*) I observ'd no such thing; but rather to my Observation they admir'd her Beauty. Confound her for a Witch, (said *Gonbello*) and a Heretick Bitch; she that could make my Master run; I'll make her run, or I'll make her burn.

But a Bramble by accident scratching *Gonbello's* Hand, (for a little thing troubled him) he to revenge himself lets fly upon me; and *Frumingus* interposing, the more it inrag'd *Gonbello*, who was naturally furious, but fearful and foolish, (and nothing more cowardous) who reaching the second time to strike at my Face, he struck *Frumingus*, who caution'd him to forbear, lest such another Provocation might also enrage him. I'll venture that (said *Gonbello*) and tell your Master (to boot) that you're turn'd Confederate with a Heretick Witch. Tell my Ma-

fter what you will, (*Frumingus* reply'd) I value not your Prattle, your impertinent Stories; all the World knows they're Nonsense. But since you resolve to tell my Master for nothing, I'm also resolv'd you shall tell him for something: So he falls upon *Gonbello* with a good Bastinado, and faint-hearted *Gonbello*, because feeling the smart, roars and crys out, O Heretick Dog! What rescue a Witch, a Protestant Devil, or something that's worse? I'll go fetch those Furies that shall quickly uncharm you, and it may be her too, that so cunningly bewitch'd you. So he fled away from us.

Now when *Gonbello* was gone, *Frumingus* spake as followeth; *Christian Maid and Pilgrim*, for such you appear, hasten your escape to save your Life, that I also may escape the fury of Purgatory; for you are just now on the Suburbs of Hell, from whence neither Prayers nor Tears can retrieve you. And whilst he yet spake, a most horrid foetid and fuliginous Fume ascended out of the bowels or bosom of the Earth, intermingled with Fire, and bituminous Flames, with most horrible and hideous Claps of Thunder, that made the Rocks shake, and the Æther to ecchoe; when on a sudden I felt somewhat pull me by the Sleeve, and as suddenly turning me to see what I would see who should I see but blessed *Evangelist*, that bid me to follow him; which incontinently I did and *Frumingus* follow'd me, but I perceiv'd him

not when *Evangelist* told me of the present Danger I was then in, as also the hazard of my Life in the Rock ; but he bid me be cheerful and comfort my self with Divine Contemplation of the *Holy Jesus* ; and promis'd that Day I should see my *Fidelia*, which came to pass to my great Satisfaction.

And now to my remembrance it was break of Day, when I discover'd *Frumingus* running hastily after me ; and I ask'd him, If he delighted in nothing but Blood ; for in the ruin of a poor and innocent Maid, what could he expect more than my Life ? To which he reply'd, Dear Madam fear not ; I am not now labouring to save my own Life, tho' Hell be in an uproar, and hunting for you ; yet if I am found there's no redemption for me. Then I ask'd him, What he thought was best to be done ? And he told me the best Course in his Opinion, was to follow those Instructions of my Holy Guide, (for such to him he appear'd to be) and such I am sure he was to me. Well *Frumingus*, (I reply'd) I shall follow your Advice, and my Holy Guide's Steps as near as I can. But what must I do (said *Frumingus* to me ?) Thou art safe enough (reply'd *Constantia*) in the Arms of Safety, tho' I live always in the bosom of *Despair*. But Madam, (said *Frumingus*) here's a Wood hard by, where for some time we may conceal our selves, and I'll be Centinel, and climb up some Tree to

secure your Life; for I value not my own, so that to preserve your excellent Vertues; what shall I do, but resolve to dye, nor will I ever be taken alive?

Thus whilst we discours'd, we employ'd our feet as nimbly to my Fancy as we did our Tongues. And I ask'd *Frumingus* his Masters Name? Who told me, his Master was that overgrown Priest, *Dardunder's* Substitute, and Provincial of Hell. Then I enquir'd who it was that *Gonbello* serv'd? And he answer'd me, *Ignatius Lyola*, that spawn'd the Infernal Brood of Jesuits; a Man that had infected most Monarchs in the World, and could when he pleas'd Metamorphose Murderers into Saints, Martyrs into Enthusiasts, the Religious into Prisons, and Protestant Princes doom them to Death for Hereticks. Well, *Frumingus*, I thank you to commiserate my Condition, and Resolves in the defence of an innocent Maid; but you must excuse me not to follow your Advice, and take up Sanctuary in those Solitary Woods; I shall follow my Guide, but thou hast thy freedom to go where thou wilt: Yet if thou hast a mind to live with my Brother, I'll use my Interest to recommend thee to him. To which he reply'd, But how shall I know him, and rashly to impose Service upon a Gentleman, (you know Madam) that would look oddly? Then I bid him use my Name, and he would kindly and friendly treat him. But

But *Frumingus* still reply'd, I know not his Name; and how shall I entreat him I never knew? Make haste, I bid him, to the Castle of *Fortitude*, and there enquire for my Brother *Androvius*. What, said *Frumingus*, the Lord *Androvius*? Yes, I told him that was my Brother: Go thy ways and tell him, *Sacra-Celia* lives. At which, *Frumingus* more than amaz'd, and incapable of Motion, sunk to the Ground; who, as soon as he recover'd, and came to himself, cry'd out, O dear Madam! and are you *Sacra-Celia*? Let your Virtues live to blast the Vice of your Adversaries, I'll obey your Commands, and faithfully serve your Brother. Go then, *Frumingus*, and tell him of my Health, and where we parted, and the Reason I writ not; and take this Jewel to defray thy Charges, and that other enclos'd shall be thy Credentials; and tell my Brother I am seeking whom he loves, and hope before Night to be in her Arms: do as I bid you, and I bid the farewell. Soon after *Frumingus* and I were separated, I was in a Rapture, and thus I express'd my self.

Rapture] Supreamest! With the Devotion of Saints, and the Piety of Angels, let me divinely contemplate the Super-Celestial Beauty, and Incomprehensible Majesty of the Infinite, all Glorious and Invincible *Jehovah*, the Original Source and Being of Life,

Life, and efficient Cause and Emanation of Light; the Springs and Fountain of Wisdom and Knowledge, from whence all our Blessings divinely flow, as freely and naturally, as the gliding Streams of Rivers and Rivulets, flow from the swelling Flux of the Ocean.

O thou, the Divine Maker of all that was made; for whatever was made, was made by thy Wisdom, and thou the Sovereign Preserver of all that is; for that which is, is upheld by thy Providence. But the future Resolves of what shall be, remain a Secret in the Bosom of him that made the whole, and preserves the part; the things therefore that were, and things which are, the Bounty of him that made them, maintains them; for the Glorious Creator that made the World, and the visible Things, by his infinite Power, preserves the World and invisible Beings; who made his Invisibleness visible in the Work of the Creation, and the Likeness of his Invisibleness to shine in the Creature; that manifested his Glory in the Beauty of his Son, when incarnating the Divinity with Virgin-Purity; that makes obvious himself in the Holy Ghost, thro' the Sanctity and Piety of Life in the Saints; so that the Lustre and Beauty of visible Things, represent to us the invisible Glories; and the Sanctimony of Life that inwardly shines, remonstrates the Glories of invisible Powers.

The

The Virtue therefore of Created Beings, make manifest the Power of him that made them; and the Piety of Virtue that shines in the Creature, manifests the Likeness of the Glorious Creator: But, Mortal must first put on Immortality, before we partake of immortal Glory; and Corruption must put on Incorruption, by the due Mediums of Mortification. How necessary then is Mortification, whereby our Bodies may be made Celestial? O mortifie therefore this Body of Sin, and cruate my worldly and carnal Affections with the Vanities of Life, and Concupiscence of the Flesh; that with Divine *Paul*, I may pray to be dissolved, and desire to know nothing but Christ, and him Crucified, and sweeten my Comforts with a holy Remembrance of his glorious Transfiguration with *Moses* and *Elias*, when the Mount was cover'd with an illustrious Brightness, to an amazing Beauty and celestial Glory; that *Peter* to Astonishment in a holy Trance, call'd out, *O Master! it is good to be here, let us build up three Tabernacles for Thee, and the Prophets.*

Thou hast promised to build thy Tabernacle here; O! when wilt thou lay that glorious Foundation, to mundifie Earth and make it Celestial. Thou hast given us thy sacred Oracles of Truth under Shades of the Law, and the Sun-shine of the Gospel; and hast pointed out to us the way to Hea-

ven by the Patriarchs, and the Prophets, with the Holy Men of God, that were inspir'd with Zeal to beautifie the Temple. Since then, thou hast open'd the Treasures of the Gospel, wherein we may read and trace the sanctified Lives, and holy Progress of the Saints and Apostles, with the blessed Evangelists, in their pious Pilgrimage to the *New Jerusalem*. Wherein also is contain'd the miraculous History of the holy Life, and tragical Death of our Blessed Saviour; with the sacred Mystery of his Divine Incarnation; his bloody Crucifixion, but glorious Ascension; for no less than he that made the World, to satisfie God's Justice, freely dy'd to save it.

This is a Love Men and Angels had not; the Offended dies to free the Offender; and such a Mystery as Nature knew not, the World's Creator born in the Creature. This is the Light which shines in Darkness, and the Darkness comprehends it not. The Heavenly Magnet that attracts our Souls by Divine Sympathy, into the Harmony of Union; for the Son of God, by his Divine Incarnation, transform'd himself into the Son of Man, that the Sons of Men, by his glorious Ascension, might be adopted the Sons of God. So by Regeneration, to be Born again of the Word and the Spirit, is the Heavenly new Birth, and baptized with the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, intitles us Heirs to the Kingdom

Kingdom of Heaven; for Christ's royal Death and glorious Ascension, confirms our Hope, that in the Resurrection, these mortal Bodies shall become immortal; and in some Measure, like unto his, made to shine as the Stars in Glory. This is the Vision of Eternal Life. God has given us himself, in giving us his Son; and in giving us him, he has given us Heaven. What more could be done for an undone People, than to give us Heaven, thy self and thy Son, the Lord of Life, triumphant in Death, and by Divine Conflict, over Hell victorious; yet such is our Ingratitude to this Royal Martyr, as not to send him one Sigh for all his Sufferings.

O build up thy Tabernacle to congregate the Saints, that the Divinest may delight to come and visit us, and make our Souls Temples for the H. Ghost, that the King of Glory may dwell within us, and his blessed Angels associate with us. Then shall we shine with inward Beauty, for the Soul having God in it self, is the Temple of God, wherein Divine Secrets are kept and observ'd; and as Heaven is the Throne and the Seat of God, so the Soul of a Righteous Man is his Tabernacle, and the Seat for Wisdom.

Adventure.] Now I shall briefly discourse how I parted with *Frumingus*, who liv'd, as I have told you, in the Suburbs of Hell; yet,
to

to see his Humanity and moral Pity, where with he labour'd to preserve my Life, is very markable. But in my Rapture, I was led to a beautiful Prospect, that presented *Elizium*, if on this side Eternity; for methought, as I ascended up a swelling Ground, I entered a Grove, a most pleasant Grove of various Imbellishments, with regular Walks, that directed me to a Fountain, where I refresh'd my self; from whence I went forward to a flourishing Wood, which pointed, as I apprehended, to another Ascent, where a more beautiful Prospect presented unto me. Thither I went to satisfy my Curiosity in those shady Arbours, where, to Admiration, were Aviaries, that were naturally adorn'd with flourishing Fruit-trees, which took up some time to view those Curiosities. From thence I went forwards to a Crystalline Spring, where the Birds of Paradise sat singing harmoniously; but when I came near it, and beholding there the beautiful Boughs that incircled the Arbors; the delicate Shades, and sunshiny Savanas; some of them open, and some others closed up, together, with variety of paradisaical Fruits, so deliciously Sweet, it surpass'd my Understanding.

But gazing about me, there presented a Palace, elevated on a Hill, such as before I had never seen, and the Sun in his Declination; I advanc'd to the Portal, where a Porter stood, but deny'd me Entrance; who told

told me, That none had Admittance into that select and holy Sanctuary, but such pious Pilgrims as had piously liv'd and devoted themselves and their Services for *Sion*: Then I told him I was a Pilgrim, and was directed thither; and enquir'd if *Fidelia* had a Residence there. And *Humility* overhearing me enquire for *Fidelia*, stept forth off the Portal, but her Face was cover'd, and so was mine, that we knew not one another; but she courteously asked from whence I came, and I told her from *Paduvia* and the shady Forest, from whence I was come in Search of this Place, and but lately had escaped the Sentence of Purgatory. A fictitious Fancy and Poetical Fixion, *Humility* reply'd, posted by the Superstitious, betwixt Heaven and Hell: I was of her Opinion, I told her, and knew nothing so like it, as those fiery Flames the Martyrs pass thro' when they climb the Cross. And she reply'd, It was a most Religious and Christian-like Answer, season'd with Charity, and the Measures of Piety.

So she speaking to the Porter, the Door was set open, and who should embrace me but the three Virgin Sisters, *Patience*, *Temperance* and *Charity*, but they knew me not, nor did I know them, for they, as my self, were also vailed. So the Sisters, with *Humility* took me friendly by the Hand, and led me into a spacious and most sumptuous Court,

Court, to the beautiful Entrance of a magnificent Palace so gilded with Gold that it shin'd like the Sun, which almost dazled my natural Eyes when but to look steadfastly upon it; and entring the Hall imbellish'd with Gold, there met me two other Virgins, but I knew them not; and they enquiring who I was, and from whence I came. I told them, from the Jaws of Death and Hell; but *Evangelist* by Providence had protected me hither. And was he thy Guide, said one of them to me: Yes, surely, I reply'd, he piloted me hither, and promised I should see my *Fidelia* before Sun-set.

Who must this be, said the Pilgrim *Charity*? and about to unvail her amiable Face, I discover'd the Object I so dearly lov'd. So I ran and catcht her up in my Arms, and with passionate Expressions, I call'd her my *Sylvia*; then again wishing she had been my *Fidelia*, so amaz'd all the Pilgrims, they could hardly speak, nor had they time hardly to think their own Thoughts, since every one strove who should first unvail, so that I was the last left to unvail, which no sooner was withdrawn from off my Face, but all of them knew me, and friendly embrac'd me, with such Alacrity of Joy, and loud Acclamations, that *Fidelia* heard them to her solitary Walk, remote in the Garden. Who hasting from thence to learn the Reason of this so sudden and surprising

prizing Joy, more than the rest saw her self surpriz'd; because, when to see her Sister *Charity* enfolded in the Arms of her belov'd *Constantia*; so running hastily to me, she call'd out my *Constantia*, my *Sacra-Celia Constantia*, what, no Embracements for *Fidelia*? At which I started, when hearing her Voice; and before she could well discover her Face, a sudden Surprize sunk me down to the Ground. And *Sylvia*, poor heart, because fainting with Joy, became almost as speechless, so we sank together; which was an Exercise to the rest of the Virgin Pilgrims to raise us from the Pavement, and remove us a part, where for some time, I fancy'd I slept, or it may be I slumber'd, I cannot tell whether; but when awaking, I call'd out, *Fidelia*, O my *Fidelia*, where's my *Fidelia*, my belov'd *Fidelia*? Who all this while sat silently by me, and softly, but sweetly return'd me this Answer: I am here, my *Constantia*, my dearest *Constantia*, take thy *Fidelia* unworthy of *Constantia*. Which so surpriz'd and invaded my vital Powers, enough almost to desert their natural Habitation; but they refresh'd me with Cordials, and my *Fidelia* slept with me, then all was well. So ends my Adventure.

*Some time was spent in fair Paduvia, when
 Fidelia, to Content, repay'd agen.
 And in the shady Forest, with my Brother,
 Some time was spent with loving one another.
 Then in the City of Despair, I sought
 Virtuous Fidela, but I found her not.
 And wandering to the Fountain, sought her there,
 Till all my famish'd Hopes fed with Despair,
 Points to the sandy Village; where when I came,
 I found a smothering Fire, but saw no Flame.
 Then was I guided to a Palace, where
 The Lady Hospitality dwelt there.
 From thence I went up to an ugly Rock,
 Where Lucifer's Infernals us'd to flock.
 But I escap'd their Fury; then I came
 Out of the Fire into a greater Flame.
 And met Ignatius, and an o'er-grown Priest,
 That would have sacrific'd me to the Beast:
 But good Evangelist snatcht me away,
 And so the Fox was left without his Prey.
 Then by Direction of my holy Guide,
 Hither I came, and laid the World aside.*

Now after the Expiration of some very
 few Days spent in viewing the admirable
 Imbellishments, and various Curiosities of this
 admirable Palace, I was led into a Garden,
 from thence into the Orchard, so into the
 Path that led to a Labyrinth, where I saw a
 Wilderness, and Meanders beyond Wonder
 so contriv'd by curious Artifice, as excell'd
 the

the Ingenuity of the most ingenious Arborists. But when assembling in the Bower as by Order of *Evangelist*, there presents, to our Observation, a foreign Lady with Female Attendants that approach'd the Bower; and whilst wondring who she was, and from whence she should come; *Evangelist* arose from the Seat whereon he sat, who taking the Lady by her Lily Hand, he placed her by him, so that after a Pause, and some little Silence, the Lady began to express her self as follows.

Adventure.] Honour'd Sir, you seem to all Appearance a most reverend Man, therefore my Business, and consequently my Occasion, in probability, may find the better Acceptance. I am come, it's true, from the City of *Despair*, in search of two Daughters, but the third I despair of, for to be depriv'd of all, makes my Life uncomfortable; and being told that *Evangelist* taught the Way to Heaven, I had hope to find some of my Daughters here, for to speak the Truth, they were all Religious.

Now Sir, the first Adventure from my House in *Despair*, was to the fair City of the flourishing *Paduvia*, famous for Education; and because I had educated my *Fidelin* there, I sought out *Fluvia*, and the famous Tutress *Sylvania*, where I was entertain'd with all Respects imaginable; and they recounted unto me the whole Management of
Affairs

Affairs interchangeably betwixt my *Fidelia*, and the fair *Sacra-Celia*, and of what an inseparable Union sprung up between them in their Virgin Minority, that in process of time occasion'd this Proverb, what Love so constant as that of *Sacra-Celia*, except the admirable Love of her belov'd *Fidelia*.

But as yet not fully satisfied with this Account only, I made a farther Enquiry to know how that *Fidelia* had dischar'd for her Accommodation during her Residence; to which I was answer'd, To three times the Value, which above Measure surpriz'd me. So I left *Paduvia* with a sorrowful Heart, because not to find what I sought for there, and being piloted by a Man to the Castle of *Fortitude*, the Lord *Androvius* treated me right honourably, and gave me a Narrative of all that had pass'd betwixt *Sacra-Celia* and my Daughter *Fidelia*. So that when he had ended his dolorous Discourse, I signify'd to him his fair Sister's Disguise in a Pilgrim's Weed, which seem'd a Diversion; and withal I told him of the homely Entertainment *Sacra-Celia* had with us in the City of *Despair*, all which I endeavour'd, as became me, to excuse; but he courteously answer'd me: Madam, We have heard of your liberal Bounty, your Christian Piety and daily Hespitality; so that, Madam, your House is the Magazine of Virtue, and your self the Matronefs of Piety and Reformation.

Then I beg'd him to forbear to scatter his

his Praises before a Subject altogether so unworthy; and discoursing the Departure of his Sister *Sacra-Celia*, the Scene was changed into a Subject more tragical; for he began to sigh, and so passionately to lament himself, that my female Tenderness could not but compassionate him; and thus he express'd himself; *Dear Madam, since she left the Castle of Fortitude, so long I may say I left myself; for since that Minute I have never seen her, nor heard of her, nor from her, save only a Letter that was brought by the Hand of a Maiden Pilgrim, they call'd her Amanda, which came on purpose from the Sandy Village; who no sooner presented her Letter to me, but as suddenly withdrew her self, and I saw her no more; and I sent Horsemen after her, but they brought me no Account, save only, that Amanda was withdrawn from thence; nor then could her Father, nor any body else, satisfy my People where they might find her; nor had I Skill, Madam, to erect a Scheme, so suffered an Eclipse totally to invade me, that in short, dear Madam, I have lost a Sister, and you a Daughter of inestimable Value.* So lamenting and condoling one anothers Loss, we had like to have lost ourselves in a Labyrinth; so that after two Days were compleatly expir'd, I parted from *Androvius*, steering my Course to the *Sandy Village*; but to little Purpose, as by the Sequel of the Story.

Now as soon as I arriv'd at the *Sandy Village*, I sought for *Amanda*, but no body could

could find her that had lost her self, and was not to be found; and her Mother was troubled, but her Father much more, who could not name his *Amanda* without a Volly of Tears: However he told me that his Daughter *Amanda* was gone in Search of a Female, they call'd the *Fair Pilgrim*; no body knows where, nor can any one tell when my poor *Amanda* will come again. So I left the poor Shepherd miserably perplex'd, because not to hear of his Daughter *Amanda*. I then went to *Extravagancy* to rest my self, and accommodate my People with convenient Necessaries, since the *Sandy Village* had no Entertainment. But when I came to the City of *Extravagancy*, I remember I was told of a valuable Jewel given to *Amanda* by a certain Pilgrim; and how that *Amanda* parted with the rich Jewel to purchase her Father and her Mother's Consent, to go in Search after the fair Pilgrim; and how that her Father had enrich'd himself, by selling off this Jewel to purchase Sheep; whereby he advanc'd his Daughter's Fortune: But she, poor heart, regardless of the Treasure, slighted the Jewel, and those Servants that Courted her; having withdrawn her self from her Father's House, to go in Search after the fair Pilgrim, (for so they call'd her) and indeed she was so. However, the next day I left *Extravagancy*, and travell'd to the Palace of the Lady *Hospitality*, where

where I arriv'd that Evening, and was courteously entertain'd; and where I staid some few Days, on purpose to divert my self with the Lady's sweet Society, and such a sweet Situation.

Early the next morning, as my Custom was, I walk'd abroad into a florid Field, and my Women went with me; where coming, as if directed, near a swelling Ground, most pleasantly situated and adorn'd with Trees: I heard such Harmony of Angelical Voices, as transcended the Oratory of Man to express: and examining every way from whence it might come, I beheld my Women gazing up in the Air (and seemingly astonish'd) supposing, as they thought it, the Harmony of the Spheres; but, this gave me little or no Satisfaction, till at last I discover'd three beautiful Virgins, such as before I had never seen, and all of them cloath'd in white shining Garments, kneeling on their Knees, with their Eyes toward Heaven; and desirous of their Society, I began to approach them, but was soon countermanded by the beckning of a Hand, which caution'd me, as I apprehended, to approach no nearer. So I kept my Distance, and caution'd my Women to do the like; but to hear their Harmony, and such Seraphick Hallelujahs, I thought my self already in Paradise, or the Suburbs of Heaven; and those delicate fair ones, Cherubims or Angels,

gels, for I'm convinc'd their Composition was not of Flesh and Blood; nor any thing else that was fram'd of Elements: But the Chorus being ended, one of them stept towards me, enquiring what I wanted, or what it was I sought for? I reply'd, I was seeking for the Virgin Pilgrims; to which she made Answer, You must find out *Evangelist*, for he was the Guide that would pilot me to them, and within three Days I should certainly see them: So I bow'd my Body, and they vanish'd from me; and what she told me, came truly to pass.

Contemplation.] So I began to contemplate, (by Divine Permission) the excellent and wonderful Works of God, in the Beauty of the Elements; the Creator's voluminous Folio, where the Planets and the Stars are the Marginal Notes, and the rest of Individuals, the Alphabet of Heaven. I also consider'd the Sun, with the Planets, by orbicular Motion to rowl betwixt the Tropicks; and the rest of the Constellations by a regular Motion, to keep within the Limits of their proper Station; and since all of them have Motion by Divine Direction, what can they otherwise than point out to us, the admirable Beauty, and amiable Super-excellency of the invisable Beings of superiour Glories.

The Celestial Sun therefore that influences the Creation, directs me to contemplate the

the Super - Celestial Excellency of the Son of God, that illuminates and illustrates both Heaven and Earth, and is that Supreme and Sovereign Glory that perpetually shines in the Temple of God, consequently, in the Souls of the Good and the Just. Wherefore I consider these permanent Glories, Immortal and Eternal; but the Elements, temporal and transient; and because intangled with Elementary Impediments, of themselves soon terminate in their own proper Beginnings.

For if, when to consider our natural State, and advance it to the Poize of a supernatural Being, we find our selves indigent, and altogether defective, because born of Elements in the Limits of Time; but Eternity, because having no Bound nor Limitation, makes it impossible of any Termination. Time therefore, as by the Divineſt, ſince it had a Beginning, muſt of neceſſity alſo have an End; and every thing that had a Beginning, in time, neceſſarily falls under the ſame Conclusion: But Eternity is endleſs, nor had it Beginning; for as God ever was, ſo is Eternity; becauſe Eternity is the Beam of the ſacred Majeſty; wherefore Eternity was before any Beginning; what ever thing therefore was before any Beginning, and was never made, that Excellency muſt be underſtood the Divine Maker.

This

This is God, the chiefeſt Good, which truly to know is Life eternal; yet God may be known in the Work of the Creation, as alſo in the Beauty and Luſtre of the Creature; the ſacred Scriptures alſo are the Oracles of God, which point out to us the high Way to Heaven, and is a ſure and infallible Guide, which alſo declares of the Son of God, the Wiſdom, Beauty and Glory of the Father. This is the true, and the ſaving Knowledge; for the Divineſt that made the World, gave himſelf a Sacrifice to ſave it; otherwiſe, how were it poſſible to come unto God, did not the Son of God invite us: And who alſo by VViſdom has preſerv'd the VVorld ever ſince Time and the VVorld had beginning; who appear'd to the Patriarchs, as alſo to the Prophets; but then 'twas under Tropes and Types of the Law; but to the Apoſtles, and the primitive Chriſtians, under the moſt glorious Sunshine of the Goſpel.

Adventure.] Now in the Evening, as we ſat together, ſometimes diſcourſing of the Virgin Pilgrims, and their pious Pilgrimage towards the Courts of *Sion*, the Lady breaks forth into an inordinate Paſſion, accompany'd with ſuch an immoderate VVeeping, that I could not refrain but mingle Tears with her. Ah! Madam, ſaid the Lady, this is that Arbour, that ſolitary Arbour, the Vir-

gin *Sacra-Celia* frequently frequented to console herself; Console did I say, I mean Condole herself; for a certain Female she called *Fidelia*. Now the Name of *Fidelia* made me almost faint, but struggling with my self, I kept my Countenance, and the Lady went on. O Madam! said she, The dolorous Complaints this sweet Virgin made for her Idol, as I may term her (the fair *Fidelia*) were enough, one would think, to mollify a Diamond. And truly, as she express'd it with ardency and passion, I was almost convinc'd into her Perswasion; and she perceiving me in some measure affect her Discourse, it affected her to think me affected. So closing up her Discourse with her admirable *Fidelia*; she blusht, but she wept as she went to the Palace.

Dear Madam I'll tell you (said the Lady *Hospitality*) one Evening about Sun-set, this poor *Sacra Celia* speedily starts up, and speedily hastens to convey herself to this solitary Arbour; and I observing her make such unnecessary haste, as hastily as I could I made haste after her, and without her discovery, had so conceal'd my self, that I heard her unburden her sorrowful Bosom: For having situated my self where I might hear all she spake, and as visibly discern all her Melancholy Actions, which in a great measure I did, to my great Astonishment. As soon as she came into this solitary Arbour, she fold-

ed her Arms about her slender Wastè, and cry'd out *Fidelia*, O my dearest *Fidelia*! why answerest thou not thy forsaken *Sacra Celia*? Then would she stop, and remain silent a while, as if waiting an answer from her Oracle *Fidelia*.

One time I remember she mightily surpris'd me, expostulating with her self. O injurious *Sacra Celia*, what, violate Morality, and the Law of Friendship? Thou hast lost thy *Fidelia*, the Glory of Females, and now thou are about to lose thy self; for were it otherwise, *Fidelia*, the Glory of her Sex, would find thee out, or procure thee some means to find out her. See, see, *Sacra Celia*, *Fidelia* rejects thee, renounce thy Folly and reclaim thy self, otherwise she'll impute thee a negligent Lover; and surely such thou art, since thou art not thy self; for had *Sacra Celia* known how to love Virtue, then had she known how to love her *Fidelia*, who well enough knows the value of Virtue, and as well knows how to value her Friend.

Then pausing a while, she would passionately cry out again, O *Sacra Celia*! thou art unkind to thy self, in being unkind to the fair *Fidelia*. *Fidelia* knows how to value kindness, because it's a Virtue innated in her; but thou hast no prospect of the one nor the other, therefore sit thee down, and learn to be silent. So she sat down and fell weeping.

weeping, till she rais'd a flood enough to deluge her, which made me so sensible, I embark'd in Tears ; for I could not restrain nor hardly refrain to enter the Arbour upon that passionate occasion, lest fearing she should offer some Violence to her self ; so dishonour the Sex, and reflect on her Relations. By and by she fetcht such a bottomless Sigh, and so accompanied with an Armado of Tears, that she shak'd all the Powers and Faculties in me. At last she starts up, and stood listning a while, fancying to her self that *Fidelia* discours'd her. Then again she diverted me by framing Responses, as if their Echo's had mutually responded ; and one time she fancied that *Fidelia* call'd her ; when looking round about to find out *Fidelia*, she fancyed her Apparition direct to the Palace ; so rising up hastily, she run into the House, which gave me an occasion to enlarge my Confinement.

But (Madam) this Virgin *Fidelia*, as describ'd by *Sacra Calia*, tho' I had never seen her, yet I am apt to believe her the Miracle of her Sex. To which I replied, (nor could I be longer silent) Dear Madam, I must confess my self her unhappy Mother. Unhappy dear Madam, (the Lady made answer) to honour the Sex with such an admirable Blessing. Yes, truly, dear Madam, I may call my self unhappy, because when depriv'd the Blessing of Children ; for if Children be a

Blessing, as so esteem'd by most, especially by those that have them not; how miserably Comfortless are those that bear them, when depriv'd that necessary Virtue of enjoying them. So beginning to lament my Tragical Condition, the Lady starts up, and took me by the hand; come, Madam, said she, let us walk to the Palace, thinking, as I apprehended, by that means to divert me. So I went along with her, but early the next Morning I hastned my departure; so left the good Lady somewhat discontented, as I my self was at that time discomposed. And this in short is all my Adventure.

Rapture.] Superlative Glory, Inspire me with Wisdom and a Holy Gratitude to multiply Praises to the King of Saints, for his immense Favours, and accumulated Blessings, when so gloriously to manifest himself in the Virgin.

And let me double my Devotion with a devout Reverence, and incessant Praises to the King of *Sion*, and magnify the Greatness of his Sovereign Goodness, for the Virtue and Sweetness of inward Peace.

And let me bring an Oblation of unfeign'd Sighs, the marks and evidences of a Penitent Breast; that with Praises and Prayers to the Prince of Peace, I may offer up an Offering with Floods and Tears to bathe the beautiful Porch of the Temple.

With

With the Devotion of Saints let me come to thy Sanctuary, and pay my Vows to the King of Glory that Conquer'd Death, and led Captivity Captive, and extol him with Praises for ever and ever, so liberally to treat us with the bounty of Heaven.

With a pious humiliation let me humbly ascend the Sacred Shrines of the Altar of God ; and with submissive Addresses, send up Praises and Prayers unto the Divineſt that ſits on the Throne, whoſe Kingdom is endleſs, and whoſe Love is everlaſting.

With the Piety of Angels let me prostrate my Adorations, and before the Supreamest with a Holy Veneration ; let me offer up my Praises with devout Prayers to the Sacred Three that bear Record in Heaven, viz. The Father, the Son, and the Blessed Spirit, which to know is Wiſdom and Eternal Life ; for the knowledge of God is Life Eternal.

With a ſanctified Obedience, thro' the viſion of Faith, let me reverently approach the Holy of Holys. And before the great and Sovereign Jehovah, the Lord of Hoſts, Triumphant in Glory, with all the Devotion of Men and Angels ; let me ſend up my Prayers with everlaſting Praises, to extol and magnify the Maſteſty of the Father ; the Wiſdom, Beauty and Glory of the Son, the Sanctity, Excellency and Divinity of the Holy Ghoſt ; the Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity ; one God eternally

nally Blessed, to whom for ever be everlasting Praises.

O let thy marvellous Works, the Wonders in the Deeps, the Signs in the Heavens, the Miracles on Earth, the Vertue of Visibles, and Beauty of Invisibles Praise thee.

Let Altitude and Profundity, let the Elements and Inholists, those Luminous Bodies of Sun, Moon and Stars, with the Constellations, Praise thee.

Let Superiours and Inferiours from the Throne to the Threshold; let Nature and her Operations, and all the Creatures in this stupendous Creation, Praise thee.

Let the Heavenly Virtues, and Terrestrial Powers; let the Saints and the Martyrs, with the Prophets and the Holy Men of God, Praise thee.

Let the Patriarchs, the Apostles, and the Blessed Evangelists, with all the Host of Heaven, and Cœlestial Glories, Praise thee.

Let the Hierarchy of Cherubims, with the beauty of Seraphims, of Angels and Arch-Angels, with Dominions, Thrones, Principalities and Powers, Praise thee.

And let the Harmony of Heaven univocally in Divine Raptures, with Angellick and Seraphick Hallelujahs unto the Supremest, eternally Sing Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, Glory, Glory, Glory to him that sitteth upon the Throne. Hosannah to the highest. Everlasting Praises, &c.

Adventure

Adventure.] Now as soon as the Lady had ended her Rapture, *Constantia* submissively arises from her place; who with a Modest Gravity, and sweet Humility, bowed the frame of her delicate Body, then approached to the Place where the Lady sate, and humbling her Knee to kiss the Ground, she spake as followeth. *I am, dear Madam, that unhappy Maid that loitred so long in search of Fedelia. And throwing off her Vail to discover herself, the Lady made answer; Ah, virtuous Sacra Cælia, thou hast punish'd thy self in seeking of her that unkindly fled both from thee and me; thy kindness to Fidelia surmounts a recompence of greater value than my Testimony of Love. However, I intreat thee to accept this Jewel, and remain my Child, since depriv'd of more Children than my Daughter Fidelia; So Constantia, in token of Gratitude and Humility, bowed her curious built Body to the Servile Ground; and the Lady Morality kissing her Cheeks, Constantia returned to her appointed station.*

But the Scene of this Interlude was hardly transacted, when *Charity* arises from the Seat where she sate, and with a reserv'd Modesty not to be out done, she presents her self on her tender Knees to her Lady Mother, and spake as followeth; *Dear Lady Mother, I want a Blessing. To whom the Lady answer'd, From whence, and who art thou? but Charity unvail-*

ing her beautiful Face, replied, *I am, Dear Madam, your Daughter Charity, formerly known by the Name of Sylvia.* At which the Lady Morality, more that surpriz'd, caught Sylvia in her Arms, and embracing her Body, kiss'd her Cheek, and made this reply; *What, my Daughter Sylvia! I have found a Child, and have for thee a double Blessing;* So giving her a Jewel of a considerable Value, she said unto her, *Sylvia, my Daughter Sylvia, remember thy Mother that in Bitterness bore thee.* So Charity bows her Knee and her Body to the Ground, and withdrew, to her Station.

When suddenly there seem'd a very great Silence; and then it was that the Beautiful Samis with a modest Reservedness, presents her admirable self before her Lady Mother; and bowing her Body to humble her Knee, she spake as followeth; *Madam, said she, Was I born out of Time? Has not your Ladyship a blessing for me? To which Morality reply'd, And who art thou? Dear Madam, know you not your Daughter Hope; I am confident you know me by the Name of Samis.* So unvailing her Face, her Mother knew her, and in an Extasie call'd out, *O ye Sovereign Powers, what Blessings are these thus to mingle themselves, and shine so fast upon me. Charity is living, and Hope in my Arms, that were Fidelia alive, I should surfeit to excess.* So she kiss'd her Cheek, and gave her a Treasure; and Hope bowing her Body, return'd to her Place.

And

And now comes *Fidelia*, to perform her part, who raising up her Body with a Majestick humility, addresses herself on her tender Knee, and unvailing her Face, she spake as followeth. *Dear Madam, I also want a share of a Blessing, provided my Offence exceed not the limits of Pardon: And if peradventure it do, and you my Natural Judge, shall not I hope and expect an easie Pennance? You are my Confessor, Dear Madam, and I confesse my self a Run-a-way; yet have I not run after the Vanities of the World, nor would I be thought a Runagade Christian, but a Follower of Piety and the Gospel of Christ. To which the good Lady amaz'd and surpriz'd, call'd out aloud, O the Bounty of Heaven, more Miracles yet! What must I call thee? To which she replied, I was once your Fidelia, but Holy Evangelists has Cris-tened me Faith: And the Lady Morality looking wishly upon her, it's true what thou say'st, thou wast once my Fidelia, and so thou art still: But bowing her Body to embrace Fidelia, she sunk in her Arms; and Fainting, call'd out my Fidelia, my Fidelia, so swooned away. But Charity made haste to fetch an Essence Royal, for such they never wanted, and presents it to her Mother, that took and drank of it; and finding her self refresh'd, Evangelist and Fidelia handed her up to the Palace, and the rest of the Pilgrims they followed after.*

The next day was spent by Blessed Evangelist in rehearsing the Historical Part of the New Testament. And thus he began. In the Land of *Canaan*, and in the City of *Bethlehem*; Jesus of *Nazareth* was born King of the *Jews*, as you may see superscribed at his Crucifixion. This Holy Jesus is the Saviour of the World, who was born of a Virgin that never knew Man, and is the Power of God unto Salvation; who also was Baptised of *John* by Water, but his own Baptism is the Holy Ghost and Fire. This Holy Jesus wrought Millions of Miracles, as may be read at large in the Progress of his Life; but the greatest Miracle was in the jaws of Death; for he took not only Captivity Captive, but he conquer'd Hell and the putrid Grave. It's true, his Blessed Transfiguration was not only Miraculous and a most Glorious and Superlative Vision, but his Bloody Crucifixion surpasseth all Miracle for Human Restauration, and Man's Redemption: For Christ dyed not only to redeem the World from Sin, but to make the Sinner an immortal Convert. So that by changing our Nature into his Divine Grace, his Divinity incarnates with our Humanity, and the Text confirms he has built his Tabernacle here, and dwells in the inward Parts among Men. To which Divine *Pant*, in a Rapsody crys out, *Christ in you, the hope of Glory.*

Morality. Dear *Evangelist*, Permit me, if you please, to controvert this mysterious Point; or Instruct and explain (if you please) the meaning of that Text; *Christ in you the hope of Glory.*

Evangelist. The words are plain enough, nor is the meaning ambiguous; if Christ be not in us, are not we Reprobates?

Morality. The Text says true to what you say, *Christ in you the hope of Glory*; and it says as true that Christ died at *Jerusalem*. Now how to reconcile these seeming contraries, for my part I know not, nor can I understand it.

Evangelist. That he lives within us by a lively Faith (you'll grant) so by an Historical Faith he lives without us, notwithstanding his Humanity bore the Tokens of Death.

Morality. The Scriptures Testify he ascended to the Father; and your Assertion is, he lives within us.

Evangelist. All this is manifest without contradiction.

Morality. How so; to assert it a Doctrinal Point, and a Principle of Faith that Christ is in us, when at the same time he is somewhere else; what is more manifestly and plainly contradictory?

Evangelist.

Evangelist. If God be every where, as indisputably he is; consequently so is Christ, for Christ is God; but God is every where in the Volume of the Creation, and in his created likeness (*viz.*) Man. This you won't deny. The Preservation therefore of the whole implies a part, otherwise the mass of Elements would drop asunder. Now if God be in the whole, of necessity it follows, that he is in part: Why not then not in Man, the Masterpiece of his Work, when his Glorious Lustre shines gloriously in the Creation, also in the beautiful Fabrick of the Creature.

Morality. You rationally discourse the Text to my Capacity, and by way of demonstration render things intelligible. You assert that God and Christ is one, that's true; and that God is Universal in the Creation; this also is true: And that Christ of necessity is Universal also, because Christ is God; an infallible Truth. But what is this to a Christ within, when your Assertion points to a Creational Work?

Evangelist. You mistake me; If not to Contemplate Man a Creature that lives by the life of an invisible Faith.

Morality. What if I grant that, it solves no doubts.

Evangelist. Yes but it does: for if you allow Man a living Creature, the Creature in the Creation manifests a Creator; and if every day be a new Creation, as certainly it is,
tho

tho' not of the whole, yet is it of part ; and since God by Wisdom is always Creating, who shall prohibit his Divine Operation, or Spiritual Renovation, and Regeneration in Man, whereby to renew a right Spirit within him? And since God in his Wisdom has constituted Man Lord of the Creation, it was his Divine Pleasure also to make him the Temple of the Holy Ghost ; for *I* (says God) *will build my Tabernacle and dwell among Men.* Pray but remember, that in the times of old, the Mosaical Priest entred the Holy of Holys but once a Year ; but since the Divine and Miraculous Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour, God enters the Holy of Holys every Minute. And this I call the Tabernacle of Rest and Peace in every Man that is a true Believer, since God in his Wisdom was pleased so to institute it.

Morality. This Text I must confess somewhat disorders me ; yet hitherto I remain constant as to my primary Position, that Christ is with the Father in the highest Heavens ; and if invisible Beings are undiscernable (except by Faith we discern what's Spirituous) how then is it possible, that Man made of Elements, should also be partaker of invisible things ?

Evangelist. If he that made the World inspects individuals, what hinders him to make Progress into the Heart of Man ? But God made the World, and he made Man also, the
first

first to manifest the Work of the Creation ; but the latter the Mystery of his Holy Incarnation ; the first to demonstrate the Glory of Celestials, the Beauty of Elements, and external Objects ; but the second to admire the Creator himself, and adore his Infinite and Invisible Power ; but the Elements they pass away into invisibility ; consequently subject to Change and Mutation. Whatever therefore is not Elemental, that thing is Eternal. And such also is the Ray of his Majesty in Man, whereby it enlightens him coming into the World.

Morality. Without doubt or dispute the Sun's Luminous Ray illustrates the Stars, and the Host of Heaven ; when therefore to consider that excellent Order the Wisdom of God has put them into, whereby to Administer to External things ; yet nothing is thereby Internally nourished.

Evangelist. You improperly distinguish betwixt the Creator, and the thing Created, betwixt God and the World. It's true, you acknowledge the Sun a universal Parent, and the Beautiful Order of Stars most admirable. Their Ends also, and Ordination considered, they influence the Creation with their External Virtue : Yet not to discern their invisible Actings, influencing and vegetating the three Monarchies of the World ; this to me seems altogether strange. Is it Aliment (or what is it) that's nutritious to the Body ?

Or

Or is it the view only of the External Object that gratifies the Galt? The Scent only of Fish, Flesh or Fruits will neither gratify, nor satiate the Appetite; but when to take it in our Hand, and place it to the Mouth, so relish the sweetness by tasting it down; probably then it answers Satisfaction. Allow therefore my Comparison, for I would not Prophane. So to Worship Christ by an outward Figure, and not to venerate him by an inward Faith, edifies but little as to what the Apostle observes: For if the Letter kill, what but the Spirit quickens and makes alive. These are weighty words, and worthy our consideration. Nature therefore delights in Nature only. So is it likewise to be understood of Grace, since the Lustre and Glory of the Majesty of the Father Supreamly shines in the Face of Jesus Christ; and from thence it also strikes and reflects its Glorious Ray into the Bosome of every Believer's Breast, whereby God beholds his own Divine Image imprinted in the Creature, which invites him to love him.

Morality. Good Evangelist mistake me not, when I assert and say, That very Christ that died at *Jerusalem*, is the very Christ that Ascended to the Father, and shall come again to Judge the World. Now if that Christ that died at the Gates of *Jerusalem*, is with the Father in the fullness of Glory, (and that he shall come again to Sentence the World,

World, however no Man the time shall know) how then is that Christ present within us?

Evangelist. I make it out thus, and my Assertion is plain, That Christ that died at the Gates of *Jerusalem*, and by his Glorious Ascension ascended into Heaven; he is already risen in the Hearts of Believers, notwithstanding he sitteth at the Right-hand of the Father. Mind that, for that's the Judgment already come to every Man to convince him of Sin, and to reprove the World of Unbelief; so to justify the Righteous by a Holy Faith. And this is Life Internal to know, and this Judgment is Eternal, and the Judge himself Invisible, which Judge is Christ the living Word, and the Light Within, spoken of by *St. John*. But if you wait for an outward Judgment, and expect an outward visible Christ (except the Tribunal) it denotes the Letter only, or the visible Object; and the Elementary Principles, because not judicially considered, betray you into ignorance, and a vain Belief. Wait therefore the Revelation of the Truth of God, and in due time it will be revealed unto you.

Morality. Pray then will you tell me how comes it to pass, that we who have the Scriptures are bound to believe them; but the Heathens and others, that have them not, how come they excused, and not oblig'd to receive them?

Evangelist.

Evangelist. Altho' our having the Scriptures oblige us to believe them, and the Heathens that want them are excused that Obligation; Yet it does not follow that the Scriptures themselves are the only Cause of Faith, since Christ is the Cause, of whom the Scriptures do Testify; and the Scriptures (tho' by Inspiration) are the visible Object, yet visible Objects are no Article of Faith: for Christ is the invisible Power of God, and the exercise of Faith is upon things invisible. The Sun you may observe scatters a universal Light; yet if a Man be blind, it follows not therefore that he is bound to see it. Nor is the Creational Sun the cause of our sight, since by the Optick of Sight we discover the Sun. The Historical Scriptures therefore are no cause of our Faith, but the Mystery of the Scriptures that leads up to understand them, and nothing can give a true understanding of the Scriptures; but that that informs us the true meaning of them, and that is the Spirit. This is Wisdom to know, for the great Mysteries of God are contain'd in the Scriptures, and the Scriptures are manifestly the Records of Truth.

Morality. Are not the Scriptures the Rule of Faith, and the Holy Guide that directs to Heaven?

Evangel. The Scriptures undoubtedly are a Rule of Faith, but Christ himself is the Rule of the Scriptures, which declare of him, that is the Vision

Vision of Faith. For whatever Testifies of another thing, that cannot be the thing it testifies of. But the Scriptures themselves do Testify of Christ, the Scriptures cannot therefore be Christ, and Jesus Christ is our saving Health. The Edict of a Prince is not the Prince himself, but the Edict is the Will and Mind of that Prince.

Morality. However, I'm convinc'd that the Scriptures themselves do not want Authority to illuminate our Understandings; tho' I would not be thought so Impiously arrogant as an *American* Priest was, when in the Face of the Sun he blasphemously call'd them the Spirit of God; and then farther adding to the Prophanation, he ignorantly call'd them God himself. But God is a Spirit, and he will be Worship'd as the Scriptures declare, in Spirit and in Truth. However, the Scriptures are of most Sacred Use; and the more we consider them the declarative Word, the more we find them the Oracle of God.

Evangelist. Now you offer Reason, I shall gladly embrace it: The Sun we consider illuminates the World, and yet of it self insensible it does it; (why so?) because it is the Almighty's Glorious Lamp, appropriated to diffuse its Light universally; the Creator that made it gave it this Beam of Lustre, whereby to discover this Beautiful Creation. So of a Representative or Statue of a Man, it's true it was drawn to Personate the Original, but the

the Original was the cause of that particular Figure, and we must not take Effects for Causes. The Scriptures likewise they Testify of Christ, yet was Christ the Sovereign Cause of the Scriptures. So that upon the whole, from *Genesis* to the *Apocalypse*, the Scriptures are only a Glorious Discovery, and a Mystical Revelation of the Manifestation of Truth. But the Truth it self, is God himself, and God is Christ; wherefore Christ is the everlasting and ever living Word of Truth, which Word was with God from all Eternity, before Time, and made Flesh in Time, and will be the Word when Time is no more: which Word also came down from Heaven (as by *John's* Testimony) and dwelt amongst Men.

Morality. I do not much mistake my self yet, if when to assert the Word and the Scriptures one and the same, as I yet apprehend them.

Evangelist. If visible Objects and invisible Powers are one and the same thing, you then say well; consequently if the declaratory Testimony of Truth, and the Truth be adequate, you maintain the Point. Now if the Scriptures and the Word be one, consult *John's* Testimony (in the first Chapter, &c.) and if he tell you they are, then tell me I have lost my Reason and Religion.

Morality. Surely, *Evangelist*, you mistake your self.

Evan.

Evangelist. No; (Lady) rather you are mistaken, when to assert other Men's Opinions, that hoodwink their own Eyes, and then cry out all the World is Blind. But know assuredly that the Word is Christ, and Christ is the Power of God to Salvation. The Scriptures therefore are the Testimony of Christ, and the Record of that that's also invisible. And this invisibility is Christ in Heaven; yet inhabiting in, and amongst us here below, whereby to reprove and convince us of Sin; *Or why will you die, O House of Israel.*

Morality. You speak very Piously and Religiously too; yet under various subtilties, and strange evasions, because to iminuate (as I pre-conjecture) new Principles, and a new Doctrine if possible into me. However so great is my veneration for Scripture, that the Foundations of the Earth may sooner be shaken, than the least Particle of my Scriptural Faith diminish'd.

Evangelist. Since every thing therefore terminates in that, from whence at first it properly begins, the Scriptures of necessity must terminate in time, because in time they had their beginning. And Time, what is it, but the Child of Eternity, as is Eternity, the Ray of the Majesty. But God ever was, is, and ever will be, from everlasting to everlasting eternally Blessed,

Morality.

Morality. What infer you from this?

Evangelist. I infer that the Scriptures had their Original in time, yet not that I invalidate the Sanctity of Scripture; but zealously Honour it, and confess its Antiquity, since no Pen bears Record that we meet with before *Moses*, and *Moses*, allegorically was a Type of Christ: The Scriptures therefore had their Original in time, wherefore improper to be said Eternal. But God is Eternal, and the Author of Time. The Scriptures therefore are not God himself, nor are they the Spirit, nor the Word made Flesh, but Records and Memorials of the Holy Men of God, as the Spirit of God Divinely gave utterance, and dictated to them by Divine Inspiration.

Morality. What then will you make of the Sacred Scriptures? History only, or a concealed Mystery?

Evangelist. Mistake me not, when to say they are both, and more than both, since there is Precept and Example. For to Preach up Christ in the History of his Birth, his Life, Death, Resurrection, and Glorious Ascension, is a Material and Doctrinal part of the Scripture; yet is the Mystery of Scripture more than part, because entirely and compleatly the whole. For Religion may Subsist without the History in the Letter; as it did in *Abraham*, *Enoch*, *Seth*, *Noah*, &c. yet they had the Mystery and the true Revelation,

lation, and full Discovery of Christ unto Salvation, without the knowledge of any literal Scripture. The History declaring to what is without, but the Mystery to what leads more internal.

Morality. What would you persuade me to be Antiscriptural, to shake the Foundation of my Principles and Religion ?

Evangelist. That's neither my Design, nor indeed my inclination ; because having equal Reverence with your self for the Scriptures. For I truly venerate the Scripture as a Divine Revelation from the God of Heaven. But I deny the Scripture to be the Spirit of God, and the sole Mean and Medium of Grace unto Salvation ; for we have but one Saviour, even Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God the Father ; of whom the Scriptures do plainly testify, as he himself testifies of the Father. So that I consider we are but in the way for *Sion*, and the Scriptures are the legible and the beaten Path. But when we arrive at the Ports of *Jerusalem*, there we shall have the Clemency of the King of Glory (our Holy Jesus) to entertain us. The Scriptures therefore are not *Sion*, nor are they *Jerusalem* ; but the Evidence that there is such a Glorious Place, and such an Eternal Felicity there, that Happy is he that believes and finds it.

Morality.

Morality. You say very well, and I allow you Credit: however I honour the Sacred Scriptures, and the rather, because so many Pious Men in this, as in other Ages, tho' of different Perswasions from the *Romish* Church to that of *Geneva*, have laid the stress of their Faith upon it. But you of all Men to dissent from the World, as if you knew more than your Fathers before you.

Evangelist. As to that, you have freedom to object what you please, and as *Paul* once said, so say I, *That I am by the Grace of God what I am.* Nor would I advise you to lessen that Estimation and venerable Authority you have of the Scripture. On the other hand permit me gently to Admonish you, lest peradventure you press too much upon Opinion, and so fall in with the Persuasion of others. For if to follow Christ only for Loaves, savours too much of a Beggarly Profession; what hope then can any Man have to bias by Precedent, since to follow the Multitude is of necessity dangerous. The Professors therefore that profess Religion, ought not to be Men of vain Contention, this is Piety, and Christian Policy; but the Scriptures ought to be contended for by Gospel Believers, even to Persecutio, since Principally directing to, a Christian Warfare against the Artillery of Death and Hell. A Christian therefore ought to be well Principled, and not to season his Principles with
Opinion

Opinion only. Wheresoever therefor you observe Controversie struggle to Cloath it self with the Badge of Religion, study to avoid it as a thing of evil Consequence. Yet a Pious Contest there is, and ought to be; and *Paul* Commends it, when he tells you without a Metaphor, that the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by Violence. So *Moses* accounts *Jacob's* Wrestling with God a Holy Contest, and Superlative Blessing.

Morality. Now I'm farther of, than I was before.

Evangelist. Why so, because you are coming nearer; for the more that you seem lost in your self, the nearer you come to that which instructs you; and that's the Spirit of God that opens, and no Man shuts; which also discovers the Glorious Mystery of the Revelation of Christ at large in the Scriptures.

Morality. By Natural Understanding we must understand the Scriptures; and not that we expect Knowledge by Divine Revelation.

Evangelist. That's another Point, for by Nature we know not the things of God, and God is a Spirit so Divinely good, that he'll only be Worship'd in the Purity of Spirit; but Nature has Periods and Bounds of her own, prefix'd and limited by the Providence of God. If Eternity therefore preceded Time, Time consequently must have its Original from Eternity. How then can the Natural Understanding inform the Mind
when

when Nature it self is but a temporal Blessing; and the Soul, because preordain'd supernatural, is by the Wisdom of God made Eternal: So as to Divine Revelation, was it not revealed by Vision of Faith to the holy Men of God, viz. the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the blessed Apostles, the miraculous Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour, whereby to compleat a Redemption for Mankind; nor to this day is that glorious Vision of Revelation (as to our Ancestors) ceased in us, since it's an Effect from its proper Cause. As Light therefore cannot be separated from the Sun, so Revelation can never be separated from God; and the Spirit of God is always operating towards Reformation, and a holy Life, and is indeed the Souls visive Faculty, whereby it discovers the Deformity of Sin, from the All-glorious Image of the Majesty of God: So that Revelation can never cease to be, because it is an Attribute of the Supreamest himself, whereby to discover and make manifest his Mind, when to reveal himself to inferiour Objects.

Morality. You reason like a Disputant, when to strengthen your Argument, and bring Scripture Authority to maintain your Assertion; but all the Men in the World shall never convince me, that any thing besides Scripture is the Oracle of Truth, the immediate Revelation of the great God of Heaven,

the true and saving Doctrine unto Salvation, the History and Divine Mystery of Faith, and the Precept and Example for Life and Manners.

Evangelist. Now methinks as you seem religiously obstinate, so in some measure, if not altogether, uncharitable to your self; because to comply, and yet seemingly to deny: First, to comply with my scriptural Assertions, and then to deny the Scripture a Declaration. For should you own it a Declaration (as from above) then of necessity it must declare of something, and that something must be more supream than it self; and what than it self is more supream, except the Supreamest, of whom it declares? The Scriptures therefore declare of Christ, but the Scriptures therefore they are not Christ; and they declare also of the sacred Spirit, nor are they therefore the Spirit of God: for, the Unity of Trinity in the Father, Son and Spirit, are but one Sovereign Divinity and sacred Deity, and this is God of whom the Scriptures do testifie it. The Scriptures therefore are not that, which they themselves do testifie of.

Then as to your second Argument, that Scripture is the Standard and the Oracle of Truth, as to Council from God, if you mean prophetically revealed by Inspiration to the Holy Men of God, I deny it not. Nor is immediate Revelation otherwise than a Pre-rogative

rogative that God himself will never part with. Wherefore Christ himself was God incarnate, as formerly he manifested himself in the Act of Creation, and that this Doctrine is altogether true and faithful; examine your self, for Christ is all, and is our Sovereign, and our saving Health:

Now as to the Historical parts of the Scriptures, they direct only to Precedent and Example, pointing out unto us the Lives of the Holy Men of God, precedentally as I morally judge of 'em; but the Mystery of Faith is above the Scripture, for Faith is fix'd upon invisible Objects. Whatever therefore of it self is invisible, is certainly, and beyond Dispute, an Object of Faith: But God is invisible, therefore an Object of Faith; so are not the Scriptures, because a visible Object. Then as to Precept and Example, to Life and good Manners, I readily comply with, and could earnestly wish, with solemn Desires, that the meanest Precedents, as well as the greatest, were without Hypocrisie practis'd amongst us; because they are lifted up as so many Land-marks, to caution us those Dangers we daily hasten to encounter.

Morality. What to think, or what to say, I know not, yet I'm loth to relinquish my old Opinion, lest peradventure in the Change I meet with a worse.

Evangelist. What Building stands more unsafe than that that wants a Foundation? And

what Religion more unsound, than the Tradition of the Ancients: For if on the Sand you raise your Structure, the Storm of Persecution inevitably shakes it; but if you concentrate on the Corner-Stone, viz. Christ Jesus, the tottering Hour-glass of Time and Decay can never undermine it: For Eternity dreads not the Apprehensions of Time, whose limits are Seal'd with an everlasting Decree: But Generation shall cease, and Time shall be no more. Old Opinionists therefore when settled on the Leas, doubtfully they examine their Faith and Principles, lest fearing to make Shipwreck of a shatter'd Conscience; and because their Faith depends upon visible Objects, it can but at best suppose an imaginary Heaven; so create a felicity from Self-righteousness, and shelter it self under a zealous hypocisy. Thus Conscience sleeps the sleep of Oblivion, for should they rouse or stir it up, then would the Witness testify against it; but if to purchase Honour we must wade thro' Difficulties; what can be more difficult, and a greater honour then for a Christian to climb the Cross?

Morality. But methinks you are too severe, when so strictly to superscribe the good and the old Religion to vulgar Tradition; since, if when to consider so many glorious Martyrs have seal'd it with Death, and their dying Testimony; which points

out

out to me a bloody Sacrifice of Life, writ in dismal, but pious Characters of Death.

Evangelist. Your Judgments impropionate to censure me severe, in asserting good and old different Allowances, except otherwise, when by Good we imitate the Patriarchs, and trace them step by step to the Ports of *Sion*; and by Old, to consider such as follow the Multitude, and the Root of the World, apparently to Evil: For if but to think an evil Thought, be such a Presumption that Heaven won't wink at; then to conspire against Heaven, is such an Impiety, as of necessity it provokes the Divinest unto Judgment; but the Piety of Christ and his holy Apostles, are Precedents and Examples made up of Miracle; and this I call good, and was the old Religion formerly practical in the Primitive Times: For as God is good, every thing like unto God, that lives a godly and a holy Life, must of necessity be a Servant of God; and he that serves God, is necessarily Religious. This was formerly the Doctrine and Discipline of the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the holy Men of God in the Primitive times, when Piety flourish'd; and this I call the good and the old Religion.

Then to your latter Branch, that many of our Ancestors worthily dy'd very glorious Martyrs: I believe no less, provided you direct to such, and such only as piously offer'd

up themselves, in the Faith; which I thus distinguish: Every Man that dies a resolute Death, I don't call him a Martyr, notwithstanding every Martyr dies with Christian Resolution: Nor he that lays down his Life in the Bed of Honour, to die a Martyr; yet every Martyr dies an honourable Death. Nor does the obstinate Hypocrite dye a Saint, tho' peradventure, probably he liv'd under a Profession. To conclude, therefore, and sum up all; every Christian that lives the Life of Christ, cruciates himself, and is most certainly a Saint; and every Martyr that dies a Saint, must of necessity die a Christian. The Mistake therefore lies in the word Martyr, which Tradition has so neatly and so politically drest up, that without great Circumspection it may be thought Christianity.

Morality. To what purpose therefore contend we about Religion, since hitherto I have always consider'd it Sacred? But for Professors themselves to become irreligious, makes me almost doubt the Truth they profess.

Evangelist. You direct well enough, I allow your Meanings, That true Religion has not the least Taint of Hypocrisie; nor strove *Paul* with Carnal Weapons, when thought opposite to the Powers, tho' against the Vanities of the Times; for his Arguments were Spiritual, because he durst to
oppose

oppose Wickedness it self, and Idolatry in high Places. Religion therefore consists not in Opposition, as to oppose the Powers, and the Authority set over us ; but it strikes at the Radix, and the Center of Sin in every Man in the Devil's Monarchy. Whetsoever therefore we see Sin predominant, the true Christian levies his Artillery against it. But how, by the Progress only of a holy Life in the fear of God, and a pious Obedience, not to oppose the Powers, professing the Form, but rather the Form profest by the Powers.

Now whatsoever thing is not the Truth it self, the Representation certainly can be but an Idól. An Idol therefore is not the real Substance, but the imaginary Likeness of that that is true ; but God is true, and the World a Lyar. Professors therefore, and practical Christians ; I mean such only as live a holy Life, are reduceable, and brought into actual Obedience, under that wherein stands the Cross of Christ, and not the Cross of our own anxious Thoughts, but the Cross of Christ, on which hangs our Salvation. Religion therefore, if you don't mistake it, has its Sanctions select from a Divine Principium ; but every Professor erroneous in Judgment, is very improperly stiled a good Christian, by consequence therefore not truly Religious.

Morality. Where must I centre now, since so many Arguments are rallied and levell'd against Professors, that profess, as I always thought, the most orthodox Faith of the Church of Christ and true Religion?

Evangelist. So various is your Position, that it compels me to Distinctions; and first, if you please, as to that of a Christian, which in some measure is already sufficiently decipher'd; tho' never enough can be said of Christianity, since to be a Christian is the supreamest Dignity, and the highest Profession intitled to Mankind; and God, to honour it, has imprinted thereon his Signet Royal, and superscrib'd upon it the most eminent Encomium that ever were attributed to Men as Mortals. To be a Christian therefore, is to participate of the Nature of Christ, and Christ is God; but to be like a Christian, and not really a Christian, is but instituting Form in manner of Piety; and I have already asserted, that the Agent and Patient have not a like Potency; since the one can Will, the other but Obey.

So as to an orthodox Faith of the Church and Religion; which word Orthodox implies a sound and solid Faith, of a regular, and true, and right Opinion. Now to me there seems an eminent Difference betwixt Religion, and that that's call'd Opinion; for Opinions are many, but Religion, a holy, pious, single, sacred one; notwithstanding,

standing, that I modestly conceive a Man may be seemingly religious under any Opinion; which I thus distinguish: Religion, if I mistake not, is a Christian, holy, and pious Profession; and Opinion, but the Badge and Mark of Religion. Where note, we dedicate the first to Sanctity, but the latter we constitute to humane Invention.

Then to the Church, which is call'd the Spouse of Christ, this mystical Union consists not of Elements to form and compleat it into a Body; for it is a Divine and Celestial Being, wrought up by the invisible Powers above: For our Bodies, as they are the Temples of the Holy Ghost, so that inward eternal Life, *viz.* the Mind, shall inherit Beatitude; of which the Elements are altogether incapable, since the Beauty and Glory of Mortality is transient. We therefore conclude, since Christ is all, this visible Union must of Necessity be but part. Now as many Parts and Particles compleat the whole, so the many Members of Believers compleat the mystical Body, of which Christ Jesus himself is the Head: And to celebrate this Union betwixt Heaven and Earth, - he took our Nature and Infirmities upon him, and shap'd himself into humane Form, that of a Servant, but not of a Sinner; for that were impossible, since God cannot sin. However, he bore the Burthen of our Infirmities, and the whole Mass of Sin was laid upon him;

otherwise he had offer'd up but an imperfect Oblation.

Now this Miracle of Christ's Death was wrought near *Jerusalem*; but the invifible Union betwixt Christ and his Church, is invifibly celebrated in the Temple of God: So that by this Analysis of a vifible Church, I understand the Elements or congregated People; but not that I mean the Fabrick of Stones, but the Saints of God, the true Believers, and fupply'd by an actual and lively Faith in Christ, furvives by the glorious Vifion of him that operates to difcover the Beauty of Holinefs. This is the Unity betwixt Christ and his Church, and is alfo in my Opinion, the true Church of Christ; o-therwife I declare I understand it not.

Morality. What need you go about to trouble your felf to prove that, that I readily comply with? I was never fo illiterate, nor unintelligible in Scripture, but to conclude a Harmony betwixt Vifibles and Invifibles; and a Sympathy in the Creation alfo, fince to confider that Heaven and Earth, are by Wifdom, and the Providence of God, made Correllates.

Evangelift. Well then, you eafe me of that Trouble, whereby to prove a Smypathy in the Creation, fince to grant a Harmony among our fellow Creatures: You alfo confent a Symetry and Correspondency betwixt fuperiour and inferiour Objects;
fo

So that here's little or nothing more to be done, when with a free Consent you grant my Hypothesis, consequently my Argument which follows in course.

Morality. Not so neither, for if Sympathy and Antipathy are Opposites, as I rationally and morally conclude they are, since the one springs from Light, but the other from Darkness; yet let me see how you'll reconcile them.

Evangelist. That's not the Question now to be disputed, since already you have granted my former Assertion; because, to comply with a Harmony in the Creation, and a mutual Consent betwixt Visibles and Invisibles; and this I call Sympathy, but the Opposite, Antipathy: That Heaven and Earth also are Synonimalc, you seem to comply with; now tell me what is it you would have me to prove?

Morality. In the first place, prove Heaven and Earth correlates, then prove the Unity and Harmony in the Creation. It's true, I offer'd it formerly for Argument sake, but now I move it for my farther Satisfaction.

Evangelist. Then I'll satisfy you, or dissatisfy my self.

Morality. Do so, and I'll be silent.

Evangelist. Before Time, Eternity was, and Eternity is the all-glorious Ray of the Majesty; but Eternity conceiving by the Will of God, brought forth this Mystery
and

and Miracle of Time; and Time brought forth this beautiful Creation. Now in Time was the World, and all therein made; and since the Creation, every Individual sprung up from its native Original, as pre-ordain'd by God. Eternity therefore was before Time, wherein the Ideas of all visible Things lay hid and conceal'd in the Bosom of God; as in the Womb of the Chaos, all Seeds were but one Seed; yet, when spread abroad on the Surface of Earth, they naturally sprouted forth into diversify'd Forms. So were all the Stars but one Body of Light, yet since Wisdom rang'd them into this beautiful order; they variously act by Influence and Reflection, and such were the invisible as are the visible Waters, but one Element at first, and such also was the spangled Firmament of Heaven; and this fixt and solid body of Earth but one commassated Substance, till the great separation of Recrements and Impurities from that which was pure, by Divine Order and Council of him, our Sovereign eternally supream, (for in separation all is found) Now this is that I call the beginning, when that which was invisible was made manifest in time, and cloathing it self with a suitable Matter, became by appointment visible to us; and this is that I call the Creation. But Generation is the Infant and the Child of Time; and then the World began to be inhabited.

Now

Now the second Miracle after the C^{re}ational Work, was, when the Almighty sat divinely in Council, about making Man after the World was made: And Man because he would also be making, begot his own Likeness, his natural Image; so the World began to be Peopled. But Man made Sin, and Sin made Death; and Death dissolv'd the C^omposition. Now tho' this was a seeming second Creation, yet I allow it improper in Judgment so to call it; but whatever GOD made is essentially good, which Man on the contrary strove to unmake, by making Sin the opposite to Good, till the Glorious Restoration by the Holy Jesus, who died not in part to compleat a Redemption; but sprinkled his Blood universally on the Cross, wholly to purge out the Sins of the World.

The first Contract therefore betwixt Christ and his Church was an invisible Contract, and is to this day invisibly celebrated. Then to prove that Heaven and Earth are Corolates; nothing more demonstrable, manifest, and perspicuous; provided you but allow the visibility of Heaven, which I interpret by the Firmament, and the Globulous Bodies of Stars Farther to consult the Harmony of Elements, which tradition enviously, and because ignorant of Truth, has concluded their disagreement by the Rule of Contraries, an Opinion as absurd in my perswasion, as for a native *Englishman* to be born a *Mahometan*; for
what's

what's more apparent than their inspiring Vertues, perpetually intermeditating betwixt Life and Motion, and not to subsist by contrary qualities, but by the Mediums of Sympathy, and Connexions of Harmony, sweetly to embrace and live in each other by Magnetism. And such also are the Principles as Life touches in the Creation, to sharpen and quicken the Act of Fermentation; for the Principles demonstrate the Elements in separation, which may afterwards be rejoin'd by a sedulous examination; and then the Principles will be found capable to transmute other Bodies into a state with themselves; so that by this little World, which some call the Microcosme; you may partly imagine how the Great one operates, and draws all its Supplies; not from adustion, but from purified Matter adherent to it. But how every thing admits of a gradual exaltation, I leave the *Magi* to consider of that, since enough is said, if not too much, whereby to smell out the Perpetual Motion by a Marine Flux, and a rotation of the Stars.

Thus far I have prov'd the Law of Sympathy; whatever therefore presents to the contrary, must of necessity admit of Antipathy. But Darkness is impure and opposite to Light; Darkness therefore is the natural Child of Obscurity, standing in the limits and decays of Time; and is the Reflection of some solid Substance, sometime interpo-
sing

ling betwixt the Major Luminaries (as the Sun and Moon) separating also the Night from the Day ; and so follows the Light as its proper shadow, not that I think it improper so to call it, when to consider it but a meer Corporeal Reflection, moreover our Observation as a Monitor informs us, that but a meer Collection by interposition of Clouds, oft-times amuzes us with a representation of Night ; nor is the shadow of a Man but an imperfect Object.

But Light in its native and oriental purity, above other things by God is created transcendent ; nor can Darkness in any respect incorporate with it ; since naturally to consist of contrary Complexions ; whatever thing therefore is made Glorious by Light, must certainly admit of some divine Purity, and by consequence therefore has the Dominion over Darkness, whereby it becomes its illustrious Superiour ; for Light is that Beautiful and Glorious Creature, God in his Wisdom before time created ; and is a Similitude of God himself. Yet if when to compare the Creature to the Creator, the Sun's great lustre that gilds all the Universe to its illustrious Superiour, it represents to us but a Glorious Darkness (if not improper, nor impertinent to say so) when if compar'd to its All Glorious Maker.

Yet is the Sun a seperate Body from all im-mund dregs, and sordid Impurities ; so that
no.

nothing remains but what's natively pure, such is its Light, and such its Excellency; such also is its bright and shining quality, but the Original of Light is God himself, and Christ is God, the Glory of the Father; and is the true Light that overcometh Darkness, and rejoyceth in Eternity, as Darkness delights in the limits of Time, but when Time shall be no more, which the Prophets and Evangelists Scripturally calculate; as after Death and the Solution of Elements, then the new Birth springs up to a regenerate State; and then also are the invisible Glories of Eternity made manifest to every Soul that thirsts after Righteousness.

Morality. You have truly said well, and Truth needs no Voucher; so that let all the World (and as many various Opinions as there are Men in the World) conjecture what they please concerning our Conference; I value it not, I'll frequent your Solitudes.

Evangelist. You must then resolve to relinquish the World, if you set your Face towards the Court of *Sion*.

Morality. Resolve me the Place where *Sion* is; and direct me how to go to find it.

Evangelist. It stands in the way to the new *Jerusalem*, a pious Christian can never miss it.

Morality. What then will become of the poor *Americans*, that are totally destitute of the Footsteps of Christianity.

Evan-

Evangelist. Admit them destitute the footsteps of Christianity, yet God is their God as well as ours, moreover they have natural instinct of Morality, a State some of our Ancestors formerly stood in, when happily to enjoy primitive Blessings; and I heartily wish they mistake not the Truth, when God sends the Gospel to shine amongst them, and instead of Christianity lick up the form of Hypocrisy, under the specious pretence of a Profession, so shape themselves Garments of Impiety, formally dress'd up with the shreds of Religion.

Morality. To know Christ in the Scriptures, and Practice him in our Lives; there's nothing more requirable, nor to a true Believer less desirable.

Evangelist. You say well, to preach Piety by Practice, and not by Oratory only, to encourage all Just and Vertuous Actions, to Register the pious Examples of the holy Men of God, and imitate their Lives and Sacred Sanctions; not to mix nor mingle with the least impurity, nor Sin in Mode and Figure, so Vice with the Times; but by a strenuous Devotion superexcel, and outvy our Ancestors Piety, to enact Sovereign Laws, and study to preserve them, to love one another as Christ has Commanded, to labour for Peace and Concord amongst our Fellow Creatures, to Practice Humility, and prefer Moderation; to lop off the superfluous Branches of intemperance,

temperance, to hate a Debauch, to Murder Suspicion; to whet the sting of the Law, and make it so keen to hurt the Elephant, as well as the Ant. To exalt Christianity by a Practical Obedience, and reverence the Deity with Holy Veneration. Thus dignified with these excellent qualifications, will illustrate all Governments, and make their Governours shine from the Coast of *America*, to the Ports of *Albion*; nor dare Hypocrisy imnuate to invade them.

Morality. You propound a good expedient, and have laid (as to my opinion) a solid and pious Foundation; but who so happily blest to see the Completion.

Evangelist. He that laid, the Foundation can finish the Work and turn the Loiterers out of Doors, and this Generation for ought I know may live to see the Work compleated; in the mean time let us accommodate our selves for *Sion*, and since Earth and Water compleat but one Globe, to move by either, it is still but Motion, and he that made Motion is the Divine Mover; who also moderates all Rebellious extreams, so that we need not fear on whether Tract we move, if God be our Guide, and Sovereign Director, for the World is our Pilgrimage, and all Mankind but Pilgrims, wandering and travelling towards the Holy *Jerusalem*, for that's the Port our Gnomon directs to: Yet there's a Perigrination thro' the Ports of Death, since Elements

lements themselves admit of Solution, and what is Death but a cold Icy Tomb for the Body to melt in, or crumble into Dust, whilst the Soul advances the Glorious Eternity, that presents us the permanent State of Immortality, a Vision rarely known, and as rarely understood, except to him that outlives the Vice of the Times (since Death and Time have Periods of their own) to see himself convinc'd, that Time and Mortality can never ascend to the Throne of the Majesty where the Lamb of God is, that All-Glorious Light that illuminates the World; and the Worlds Epitomy, Man the Abstract.

Morality. Then to the Supreamest let us Dedicate our Praises, and with a pure Service when approaching his Throne, with a Holy Reverence, prostrate our Devotion, and offer up our Adorations by a pious Humility to the Divinest himself, and under a Mortification crutiate our Impieties, that by a hearty contrition we may Praise the most High, whose Love is endless, and Adore His Majesty whose Kingdom is everlasting. Glory to the Highest, who has given us himself by a Sovereign Right in giving us his Son. O let us piously Congebrate, and give him our Hearts: For Devotion is the Key that Paradise unlocks, and Humiliation the Ladder that reaches up to Heaven; where Prayer is the Rhetorick that softens the Judge, and Tears and Contrition an infallible Reprieve.

Evan.

Evangelist. O how great and how good is the Lord our God ; Superexcellent in Wisdom, Magnificent in Glory, terrible in Justice, sweet in Mercy, amiable in Beauty, and transcendent in Holiness! O how astonishing and miraculous are all thy Works, manifesting that Beauty that adorn'd the Creation, for when to behold such admirable imbellishments, transcribed in the Glorious Frontispiece of Heaven, it exalts thy Power as a Standard-Royal, to raise and advance our Divine Speculations !

Infinite Supremacy ! Who but thy self has rang'd the Stars in this excellent Order, and superscrib'd them intelligible and blazing Oracles, whereby to discover the Vision of Nature and the beginnings of Time, the first-born Child, from the Womb of Eternity !

O incomprehensible Majesty, Thou to manifest thy self by Miracle, hast made invisibility visible, and thy condescension such, to reveal to Mankind the Glorious History of the Holy Incarnation, the Nativity of Time, the Transfiguration on the Mount ; and the Celebration and Exaltation of Earth into Heaven !

O Sovereign Power, who can see thy Face and live ! Flesh and Blood, cannot inherit thy Kingdom ; then Transform us, O Lord, and we shall be chang'd, if when to incorporate our Humanity with Divinity.

O Holy Jesus, essentially Deify'd ; Thou to incarnate thy Divinity with our Humani-

ty, transforms our Nature into a Divine State, and thy holy Spirit to purge out Pollution, sets Regent in our Earthly Tabernacle of Clay, to inspire our Nature with a Prospect of Heaven, whereby to blot out all our impieties, by defacing in us the Image of Sin, so that one single Sigh, if from a true Repentant, sets Hell in an uproar, and exalts thy Saints to the Suburbs of Heaven.

O Omnipotent Power; thy transcendent love to the Sons of Men, has made all thy Dispensations Divine, and Holy Arguments to convince the World by plain Demonstration, that the invisibility of thy Divine and Superexcellent Being is manifested to us, by the Glorious Appearance of exterior Objects, therefore we entitle Thee Good and Great ; because thy Decrees are always unalterable, and of Heaven and Earth supreme Legislator, since to ordain the Sun, Moon and Stars the Ordinances of Heaven, daily to administer, and read Lectures unto us.

O all ye Powers that guard his Throne, praise ye the Lord, and let the Cherubims and Seraphims with the Saints and Angels exalt his Praise : And all the Host of Heaven continually Sing, *Glory to him that sits on the Throne, and rides Triumphant on the Wings of the Wind.* Hallelujah.

Morality. I am ravish'd to hear such a Seraphick Conclusion, to result in one incomprehensible Being, that gave a Being to all Beginnings,

Beginnings, that made Time, and the World, and every individual, more especially Man, to Contemplate the Mystery of his invisibility made visible in the Work of the Creation, since every Creature therefore is made to admiration, it concerns us as such to double our Gratitude, and admire the Creator that has made us Christians.

Evangelist. O Divinest, Sweetly open my Lips, and instruct my Tongue to exalt thy Praise. Let thy sacred Wisdom divinely inspire me, to extoll thy Bounty for replenishing the World with the Dew of Heaven, and excess of Blessings, and give us we pray Thee that all-luminous Ray of thy Sacred Self to influence our Devotion, and advance in us a pious Admiration of thy Divine Entity, whereby to admire thy Glorious Operations, and instruct us we pray Thee in those invisible Mysteries, wherewith we are taught the Revelations of God; and the Sanctified Beatitudes of Eternal Life; then shall our holy endeavours by thy supream Act of Love be made to shine before the shrines of thy Temple, that the Almighty *Jehovah* accept our Oblation.

O Supreamest, Thou hast Sanctify'd our Nature by thy sacred Divinity; and hast made us thy Temples to co-inhabit amongst us. Nay, thou hast given us thy self, in giving us thy Son, the All-Glorious Vision of Sanctity and Regeneration, whose Passion lively
acting

sitting in our Earthly Tabernacles, adopts us
Heirs of thy Heavenly *Jerusalem*, to partake
of those sacred and select Beatitudes ; and
administer Praises with Cherubims and Sera-
phims, where with Angels and Arch-Angels,
and all the Heavenly Powers ; We perpetu-
ally shall praise, and continually Sing, Holy,
holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbath.

O let the Souls of the Just and the Righte-
ous, of high and low, of rich and poor, praise
thy Name ; let Altitude and Profundity,
Heaven and Hell, Fire and Water, Earth and
Air, Nature, and the Universe, and every
animate and inanimate Being, Praise the Lord ;
for Great and Terrible is his Marvellous Arm,
whose Mercy is infinite, and whose Love is
everlasting. Sing Glory to him whose King-
dom is establish'd in invincible Power ; and
let the Hierarchy of Heaven, and all those
Sublunary Powers upon Earth, with a Holy
Reverence praise the Lord. *AMEN.*

*Morality. Before we part tell me from what
bright Star,*

Life's Glorious Essence influenc'd thus far.

*Then tell me what is Death ; from what dark Zone
It first sprung up, so spread this Horizon.*

Evang. Life is a sacred influx from above.

An Essence Royal from the Great Jehove.

*But Death's a cloudy change, that seems to cover
The Beauteous Ray of Life, and shade it over.*

Morality

Morality. What, are the Crimson Rays of Life
 that shin'd,
 By Death's cold touch blown up, and undermin'd.
 Evang. No, Life can never die; for were it so,
 The Powers that made it, would subject be thereto.
 But Death's an Icy Ghost, and some have said
 A certain Creature that GOD never made.
 A thing unborn, a thing that's unbegot;
 A thing that has a sting, and has it not.
 A thing unthought of, yet desir'd by some;
 A thing unlook'd for, yet 'twill surely come,
 And bring a Period unto Malecontents:
 Yet it dissolves no more than Elements.

Moral. Oft have I thought this Life to be,
 A Scene of some dark Tragedy.
 As oft I have been thinking 'twas,
 A transient Visit in a Glass.
 Nay, I have thought, and thought again,
 The blazing Torch of Life in Men
 To be some curious Counterfeit,
 Of something else that is not yet.
 Which plainly tells us, God made Man,
 His Glorious Workmanship to scan,
 And all the Creatures to controul;
 For GOD made Man a living Soul.

Evang. Then God made Man but one, but God is three,
 Distinguish'd by the sacred Trinity.
 First God, the Father, then there's God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, yet these Three are One.
 And this is all I know, or ever shall:
 There's but one God, and this God's all in all.



F I N I S.

